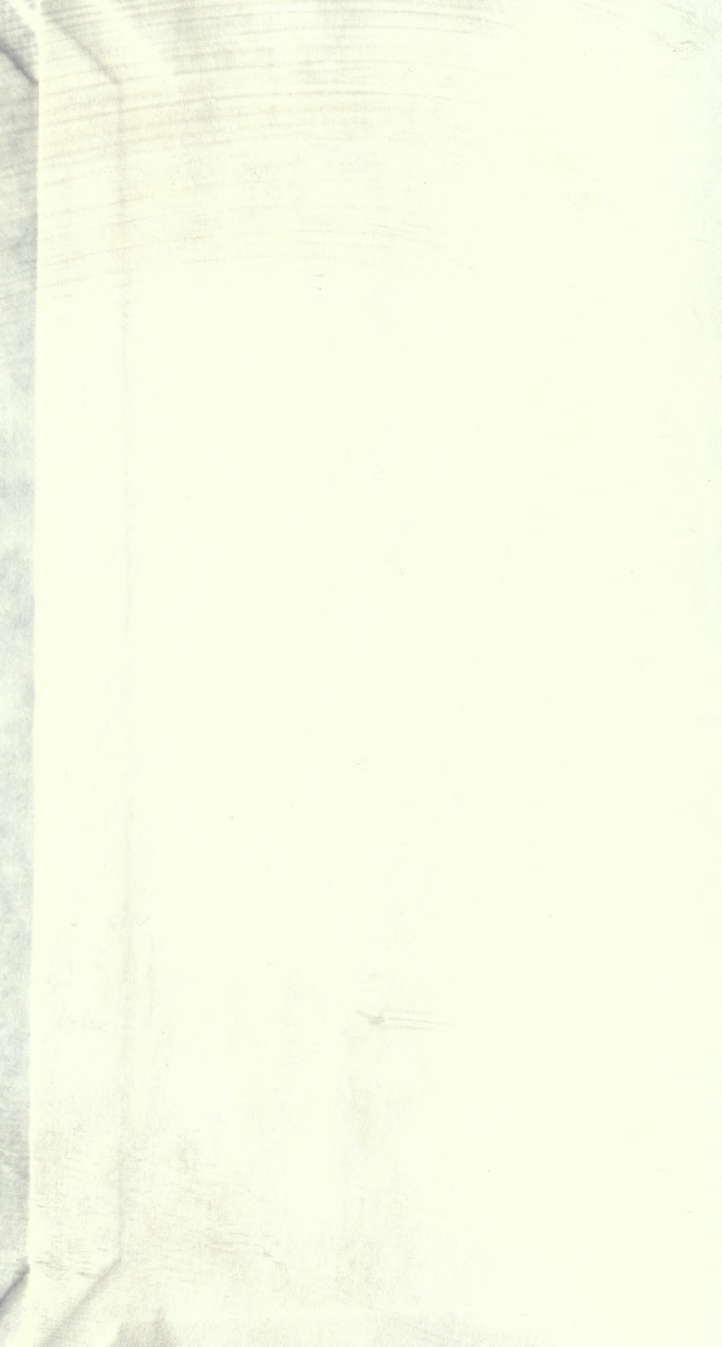




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P R E F A C E
TO
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C. COLTON.

New-York, April, 1836.

PREFACE

THE NEW EDITION

The reader will be very interested to learn that this edition of the book has been revised and enlarged. It now contains many new facts and figures, and is more complete than ever before. The author has also added a new chapter on the subject of the future of the world, which will be of great interest to all who are concerned with the progress of civilization. The book is now more than ever a valuable source of information and a most interesting read.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are three capital and leading principles, not to speak of more, which distinguish American society from British and European. These are, an abjuration of monarchy, of an aristocracy, and of a union of religion with the arm of secular power. Each of these topics will be found prominent on these pages in their place.

In regard to the last, I have done little else than to exhibit a chapter of facts, showing the operation, the tendency, and the results of a union of church and state. Having submitted that chapter to some friends, since it was too late to profit by their hints, they have said to me, "This is, indeed, a sad picture, and yet a suitable disclosure; but we should like also if you had shown us more of that bright side which pure Christianity leads to, and if you had done more to secure all minds against a tendency to the conclusion, that religion is identified with such abuses."

I am glad that this suggestion affords me an opportunity of saying a word here on this point. Perhaps I am wrong; but I believe, from all the observation I have been able to make, that Christianity is fully established in the respect and affections of the mass of the people of Christendom, and that, too, notwithstanding all its corruptions, and all the terrible tragedies that have been enacted on the credit of its name, and under the sanctions of its authority. By consequence, and in the natural course of things, Christianity may be regarded as established in the favourable opinion of the world. I believe that this respect and affection can never again be shaken or disturbed. Infidelity has seen the worst on the one side, and done the worst on its own. It was itself the child of a corrupt religion, and has already, by a direct and indirect influence, nearly strangled its own parent. Pure Christianity it cannot injure. Christianity may injure itself, and has done so in

no small degree, by not having been divorced more thoroughly from its unhallowed connexions. Christianity owes it to itself publicly to enter its disclaimer, and to maintain its solemn protest, against all those connexions, which have ever proved the means of perverting its institutions, and of superstition to its doctrine and ordinances; which have been a scandal to its name, the blighting of its influence, and caused the hand of Jehovah's providence to write upon its falling temples—"Their glory is departed!"

The world is made up of so many elements, that no efficient measures of reforming and improving society can possibly be put in operation, but that, while the mass is made better, some minor portions will be made worse, by an indirect influence of the very means necessary for the greatest good. We cannot strike an effectual blow on the corruptions of Christianity, but, peradventure, we shall have some, who have no respect for religion, cheering us on, and saying, "Ay, that is good; that is well deserved;" and not unlikely they will be confirmed in their Deism, and die in it. They are beyond our redeeming influence. Do what we will, they are lost. It is for the benefit of society generally, for the good of the world, that we do this. Besides, the scandal of being supposed to have such a connexion is a far greater evil than the shock of breaking down and withdrawing the rotten material from the building.

I have shown, by a simple statement of facts, without note or comment, or with very little, that a union of church and state is treason to religion; and there I have stopped. And does the world need me to tell them that unadulterated Christianity is worthy of their respect? If so, I hereby discharge myself of that office; if they want me to prove it, though I think it quite a superfluity, I must have leave to write another book. "But you might have told us more about the actual state and prospects of religion in Great Britain." That is a delicate and obnoxious theme, because it sets up a comparison. I write for readers in general, and not for any particular class. I can, however, express myself on that point in this place, and in one sentence: I think both are necessarily very discouraging, till the disadvantages of a connexion of religion with the state shall be removed.

It is easier to tell what a book should be than to make it; what should be put in and what should be kept out,

than to be an author that shall steer a course to the satisfaction of all. For my own part, I never think it out of place to say—corruption is corruption—vice is vice—without apology. I never fear that Christianity will be injured by exposing those who assume its name, and avail themselves of its sanctions, for political and worldly advantage. It is the only way to rescue Christianity from the responsibility of their enormities.

There are good things in Great Britain, and there are also bad things. For nearly four years I have been a looker-on in that land. While I abjure all espionage, or any motives or modes of observation which the strictest delicacy would eschew, it has ever been a principle with me, as a spectator of men and things in that country, not to be obliged for a hospitality that should silence my tongue or embarrass my pen as an American. It is as true that “a gift destroyeth the heart,” as that “oppression maketh a wise man mad;” and it is remarkable that inspiration has put these sayings together. It will be in vain that our fathers made such sacrifices for a religion unshackled and for civil liberty, if, in visiting our mother-country, and witnessing the same influences, to a great extent, operating still, we fail to cherish the principles which have procured our privileges, and to warn our countrymen against the danger of reverting to a like condition. Englishmen expect that we shall be Americans; they would think meanly of us if we did not show ourselves such. Our country expects it; and if we are so, conscience ought to prompt us to our duty. And yet there are Americans who, while visiting England, allow themselves to be *dined* and *toasted* out of their character. There are radical principles of society yet at stake in the world to be contended for, if not on the field of blood—which God forbid—yet in that field of influence which the pen and the press have opened before us, and into which so many are rushing with reckless spirit and ruthless adventure.

If an American who goes abroad finds reason to satisfy himself for becoming less an American than he was before, he may keep his opinion, or betray it, or publish it, as he shall see fit. If, on the contrary, he is confirmed in his character as an American, and conscientiously believes that American principles are best, he ought doubtless to be permitted, on his own native soil, to use his influence in their favour.

The abundant materials in my hands, not less important or less interesting than what is here offered to the public—so far as these pages may have any thing of that character—would have swelled the work to twice its present dimensions, if I could have presumed that so large a book would be acceptable, as well for its price as for its matter. But my publishers and others, together with my own convictions of the proper extent of works of this kind, have advised me to dispense with what would make a small volume of statistical information on various subjects, as also with a notice of many journeys made and places visited, and the discussion of numerous topics of practical importance.

London, which was my home while in England, is a world by itself. I have been obliged to content myself with general and brief notices of that great metropolis, and to reserve the particulars of this field of observation for another work now in hand, to appear—as I can think of nothing better or more pertinent—under the title of its own notable name—LONDON.

C. COLTON.

New-York, July, 1835.

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FOUR YEARS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

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ON Tuesday, the 9th of August, 1831, we put to sea from New-York, with a favourable wind, in the packet-ship *Silas Richards*, for Liverpool. The pilot, having kept the helm till we had passed the limit of his jurisdiction, promised us, as he dropped down the side of the vessel into his boat, a passage of twenty-three days, bade us good-by in fine spirits, exhilarating ours, and bore away for another job.

The first night we found ourselves in a dead calm, drifting with the tide on the Long Island shore. A slight breeze, however, sprung up in season to save us the necessity of throwing out an anchor, and we dropped all traces of land beneath the horizon before the break of day. Let those who have left their native shores for the first time judge of the thoughts and feelings of some of us, being of that number, as we rose to behold naught but heaven and the sea, and to think of our rapidly-changing geographical relations. From that moment, the wide expanse of waters, the blue arch above, clouds, winds, perhaps a tempest, stars, and an occasional sail, were destined for many days to be our only familiar objects.

On the 12th, between two and four in the morning, as I walked the deck—for I often rose to enjoy the night at sea—I had the pleasure of witnessing one of the finest exhibitions of the lightning-cloud which I ever beheld, without the anxiety of expecting its approach. It rested in distant and solemn repose over the Gulf Stream, as the wind bore us along in a parallel line with that mysterious current; and there played off its splendours of blazing fire in the quickest and most lively succession all along the eastern horizon, as if to please the stars and me, and welcome in the coming day. Had the same cloud displayed itself in the west, I should have suffered apprehension; but being advised of the

fitful and stormy regions impending over the Gulf Stream, and feeling the steady and majestic march of our ship under a cool and refreshing breeze from the northwest, I had nothing to fear, and every thing appropriate to enjoy, by such a vision. It was the first scene of the kind, under like circumstances, that I had ever witnessed—indescribably grand, and differing from similar exhibitions on land, not only by the more incessant and more earnest coruscations, but especially by their red and angry hues. In the midst of this demonstration, the fiery car of day came rushing in, side by side, on the left of his rival, and there seemed an actual contest between these powers of nature—the first occupant to retain its dominion, and the intruder to gain his rightful ascendancy. Nor was it doubtful. Before the steady and increasing blaze of the latter, the darting fires of the cloud grew pale and feeble, gradually relaxed their ardour, and were at length immersed and quenched in the sea. I observed on this occasion, as on others, that the twilight of the ocean is much more attractive—principally, perhaps, as being more ardent—than the twilight of the land.

New-York and Liverpool packets, as all know who have sailed in them, are very commodious and perfect things of the kind. No expense is spared in their building, in the finishing of the cabins, in their furniture or provisions. Every new ship put upon the line is in some sort and particulars an improvement on every former one. Some of them are indeed superb enough to make a passenger proud, though sick, at sea. The tables, too, are most sumptuously supplied, though they may not, perhaps, in all cases, and in every item, be served to the taste of a London or Paris gourmand. The sea, however, is often a more offensive medicine to these nice and fastidious appetites. "What care these roarers for the name of king?" As little do they seek to please the palate.

The *Silas Richards* was a ship of excellent proof, though not the most elegant on the line in the workmanship and furniture of her cabins. But her captain (Holdridge) is a public favourite, and well deserving such esteem for his good temper, his kindness, and his professional skill. It is amusing and interesting to observe the sympathy of a sailor with his ship. "Well, captain," said I, one pleasant day, as he sat in a chair on the quarter-deck, and was apparently absorbed in watching the steady and majestic careering of his vessel before a fine breeze, "a penny for your thoughts."—"She all but talks," said he; "she does every thing I bid her." The captain, however, was then making his last voyage in the *Silas Richards*. A new ship was in building for him at New-Bedford, Massachusetts, which, he said, was to be called *William IV*. Her name, however, is the *George*

Washington, in which I returned to New-York. The captain informed me, that when William IV. behaved badly in a time during the pending of the Reform Bill, it was resolved that he should not have the honour intended; and Washington, who had plucked the brightest jewel from his father's crown, superseded the son in the christening of one of the finest ships that sail on the ocean. Washington was consistent: he might have been a king; but he would not tarnish his reputation.

Our cabin-passengers were fifteen,—all civil, and seeking to please throughout the voyage,—an enviable privilege, if I may trust the accounts I have received from persons who have had little but annoyance and vexation in crossing the Atlantic, in consequence of bad tempers, viciously-disposed characters, profane swearers, and gamblers, on board. The close and intimate contact of a ship's cabin renders civility and other expressions of good-breeding and habitual kindness indispensable to comfort. To be imprisoned in such a place with vile persons, for the time necessary to cross a wide ocean, is a great calamity. I have the pleasure to say, I do not recollect a single violation of that law of politeness, which was defined to me in early life, and which I shall never forget—"a wakeful regard to the feelings of others in the intercourse of life." The presence of four ladies of exemplary manners was itself sufficient to impose restraint and decorum on any collection of gentlemen, although such influence was quite unnecessary to secure the object.

We had a Philadelphia merchant, his wife, and wife's sister; an English lady, resident in America, returning to visit her mother and family connexions in Yorkshire, with a charming little boy; the captain's excellent lady; a civil Scotch merchant, who had spent many years in South America, and seen enough of the rough-and-tumble of life to appreciate the advantages of civility; a sprig of English nobility, as was understood, who was prudent enough to say little, whatever might have been his thoughts; a cross-eyed flute-blower, of London, who occasionally entertained us with the melodies of his instrument; a young commercial agent, of Bristol, companion of my state-room, with whom I never quarrelled; a hypochondriac, of London, who scarcely left his berth during the passage; and some other persons, whose characteristics were quite agreeable, but not particularly important to be specified. We breakfasted, lunched, dined, and *tea-ed* (as the English say) in good fellowship, and very regularly; seldom having a cup of coffee, or bowl of soup, or platter of roast-beef or fowl, or any other dish, fall into our lap by a sudden lurch of the ship. The dead-lights were not fastened in for once, though for want of it we had a dash or two of the sea into the stern windows.

Of the steerage-passengers there were some forty to fifty, most of whom were disappointed and homesick English and Irish emigrants, returning from America, to love their native country better than they did before, and to be satisfied to lay their bones in it. There was one of these poor fellows, an Irishman, who attracted much attention, and excited no little interest in the ship, on account of the simple story he told of his motives in going to America, and of the result. It is too instructive to be omitted. He said he went to New-York to dig for gold in *Gold-street*, where he had understood there was a great plenty. He declared that he went to the place, and tried a long time with his spade and pickaxe—but found no gold! So thoroughly, however, was he possessed of the impression, under the influence of which he had gone to America, that he got the notion in his head, after our ship had sailed, that he had made a mistake in the street, and had been digging in the wrong place! “And will you go back again?” he was asked. He was not sure whether he would; but he thought he should advise his brothers to go! This, I think, may be set down for faith with a witness. He was perfectly grave, and seemed as honest as any other man that ever came from Ireland. Notwithstanding all the disappointments of our English, Irish, and Scotch friends, who have come to seek their fortunes among us, and notwithstanding all the discouraging reports that have gone back, the faith of the first impression seems to stick by them; and they will at least advise their brothers to go.

One of the most interesting features of present civilization is the secure and rapid transmission of letters by post over the same country, and more especially in passing the boundary between one nation and another, where, if we please to imagine so, no law exists, and where, it might moreover be supposed at first sight, improper meddling and depredation might be committed with impunity. But a second consideration will suggest to us, that nations in amity, and having commercial intercourse, find urgent reasons of public and private interest to maintain a mutual and rigid international jurisdiction to protect the lines of a frontier and the highway of the seas. Every vessel that sails on the ocean is made responsible somewhere; and the letter-bag of a ship is ordinarily as secure in passing from continent to continent, as the mail from London to Liverpool, or from New-York to Philadelphia. I have been in England four years, have maintained a weekly correspondence with America, and yet I have never known a letter in which I was interested to fail of the most speedy arrival. I have conversed with many commercial and public men in regard to this point, whose foreign correspondence has been of long continuance, and very extensive, as well as important; but

I never heard of a disappointment from this cause. I once had a letter from Cincinnati, Ohio, addressed to me at No. 9 Amelia-place, London, which might almost as well have been directed to No. 9 Amelia-place among the stars; and yet it found me out the third day after its arrival in the metropolis; having been sent by the twopenny post, as appeared by the marks thereon, to nearly every part and suburb of that immense city.

The master of every packet-ship between the ports of the United States and those of Great Britain, and I believe of every other vessel that floats upon the high seas, is in fact, or at least in the construction of law, a sworn postoffice agent of the nation to which he owes allegiance.* The American packets from New-York to London and Liverpool, respectively, carry probably the largest mails of any ships in the world—nearly all the correspondence between the two countries passing through their letter-bags. In the ship *George Washington*, on my return to New-York, the letters were counted, and the number exceeded 3000. The parcels, or small packets, are of great bulk, filling several large bags.

After our ship had been at sea some three or four days, the weather being pleasant, the captain opened the letter-bags in the round-house, to discharge his duty as postmaster in sorting the letters and parcels for consignment on his arrival in port. He turned upon the floor about a cartload of parcels, and some bushels of letters—a striking index of the amount of correspondence between the United States and Great Britain, when it is considered that, besides all the merchant-ships, there is a Liverpool packet *from* and *to* New-York once a week, and one every two weeks between London and New-York—all and each sustaining their own proportionate share in this transportation.

Suppose, then, that while the captain is sorting the packages and letters, he allows it not improper to amuse the passengers sitting and standing round, by reading to them the remarkable superscriptions and directions as they happen to turn up; among which are to be found not a few genuine Irish bulls from the sons of the Emerald Isle in America to their friends at home, as well as many other comical things. By-and-by a letter turns up, the seal of which, impressed in wax, reads thus: "*Mizpah, Gen. xxxi. 49.*"—"This is for you to expound," said the captain, turning pleasantly to me. Not being able on the instant to recite the passage without book—by which, I suppose, I lost some credit—I ran below, and returning with the Bible open at the place, read, "*Mizpah: the Lord watch between*

* No vessel of Great Britain is called a *packet* except it belongs to the king, or is especially chartered for the transportation of the mail. This name indicates its character in this particular as much as the *royal mail-coach* on the land.

me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—"Beautiful!" said one. "Beautiful!" responded another. "A gem! a gem!" exclaimed a third. "A gem!" all responded. And surely, the brightest, most precious gem of all, was to find in such a place and circle these prompt and full-souled expressions of sympathy on the announcement of this sentiment of religion and Christian piety. There were, indeed, powerful tendencies to such sympathy in the circumstances of us all. For who present, whether going *to* or *from* his home, did not feel himself separated from those he loved, and loved most dear? And who, with a wide and fitful ocean before him, tossing on its heaving bosom, would not feel his dependance, and, looking back or forward to home and friends, lift up his aspirations to that high Providence who sits enthroned in heaven, and rules the land and sea, and breathe to him the sweet and holy prayer—"The Lord watch between me and *mine*, while we are absent one from another!"

And whose was the hand that fixed this stamp of piety on this winged messenger of love—of love that grows more ardent and more holy, as it is distant and long away from its object? The first postmark was *Quebec*, and directed to a quartermaster of the army in London. Was it, then, from a wife to a husband? or from a sister to a brother? or what was the relation? The chirographic style made this question dubious, and it remained unsettled; and of course left more scope for the play of imagination, and the agreeable waste of much conjecture. But the incident itself, and the conversation exhausted upon it, furnished all the colloquists of the occasion with a text of frequent reference, and I hope imprinted on their hearts more indelibly a very practical and an ennobling sentiment of piety.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

*This flower diffused its fragrance far and wide;
This gem is borne along on ocean's tide,
And sheds its best effulgence to the eye,
As swift on wings of love it passes by.*

On Sunday, August 14th, while sitting at breakfast in the morning, a gentleman much esteemed, and of prominent influence in the cabin, addressed himself to another gentleman, a clergyman, at table, and said, "Sir, we have been several days aboard, and this is the Sabbath, and a pleasant day. I have consulted our fellow-passengers, and I believe I express their common sentiment in requesting from you to-day the favour of a sermon, if agreeable to yourself;" at the same time turning to the captain and to the company

for an expression of their assent, which was immediately and unanimously rendered. The service was therefore instantly concluded on, notice published through the ship, and the bell rung at half past ten o'clock. The place of assembly was the round-house, with its windows and doors thrown open, so that those who could not get in could hear from without. The number of souls on board, including cabin-passengers, steerage-passengers, and crew, was about seventy. It was gratifying to observe how easy such a service can be arranged, and with what decorum it can be sustained, even on board a packet-ship. It was still more interesting to see the feeling manifested in view of religious truths, in such circumstances.

As the preacher of this day hung over the stern of the ship towards the going down of the sun, and was meditating alone on that grand object, now about to plunge in the ocean, and observing also that ever-attractive scene, the wake of the ship, as she dashes onward through the foaming deep, leaving a momentary trace of bubbling and whirling eddies, breaking the mountain-wave, and seeming to rebuke its march and to enforce a pause in its career—as if to express astonishment at the temerity of such an intruder, and at the violence done to the rights of the sea. In this thoughtful mood, one of the cabin-passengers, a young man, approached him, begging pardon for interrupting his meditations, and began to say, “that he owed an apology in his own behalf, and that he was suffering an injustice in the preacher’s estimation.”

“I pray you, sir,” said the preacher, “explain yourself.”

He still went on, regardless of this demand, and added, much to the surprise of the clergyman, “I bought those books at an auction-room. They were struck off to me in one parcel the night before I left New-York. I was ignorant of what they were.”

“What books?” interrupted the clergyman.

“I intend to destroy them,” continued the young gentleman; “and I should suffer injustice if I allowed you to suppose that I had not been better educated, or that I can relish such vile trash.”

It turned out, after the parties in this colloquy had come to a more perfect understanding, that the books in question were of an infidel and otherwise base character. On the second or third day of the voyage, while overhauling and sorting his luggage in presence of the clergyman, the young gentleman had civilly offered him the use of any of his books that might please him—of which he had availed himself. As it happened, however, the clergyman’s hand had not lighted on the bad books. To explain this dialogue, it had also happened that the clergyman, in his sermon of that day, had taken occasion to make some remarks on the

absurdities of infidelity, and the necessarily vicious state of the moral affections that could relish it. The young man felt mortified—abased—supposing himself to be directly aimed at in these remarks; and took the opportunity, as above, to vindicate himself. “Conscience needs no accuser.” It was, however, a mutually pleasant interview. The clergyman permitted the young gentleman to remain under the conviction he had so deeply felt, that the lecture was intended expressly for him: first, because it seemed to operate so well; next, because the young man would not have believed him, if he had disclosed all the truth; or, if he had believed, being of a lively turn, he would have laughed outright, and probably failed to profit by it.

As we came up from dinner on Sabbath, the 14th, “Look at the sun!”—“Look at the sun!” was the instantaneous exclamation of numerous voices, every one lifting up hands with amazement and turning pale with apprehension. The day had been perfectly clear; not a cloud in the heavens! nor was there one at this moment. Neither had there been, nor was there now, any fog; no mist; no floating shadow of any of the suspended vapours; but all the region above, even down to the horizon, was entirely vacant of these ordinary phenomena. And yet there was a darkness! Nature herself—all nature was eclipsed! The sun presented his dark purple disk to our eye—so darkened as almost to unveil the stars. All looked alternately at the sun, and then at each other, with a wondering, inquisitive, and fear-stricken gaze, seeming to say, “What! what doth this portend?” It was impossible not to feel that Nature was out of her healthful condition—diseased—in distress—in pain and agony. So deep was the obscurity over the face of the sun, that the eye could gaze upon it steadily without blinking. The dark spots which have often been observed upon his disk were distinctly visible to the naked eye; and one dark, gloomy, evil-boding shade mantled the entire vault above and around, as if the day of final doom were about to break upon creation!

We, who had been unused to the sea, asked the captain if these appearances were common. He answered, with evident seriousness, that he had never seen the like. It was strange to the oldest sailor—to every one on board. It was now about five o’clock P. M., as near as I recollect. The cabin-passengers had all been below for two or three hours. The mate on duty informed us that these unusual symptoms began to appear some two hours before, and had been gradually increasing. The face of every one looked serious, as if about to be summoned to his last account.

The wind carried us pleasantly onward, as the sun declined and disappeared under the same general appearances;

the dark spots upon his disk being visible to the last, without a single ray of his wonted effulgence to inflict pain upon the fixed and open eye.

The moon was nearly at her full, and came forth under the same mantle which had covered the sun in the day. But over her face the veil was blue, and most dismally dark. The stars laboured to shine, and could scarcely peep out. The night was even more gloomy than the day—as all its lights seemed just ready to be extinguished.

Monday, the 15th, was very much the same, more especially in the afternoon; when, for a while, so far as I remember, it was even darker than the day before. And so again on Monday night; and it was not till the third or fourth day that the heavens began to wear their natural appearances.

I have since incidentally learned by American papers that the same phenomena, at the same time, were exhibited over all the American seas, and nearly, or quite, over the continent. I think that we were on the Banks of Newfoundland, or in the neighbourhood.

It will be remembered, that the terrible West India hurricanes happened at this time, when Barbadoes was nearly made desolate. I have not the date of these calamities; but they occurred either on one of these days, or immediately afterward. The phenomena were owing no doubt to the state of the atmosphere; and it was natural to expect that nature, thus wrapped, and apparently constrained and distressed, would obtain relief by some violent effort. It is only remarkable that the violence was not more extensive, and more commensurate in its effects with the wide-spread suffering in the elements above us, than seemed to be experienced. The least that we expected was a share in such a consequence; but it did not overtake us.

On Sabbath morning, August 21st, the ship's bell rang at nine o'clock for a funeral, of which the passengers and crew had been previously apprized. The morning was pleasant, and the ship under easy sail. The corpse, being that of a tall man, having been suitably wrapped in a sack, was lashed to a plank so tightly as to develop the entire contour or profile of the human form, from head to foot, as it rested on supports a little superior to the railing of the ship, with feet towards the sea, ready to be plunged into the deep, after the appropriate rites of religion should be performed. All assembled on deck in presence of the dead, with heads uncovered; the clergyman read a portion of the Scriptures, spoke a few words on the occasion, and offered a prayer to Heaven; immediately after which, the captain beckoned with his hand, and the body was caused to slide gently over the side of the vessel; and down it went into the sea, send-

ing back to our ears the noise of a plunge, which, in the circumstances, seemed all funereal—a sound which, methinks, all who heard must hear a long, long time—a sound not to be forgotten. All stood motionless for a moment, in silence contemplating the scene, as if bound to the spectacle by thoughts higher than the earth and the sea. Then, one by one, each moved away to his post of duty or to his place of retirement. But the noise of that plunge, four years since, even now rings in my ears; I hear it when my thoughts turn that way—I cannot cease to hear it. To be buried in the ocean!—to sink down and lie on the bottom of the mighty deep, till “the sea” shall be bidden to “deliver up the dead that are in it!” Nature shrinks, though religion may whisper, ’tis all the same. Who would not prefer, if it might be the will of Heaven, to lie down with his kindred, where he might be wept by his friends?

The man we buried was one of the steerage-passengers, an Irishman, about forty years old, who came on board far gone with consumption, and friendless, hoping once more to see his native land and those he had left behind. The common influence of a sea voyage, in aggravating the tendencies and hastening the termination of this insidious complaint, anticipated all his calculations, and imposed on us the solemn and affecting office of consigning his body to the ocean’s bed, till the morning of the resurrection. A funeral at sea has in it a peculiar solemnity. The body of this man was dropped upon a bank, in the middle of the Atlantic, the name of which I forget, and of the existence of which I was not before apprized. These banks in the ocean, like those of Newfoundland, are always indicated by the colour of the water—it being rather turbid, and wanting the appropriate blue of the deep salt sea. As the body was weighed down by stone in a sack at the feet, and being deposited over such a bank, it soon found a place of rest, and in a few hours we had left it far behind.

At eleven o’clock this day there was again public worship on the deck of the ship, as on the previous Sabbath.

On Saturday, the 27th, we found ourselves becalmed in St. George’s Channel, off Kinsale, in sight of land. But in the evening the wind sprung up, and by the help of tide we made rapid flight towards Liverpool. As if the bard of Avon had been a prophet, and we destined to certify the truth of his record by finding history in poetry, it is a curious fact that, at twelve at night, our shipboy Jack, about fifteen years of age, who had shown all the agility of a monkey during the voyage, in going aloft and running about the rigging, having been perched on the main-topsail yard to keep watch for a light, *actually fell asleep* in that high place, nearly opposite the mouth of the river associated with the

poet's name, as having been honoured by his birth upon its banks. The sea had risen, and the ship rolled and pitched, enough to demand wakefulness in those on duty.

"Jack, do you see the light?" said the watch. Jack made no answer. The call was repeated, and with increased earnestness, a second and a third time; but Jack was still silent! The sailors sprang aloft, and found him snoring aloud, as an accompaniment of the winds!

"Sleep! gentle sleep!
Wilt thou upon a high and giddy mast
Seal up the shipboy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge—
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet seaboy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?"

Sabbath morning, the 28th, at sunrise, we nearly brushed the naked and rocky bluffs of Holyhead, shooting by them like a vision of enchantment, on the wings of a stiff north-west breeze; seeming to turn a corner there, as was indeed the fact, buffeting with lusty endeavour a mad and foaming tide, as it rushed from the northern to the southern seas between England and Ireland. And every mile we gained in such a conflict laid before the eye some new aspects of rock, and shore, and landscape, and hill and mountain profile. Nothing can be more beautiful, or bolder and more formidable, than the front of Holyhead. Then came the Skerry rocks, one group of which is like a range of battlements, the central one resembling a church, and the lighthouse perched upon it, a steeple in perfection; then the opening harbour of Holyhead, and its beautiful little town; then the highly-cultivated hills and plains of Anglesea, with numberless fields of grain, just cut and gathered into heaps, and resting for the Sabbath before it was gathered in; the hedges, distinctly defining every separate enclosure, greater and smaller, regular and irregular; the lanes of access; the little white cottages and more imposing farmhouses; the windmills; small villages and hamlets here and there; churches; now a copse of wood, and now another; and beyond this checkered vision the irregular and fantastic profiles of mountains, the loftier points merged in the clouds;—all, land and sea, lighted up with one of the brightest mornings that ever shone, and the entire and variegated scene rapidly changing appearances, as we were borne along the sixty miles from Holyhead to Liverpool. The

day before, as we lay in St. George's Channel, we saw, but indistinctly, through the mist and smoke, and low in the distant horizon, some of the elevated portions of the Emerald Isle. But this morning, the shores, plains, hills, and mountains of England and Wales burst upon us in their loveliest features, and under the hues imparted by the brightest sun, after a shoreless vision of eighteen days. We often sailed so near the shore as to be able to trace with the naked eye the fissures and crude prominences of the rocks.

A little from Holyhead we took a pilot. And then the news! what news? Great events were expected from the new Parliament and from Poland. But Poland and Parliament were soon lost sight of, in the announcement of the mournful wreck of the *Rothsay Castle*, which went to pieces some ten days before, at twelve o'clock at night, directly in sight of where we were then sailing, and about ninety souls of one hundred were supposed to have perished! Nothing of the kind, since the destruction of the *Albion*, had produced so great a sensation. And there was a peculiar aggravation attending the wreck of the *Rothsay Castle* which can never be healed. We bow in submission to the awful providence of God, when his hand is single and alone in afflicting us; but when the recklessness of man is seen to have bereaved us of our friends and dear ones, and in the most awful manner, the heart will bleed, and bleed while memory lasts, and never be comforted. And so will it be in the present instance. That ruthless pushing of opposition in the running of stagecoaches and steamers, which rages equally in England and in the United States, is burdened with no small share of the responsibility of this never-to-be-forgotten calamity. And, more aggravating still, that fiend, and fitter tenant of a darker world, the unpitying soul of brutal intoxication, comes in here to perfect the anguish of the recollections of that dreadful night. To lie upon the ocean, lashed to fury by the pitiless and maddened winds of heaven, under the guidance of the most accomplished and best-directed skill of man, in the best craft, is terrible enough. But to be obliged to ask mercy of a drunkard in that hour—to beseech him to do his duty, and he shall growl, and curse, and refuse to act—O! who can depict the anxieties of the innocent souls that lie at his feet! When I think of this, I thank God, and I love and respect the man who guided our bark across the Atlantic, not only for his personal virtues and nautical skill, but that he had reduced his whole crew to a total abstinence from ardent spirits, and resolved never to allow its use again.

We came to anchor in the Mersey, before Liverpool, at two o'clock P. M., just nineteen days from port to port; and found lodgings in town before four o'clock.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Dr. Raffles and the Rothsay Castle—The sombre Aspect of English Towns—Comparison of English and American Shipping, Steamers, &c.—Comparative Commercial Importance of London and Liverpool—A Paradox in English Character—The Liverpool Slave-trade—Docks—Custom-house Duties and Shipping of London and Liverpool—Also of the United Kingdom.

ARRIVED at Liverpool; my foot planted on the soil once dear to our fathers, and associated with a thousand recollections, scarcely less full of romance than grave and eventful in history; an ocean passed without a storm, or an anxious moment, excepting only as occasioned by the extraordinary celestial phenomena which hung over us for a day or two; lodged comfortably in an English hotel; and the Sabbath bell summoning a dense population to the worship of God; my mind was easily composed to a state not unlike the hallowed peace of a quiet domestic scene. The leaving of one's native country is full of interest, and touching to a thousand of the better feelings of our nature. The friends we love are behind us; and a sublime and fitful ocean rolls before. The first sight of a foreign shore, after many days of exposure on the deep, with the prospect of soon gaining the shelter of a port, repays in part the sacrifice experienced by the recession of the last line of one's own hills. But England to an American is not foreign; it is the land of his ancestry; the institutions, the virtue, and the piety which have made his country dear were transplanted from this soil. Landing upon these shores, he comes to salute that which it would be unnatural not to esteem—not to revere. Here he finds the same language, the same religion, the same modes and customs of society, and like sympathies, operating in a like manner, in all the kindlier relations of life. He cannot feel that he is abroad; he is at home.

We had landed on the Sabbath; the dawn of the morning had espied us from over the rocks of Holyhead; a brisk wind, bearing us swiftly into port, admonished the sailors of the preparations required for coming to anchor at the end of a voyage, and the passengers to collect and arrange their scattered luggage for debarkation. All was confusion and expectation. The quiet retirement of an inn, in a well-ordered town, on the evening of the Christian Sabbath, after the active and bustling scene of such a morning, was sufficiently grateful.

I remembered THOMAS SPENCER. The impression of his untimely and lamented death was scarcely less in America

than in England. A wide circle in both countries felt the greatness and severity of the bereavement. In America we felt it through the hand of his biographer and successor, the Rev. Dr. Raffles; in England the public felt it for what they had seen and heard, and they wept again at the recital of the story. A stranger at Liverpool, my choice of a place of public worship on the evening of this day of my arrival was controlled by these recollections of Spencer and Dr. Raffles. At six o'clock I wended my way alone and unguided to Great George-street Chapel. As the hour of commencing worship was half after six, I was in season to obtain a good seat by the kind offices of a pew-opener. Soon, however, the people began to pour in, in dense columns, till I found myself, before the services commenced, standing in the aisle with a multitude of gentlemen, to accommodate the ladies. After remaining a little in this posture, I received a beck from a venerable gentleman near me, to take a seat in his pew, already crammed with a range of fine-looking young men and youth, who appeared as if they might be his twelve sons, and he the patriarch. "Have you room, sir?" said I. "O yes; come in." On my right, half way the pew, a full-souled-looking young man of twenty-five showed me much civility when I first sat down and during the service.

It was a grateful hour, and grateful every circumstance, after the scenes of a sea-voyage, and after such an unsabbath-like day, to find myself seated in a modest but spacious church, and one of a congregation of two thousand in a foreign land; to hear my native tongue in its purest forms; to have opened and read the same Bible, to listen to the same hymns and the same music, as in my own country; the dress and manners of the people the same, and with no circumstance to admonish me of a change of place from one part of the globe to another. It was like a dream; for that day three weeks (and far less time in seeming) I was worshipping with a Christian congregation in New-York.

At the appointed hour a clergyman ascended the pulpit, knelt, and offered his silent prayer—a custom most befitting and impressive, but not practised in America, except by two denominations; and then opening the Bible, he read the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew with great pertinency and pathos of expression, in silvery and subduing tones. From the first opening of his lips, he seemed moved from his inmost soul. I could have imagined, though ignorant of the cause, that the deep fountains of feeling were opened within him, and that some mighty sympathies were working there. And I thought, too, that the congregation were ready to be with him in feeling; but still I knew not the occasion. "Is that Dr. Raffles?" said I in a whisper to the gentleman on my right, as the preacher began to read.

"Yes, sir," was the answer. After the usual introductory services, and a prayer, which breathed the soul, and seemed communion with the skies, a fellowship with heaven, and fitted well to raise the heart that wished to be with God, the following text was announced:—"Therefore, be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

"Nearly twenty years have rolled away since I have had the pastoral charge of this congregation," said the preacher (and these were his first words after reading the text), "and never have I been called to mingle my tears with the bereaved of my charge, in any instance, for a work of death so astounding to private and public sympathy, as in the late and ill-fated doom of the Rothsay Castle." And here, at the end of the first sentence, the secret was all opened to me, and I felt myself at once a mourner with the mourning, and was ready to claim a full part in the deploring enactment of that solemn hour. For I had passed in full view of the scene of death, and heard the story for the first time that very day. Three members of Dr. Raffles's church, Mr. Joseph Lucas, his wife, and their daughter, were of the number who perished; and that evening it had devolved on the pastor to stand up before a sympathizing people to tell the story, and try to impress them with the practical lesson of the awful event; and he did tell the story in the outset—the simple story. He did not begin a great way off, and deliver a lecture on abstract truths, till his hearers were tired of a *discussion*, as is too apt to be the fashion on such occasions; but he told the simple story, as the exordium of his sermon. He briefly noticed the character of those whose sudden and awful death they lamented; traced the pathway of their spirits, through the stormy waves of the ocean to the haven of eternal rest, and then applied himself to the proper theme of his text, in application to his hearers, and in view of the mournful event which had suggested it—"Be ye also ready."

I had heard of Dr. Raffles, and entertained a high opinion of his powers. He is unquestionably an eloquent man; and a man of good sterling sense, of pure taste, and sound discretion. He is sure to be pertinent; and in these attributes, and others akin to them, great. He demonstrates a perfect honesty. It is his full soul that speaks out, and no one doubts it—all feel it; and this is eloquence. Take, then, a theme like the fate of the Rothsay Castle, and give it such a man, before an audience whose acquaintances and dear ones perished there; and let him bring heaven and earth, time and eternity, probation and the judgment, all together, as they stand connected with such a scene, in the light of Christianity—and none who hear can be indifferent. And there were none indifferent on that occasion, I dare to say.

It was not the voice of man alone. Man only gave a palpable utterance to the voice of God.

In the midst of the sermon, and at a moment when the minds and hearts of the audience were entirely captive, under the guidance of the preacher, and with him meditating on death, judgment, and eternity—abstracted from earth, and rapt in thought of a coming world—a sudden, protracted, and apparently an expiring groan came from a distant part of the galleries, reaching every part of the house, and penetrating every heart. It was a startling, thrilling expression of distress, augmented a thousand-fold by the circumstances. The self-possession of the preacher, however, in a measure quieted the apprehensions of the audience, by stating that it was a person taken in a fit; and the individual having been carried out, after a pause of two or three minutes the doctor proceeded. What was the real cause of suffering I know not. But the shock at such a moment—when the feelings of the audience were under the highest excitement, and borne away by the most powerful sympathies for the dying and the dead, and forced to think of future and eternal scenes—was absolutely appalling.

Occasionally in the progress of the sermon the doctor was exceedingly powerful—his thoughts and manner, and the tones of his voice, all befitting each other. The interest of the occasion was itself intense; and when the Amen was pronounced, that perfect stillness which had reigned for the hour, excepting only the speaker's voice, was succeeded by that singular bustle, which an instantaneous change of position in every individual of a great congregation, after having been long chained by eloquence in fixed and motionless attitudes, produces.

"Did you ever hear Dr. Raffles before?" said the young man on my right, as we rose to leave the chapel. "I am only this day in England, sir," said I: "I passed this morning the scene of the wreck of the Rothsay Castle."—"Is it possible!" he replied. "I think, then, this discourse and the occasion must have been especially interesting to you."—"Deeply, intensely so. And is Dr. Raffles ordinarily as interesting as this evening, may I ask?"—"He is very apt to be interesting; indeed, he is always so. But the occasion, as you perceive, was special this evening, and his feelings were uncommonly excited." The acquaintance I seemed to have formed with this young man, by his polite attentions while I sat by his side, and by this little dialogue which occurred on leaving the chapel, emboldened me to ask of him the favour of directing me to the "Talbot Inn," as it was now night, and I had made a crooked course in finding the place. He offered and insisted on accompanying me. Finding, however, that his lodgings were in an opposite direction, I could not consent. He then conducted me to the

head of a principal street, and having put me in my way, took my hand, and bid me an affectionate good-night—as much so as if we had been friends for years.

The first appearance of Liverpool, as a town, in its external features, was not agreeable to me. Its general aspects, as I passed along the streets, were sombre, even dismal. Such is very generally the character of English towns; such throughout is the character of London, compared with New-York and other American cities. There are two principal causes which make this difference:—the absence of paint, and the settling of soot, dust, and smoke on the external surface of the houses. Oils and paints are too expensive in Great Britain to be applied profusely on brick walls. They are rarely painted. Besides, the mortar with which the bricks are cemented is charged in the mixture with certain ingredients, which destroy the natural colour of unalloyed clay as it is turned out of the kiln, and leave a dead surface, like that of clay unburnt. I suppose, though I never asked, that this composition, as it ill answers the purpose of beauty, is designed to supply the office of paint in closing the pores, and excluding dampness from the walls. When time has covered these dead and cheerless walls with that sooty vestment which the burning of coal deposits everywhere, the external features of a large town in England present a dismal contrast to the rich furniture and comfort that abound within. A man naturally, or accidentally, disposed, might die of ennui, or be provoked to go and hang himself, by the mere effect of this exhibition, if he were doomed to encounter it habitually, without hope of that relief which the internal comforts of English houses afford. The princely mansions of the great and the palace of the king are alike in this particular with the ordinary habitations of the humble. Even St. Paul's in London, originally pure and white when it came from the hand of Christopher Wren, is wrapped in a drapery of blackness, as if the night and smoke of Erebus had enveloped it for centuries. But a Londoner does not see it—does not know it. Indeed, in his eyes, this dismal feature, as I suppose, constitutes one of the beauties of architecture; especially as it indicates antiquity. If St. Paul's could be washed, or its original light colour in any way restored—if the dark side of those columns could be made as white as the other, and the black drapery withdrawn from the walls—that magnificent edifice, the pride of London, would be spoiled. Time and custom make us content with all things that are not positively vicious and a torment. I had almost forgotten this accident myself, till the writing of these pages has recalled it.

An American town is light and airy compared with the feature of which I have been speaking. Every brick house

is painted and pointed, till the surface is polished and glazed with oil. It is first a matter of economy; and the second consideration is to execute it in good taste, according to the standard of the country. An Englishman says, it is *fine*; and there is, perhaps, some reason for it. It is, however, a matter of choice; whereas the sooty complexion of an English town is a thing which cannot be helped, and it argues at least the virtue of resignation to be content with it.

As an American is struck with the first appearance of an English town for the reasons above specified, so is he also with the first sight of English shipping. When he arrives in the British seas, he observes in all the various craft afloat a hulk disproportionate to the rigging, as would seem to him. The Americans raise one fourth or one third more canvass over the same amount of tonnage, for the reason, perhaps, that they are less prudent, and have less fear of going to the bottom. They like high-pressure engines, and blow up every now and then; but it is seldom we hear of an English steamer bursting her boiler. The build (if it be lawful to use such a term) of an English vessel is ordinarily shaped for burden rather than fast sailing. Her head rises from the water like the circle of a pumpkin. Whether this difference of construction be the reason, or whether the fact asserted be true, I cannot aver; but I have heard it said, since I have been in England, that an American ship will ride safe at anchor through a gale in the same roadstead where an English vessel will be driven ashore or to sea. The former mounts the sea as it approaches, while the latter ships it over her bows. I am constrained, however, in justice to say, that the English yachts, on which the greatest skill and pains of building and rigging have been bestowed, for the purpose of fast sailing, are the prettiest things I have ever seen afloat; and I question whether any thing of the kind in the world has ever equalled in lightness and swiftness the little row-boats of the Thames. The Indian bark canoe of North America may be lighter, but the rapidity of its flight, under the application of an equal force, bears no comparison.

Another point of difference is the snow-white canvass on the American waters—to an American a grateful sight, and naturally agreeable to anybody. He who has been used to the sight of the steamers connected with New-York, and who has observed their beauty and majesty, as they dash away on the bosom of the Hudson for Albany, or on the East River for Providence, and other places, will be sadly disappointed when he comes to observe the low, sable, plodding things in the British seas, called by the same name, and affecting to advance by the power of steam. When, however, he comes to be more acquainted, he will

be reconciled to them, as he will find them adapted to the voyages they have to make ; in all respects comfortable and well provided, if of the best class ; and accomplishing their trips with great certainty and security. To object to their blackness would be puerile. Every thing in British ports must be black, or become so, as every port has more or less to do with Newcastle. Some of the best steamers between London and Scotland are probably not surpassed, nor equalled, by any in the world, for all those things most desirable in vessels of this kind, and in the same service. They are large ; they are magnificent ; they are commodious ; they are well provided ; and they are safe. English steamers, and other vessels generally, have a better inside than outside, like English houses. That things with which we have to do, and which we may have occasion to use, should be better than their looks promise, is by no means an indictable fault—it is not a cheat.

Liverpool is remarkable principally for its commercial importance. In this particular it is second only to London, compared with other towns of the British empire, and it is fast gaining even upon the metropolis. Whether its prosperity, which is now so steadily advancing, will one day blight the commerce even of London, and compel the latter to be content as the seat of the court, the leader of fashions, and the great centre of political influence, is less problematical, perhaps, than superficial observers are wont to imagine. London, from causes which can never be controlled, is exceedingly and vexatiously difficult of access to its commercial connexions. First, there is the wide and not very comfortable mouth of the English Channel, stretching on the one side from Dover to Land's End, and on the other from Boulogne to Brest, always dreaded by the mariner, whether going out or coming in. The wind which has brought him to the Downs may keep him there for many days before he can double the Foreland and enter the Thames ; and then he has eighty miles of a crooked and difficult channel between him and the docks of London. The same difficulties present themselves from London to the Atlantic. I have received letters at London by a New-York and London packet, mailed at Portsmouth, where the vessel touched, advising me of some little interest I had in the arrival of the ship, and have waited three weeks before she was laid in the dock. Early in the winter of 1834-35, the Samuel Robertson, a New-York packet, put into Plymouth in distress, eight weeks after she had left London, without ever having got far out of the Channel, if she had even fairly left it. She was also at Portsmouth five weeks after leaving London.

Liverpool is almost immediately open to the Atlantic, affording a very sure ingress and egress without delay. All

men of business in London find that their correspondence with foreign parts, which must go upon the Atlantic seas, especially their business with America, can be accomplished most expeditiously by way of Liverpool. All government despatches between the court of St. James and Washington city go and come invariably by that channel. Even now the connexion by post between London and Liverpool, two hundred and six miles, is only about twenty hours; and when a railway shall have been opened between them, which is now in rapid progress, the distance will be reduced to some ten or twelve hours. It is very certain that the foreign commercial connexions with nearly all parts of the British empire, even for the transportation of goods and heavy articles of merchandise, by the growing facilities of internal communication, will ultimately be, and that at no distant period, several days earlier by the way of Liverpool than of London; a state of things which must inevitably give an advantage to the former, with which no power but that of a despot could compete. A free trade with India is already opened, which has even now given a fresh and vigorous impulse to the ever-wakeful spirit and elastic power of this commercial rival of London.

The human mind is intent on looking out for the *shortest way*; and in no country more so than in Great Britain—the drudgery of her agricultural operations, and the ordinary employments of her peasantry only excepted, in which occupations all things go on, from generation to generation, in the same old way. There is this strange anomaly in the English character—that every thing connected with commerce, manufactures, and politics, develops the greatest activity and invention of mind; while the husbandry of the earth, and all the domestic occupations of “the lower orders,”* look as if the spirit that presides over them, if spirit it be, were irrecoverably stultified. The difference between America and Great Britain in these particulars is precisely that which a traveller on the Continent and in Great Britain must have observed between an English stagecoach and a French or Dutch diligence: the former lacks nothing which human invention and skill could supply for convenience and despatch; while every appearance and symptom of the latter makes one vexed at the dulness and stupidity of his race. A furrow which in America would be turned up with the greatest ease by two horses, and the service of one man with a light plough—which he who follows can throw about with one hand, while he guides his quick-stepping cattle with the other—employs in England from four to six lazy horses, and two to three men, dragging a machine so great

* A phrase peculiar to the English; at least not so often heard in our land of republican equality.

and heavy, with tackle so abundant and complicated, as to remind one not accustomed to such a needless expenditure of a man-of-war with its various furniture. All the peasantry of England unconnected with the circle of manufacturing and commercial interests, one would imagine, are at work with the same instruments, and after the same modes, which were employed by their Saxon ancestors; and how much older they are even than that, it may be difficult to say. Strange that there is no more sympathy between the mind that drives the plough, shears the grass, dresses the hedge, and manages a donkey, and that spirit which has raised manufactures to the highest perfection that the world can boast of, and economized manual labour almost to a miracle; which spreads the wings of its commerce over all seas, and protects its trade by the sleeping thunders of its navy. It would not be true to deny, that agriculture is carried to the highest perfection in England. I only mean to speak of the great disadvantage and waste in the application of labour.

The population of Liverpool in 1831 was 165,175; that of New-York, at the present moment, is 265,000. These two great commercial cities are therefore nearly equal in this particular; and they are not very far from being equal in their commercial connexions and transactions. They are also nearly equal in the dates of their comparative importance. In 1669, Liverpool was separated from Walton, a village three miles distant, and erected into a parish. In 1700 its population was 5000; in 1720, a little more than 10,000; in 1740, it was 18,000; in 1770, about 30,000; in 1790, it is stated at 56,000; in 1812, it was 94,376; and in 1820, it reckoned only 110,000. Since the last-mentioned date its increase has been almost unexampled, and its population is now probably about 200,000.

It is melancholy to be obliged to remember, that the African slave-trade has been one of the principal means of the growth, and one of the great sources of the wealth, of Liverpool. During the ten years from 1783 to 1793, it employed in that trade, in all, 878 ships; imported to the West Indies 303,737 slaves, the price of whom averaged £50 each; making £15,186,850, or \$62,796,880.* Deducting allowance to factors, &c., the actual revenue to the town was £12,294,116, or \$59,011,756. An abatement should be made from the number of ships as stated here, the sum being made by adding those registered in each successive year; as the same ship, in some cases, might

* In reducing sterling money to Federal money throughout this work, I allow \$4 80 to the *pound*; which is about the medium commercial value in the rate of exchange.

have been employed for half the period, more or less. Say 300 ships. As this estimate comprehends only a minor fraction of the period during which this traffic was tolerated by Great Britain, it may, perhaps, fairly be supposed, that the number of slaves actually made by the Liverpool trade alone was considerably more than double this number, and the additional income to the town, from that source, proportionate. The history of Liverpool, published in 1795, from which this statement is abridged, has given the items with great particularity, apparently as if it were a part of the honest and lawful trade of the town—no more discreditable or improper than trade in logwood and ivory! How great and interesting the change in public feeling in forty years! Great Britain has been shocked at her own deeds, and atoned her fault before heaven and the world. It was well said by an American gentleman, who, while in England, was publicly taunted for American slavery—"It was the sin of our common parent that introduced it among us. If you will enact the part of Japheth, I will fill the place of Shem. Take you one corner of the garment, and I will take the other, and we will both walk backwards, and cover the shame of our parent's nakedness."

One of the most remarkable things attracting the attention of an American, as he steps ashore on his arrival at Liverpool, are its magnificent docks and basins, which occupy about 111 acres. They are stupendous works of solid masonry, laid apparently as firm as the natural rocky base of the hills. At low water, the walls constituting the quays are sublime objects of artificial structure. The tide in the Mersey ebbs and flows twenty-five feet, more or less, making a great difference in the appearance of the river between low and high water. Whether the want of bridges over the Mersey at Liverpool is owing to the rapidity and height of the tides, and an exposure to a swell from the estuary, or to the necessity of keeping the river open to navigation, I am unable to say. The ferrying, which is immense, is for the most part performed by small steamers, which are difficult of access at low water. The quays afford pleasant promenades, and are often thronged by multitudes of well-dressed people; especially when any thing a little extraordinary is to be seen on the river. The shipping doing business with the town, as it comes and goes, passes through the locks at high water to and from the basins, which maintain a permanent level, and where, at low tide, the forest of masts, locking their yard-arms, appears high above the craft that floats in the river below.

The perfection, the beauty, and, I may add, the magnificence of the masonry constituting the quays, docks, and basins of Liverpool, present a striking contrast to the wooden,

feeble, and perishable docks and wharves of our American ports. I have never yet seen any of these structures laid with stone in the United States; but this material will doubtless begin to be used for that purpose as the country grows older. In the ports of Europe it is generally a matter of economy; and as economy is in fact the governing consideration that controls all expenditures on public conveniences for business, whenever this principle shall demand it, this mode of building docks among ourselves will prevail. At present we have plenty of wood; and when that shall grow scarce, we shall still have plenty of stone.

Liverpool is estimated to engross a fourth part of the foreign trade of Britain, a sixth of its general trade, and to furnish one twelfth of the shipping. Its customs amount to about £4,000,000 annually, and its exports exceed those of London. The exact gross customs of Liverpool in 1832 were £3,925,062. The gross customs of London in 1832 were £9,434,854. The gross customs of the United Kingdom for the year ending March 25, 1833, were £19,684,654. Net produce of the same was £18,467,881, or \$88,645,828. The registered shipping for the port of London in 1832, besides boats and other craft not registered, was 2,669 vessels, of 565,174 tons burden, manned by 32,786 men and boys. The registered vessels of Liverpool for the same year were 853; burden, 166,028 tons; employing 9,329 men and boys.

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILROAD.

The Trains—A Disaster—An Incident.

On the 1st of September I took my place, at 10 o'clock A. M., in one of the cars of the first class of the railway trains for Manchester. This is a fine sight to stand and look at when under its greatest speed. It is sublime; it is giddy; it creates anxiety when one estimates the momentum, and thinks of the possible results of an accident—such, for example, as coming unexpectedly in contact with another train from an opposite direction, in a fog, or in the darkness of night, when both are on the same line of rails. The concussion would be tremendous, and the disaster frightful! One would not covet to be a tenant either of one or the other of such conflicting powers. Or, suppose a train, going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, should meet with some little obstacle negligently left on the rails, be thrown off, and precipitated down some one of the stupendous elevations, which are not unfrequently created in building these structures across deep ravines—it would plunge like an arrow shot from a bowstring—and what would become of the passengers! Or, suppose the checking-lever should become

deranged, and refuse to obey the power applied to it, just as the train is flying to its goal, and is already within a few rods of it, at the greatest speed, joyously sporting, as if under the usual command, and hundreds of spectators are waiting its arrival—when, lo! instead of that gradual decrease of its velocity which is customarily witnessed at the end of the race, it dashes wildly and furiously onward, and rushes with destruction on all opposing obstacles, in a single moment creating a frightful heap of ruins, and scattering death among those who waited its approach, as well as among those whom it has brought along with itself to such a catastrophe! That these suppositions are not without reason, but suggested by fact, let the following story demonstrate:—

The time allotted for the first class to go through, the distance being thirty-two miles, was one hour and thirty minutes, a small fraction more than twenty miles an hour—fare five shillings. The second class of open cars seems for some reason to be less active, and is allowed two hours—fare three shillings and sixpence. I advise all to go in it, for more reasons than one. Whether our engineer had difficulty in the outset I know not; but for the first half way there was great irregularity in the degree of speed—sometimes slow as a horse would walk; then nearly at rest; then dashing on at a velocity to make one giddy. As the time was limited, the slow movements were of necessity to be made up by a proportionate increase of speed at other times. It seemed like a frolic: now slow; now upon a gallop; now racing—yea, even flying. I say with propriety—upon a *gallop*; and, I may add, a *racing* gallop; for such is the seeming of the rapid motion of a railway train, while one is shut up in the car. There is a regular mechanical jerk, not unlike that felt in a two-wheel cart, drawn by a horse with loose rein at full speed. It is difficult not to imagine that one is being run away with. At the greatest speed of the train one cannot look at near objects without becoming instantly dizzy. The head whirls like a top; but to turn the eye at the distance of a mile or two, it is very pleasant to observe the rapidly-changing relative position of trees, houses, and other objects: all seem to be in a race, going one way or the other, according as they are nearer or more remote. Sometimes a train of cars coming from the opposite direction on the other line of rails might be seen ahead; and the next moment it would brush by us at the distance of a yard with such velocity that, pent up as we were, we could no more count the number of cars than the spokes of a woman's spinning-wheel when buzzing at its swiftest whirl. The rear of the train seemed to present itself almost at the same instant with the front. All we could perceive was—it is here—it is gone!

I had frequently put my head out at the window to look backward, and forward, and abroad—to make such observations as curiosity and the novel interest of the scene invited; for it was the first time I had ever tried that method of conveyance. I should judge we were running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, some few minutes after we had left the Half-way House, or place of stopping, when I looked out at the window, casting my eye forward, and, to my utter horror, I saw the engine off the rails, staggering, pitching, and plunging down the bank!—reluctantly, indeed, as if conscious of its charge and responsibility. I drew in my head, and, as my friend who sat opposite to me afterward said, though I had no recollection of it, exclaimed three times, “We are gone! we are gone! we are gone!” And surely I had good reason to make the inference; for what could the train of six or eight cars, and a hundred of souls or more in them, do but follow? I had no sooner uttered these exclamations, to the great affright of my fellow-passengers, than crash! crash! crash! went the whole concern—one car against the other—with tremendous violence, and we were all at rest in a heap! The force of the concussion may in part be imagined, as it could be estimated by the track of the engine after it was thrown from the rails, and its position in the heap of ruin: that, notwithstanding we were proceeding at so great a velocity when the accident occurred, we were all brought up in the distance of three or four rods after the engine had plunged from the rails. Nor was the connexion of the train broken. The engine, as it descended the bank—which, most fortunately, was not more than six feet high, and gently inclined—ploughed and pitched as the momentum from behind urged it on; and by the time all was at rest—and time scarcely could it be called, the arrest was so sudden—the entire train lay in a circle, the engine bottom upwards, half way down the bank, the luggage-car upset, the first car containing passengers also upset, the second nearly over, the third and fourth manifesting the same disposition, and each having plunged with all the force of its headway into the back of its predecessor. The relative position of the parts may be nearly conceived from the fact, that the engine lay directly at our door, car No. 5 from the first, pouring in upon us all the steam that could escape from the safety-valve, which by the shock had been opened, favouring us gratuitously with all the benefit of a bath most uncomfortably hot. My impression at the moment was, from the quantity of steam pouring out, that the boiler had collapsed in the concussion, and let out all its contents. It was far from being inviting to escape by the door that looked that way; it was more like plunging into the jaws of death. The opposite door was so wrenched that we could not open it; besides that, the car was partly upset, rendering it next

to impossible; and, withal, our heads enveloped in such a cloud of steam that we could not see. My friend led the way by jumping through the window. There were two ladies, a gentleman, and a boy still remaining with me in the same apartment; and how we all got out I could not afterward recollect, such was the confusion and affright of the moment. Each and all, impelled by the instinct of self-preservation, vacated their undesirable places within the cars the best way they could, and began to show their heads without. Those who found themselves alive began next to look after the dead and wounded. Having seen my own apartment cleared of its tenants, which was more than all exposed to the steam, I reconnoitred the circle, and the first object of distress that attracted my attention was the engineer, being dragged out by several hands from underneath the engine, where he was found completely buried and entangled in its fragments. He rose, covered with blood and dust. Some one took him by the hand, and congratulated him for the preservation of his life. He smiled with an expression of wildness, then fainted, and was carried away. How the engine should have turned bottom upwards, and himself caught underneath it, without instant death, was indeed marvellous. As it mercifully happened, not another individual was seriously injured, though a few carried away some slight contusions. I have never heard whether the engineer lived or died. He was sadly bruised. Immediately the peasantry from the adjoining farms, who saw the accident, poured in upon us, and offered their assistance. The disabled cars were drawn off; the engine was left in its position, a perfect wreck, with its wheels in the air. I observed that one of its axles was broken, and was told that was the occasion of the disaster. That, however, was a point by no means obvious, as the violence of its upsetting might have broken the axle, as well as many other of its parts, that had suffered equally. The shock had thrown the whole train into a circle. Not one of the cars retained its position on the rails on which we came, the rails themselves having been wrenched and in part dislocated from their fastenings; and a portion of the train was thrown over on the rails of the other line, and completely obstructed the entire road, so that other trains which came up in the meantime were obliged to wait till the way could be cleared for them to pass. Three of our cars, viz., those in the rear, were found, upon examination, comparatively uninjured. They were replaced on the way, ourselves and luggage stowed in heaps on board of them, and by the aid of an engine which happened along without a train, we arrived at Manchester about two hours after the regular time.

To us, who were passengers, this accident was not a very trivial matter; and we might naturally expect that it would

make quite a report—that it would at least be a topic of conversation at Manchester and Liverpool for the remainder of the day, and that somewhat of the particulars of the disaster would be detailed in the Liverpool and Manchester journals.

“Well,” said I to a fellow-passenger from New-York, who came on the railway to Manchester on the evening of the same day, and who, I thought, was a little wanting in sympathy, that he did not congratulate us for our merciful preservation, on the first salutation as we met at the Star Inn—“what do they say at Liverpool?”—“Nothing new, sir.” A little vexed at his apparent insensibility, I said, “I do not ask for the news; but what do they say of our upset this morning?”—“What upset?”

He had spent the day at Liverpool, in the busy world, had come to Manchester by the same conveyance, but had not heard a syllable of our disaster. I asked if he did not see the wreck. “No.” That, however, might easily have been overlooked, when one was not expecting it, and coming on at such an amazing rate, shut up in a close carriage. Indeed, it could not be expected that he would see it, except by mere accident. I had supposed, however, as the rails at the point of our arrest appeared to be wrenched, and in one or two places nearly or quite torn up, that there would have been an interruption of the passing for repairs. But as there are two ways all through, and crossing-places from one to the other at short intervals, that section, with due notice to the engineers, might easily be avoided till the necessary repairs could be effected.

That the Manchester and Liverpool journals are not disposed to give any unnecessary alarm to the public by a detailed recital of such accidents, the very slight notice of our misfortune, which appeared in them the next day, was sufficient proof. The world would scarcely know that it was any thing worthy of record. There seems to be a sympathy between all adjunct interests, which happen to be in some degree mutually dependant. Liverpool and Manchester are justly proud of this stupendous work of art, and this amazing facility of intercourse, and transportation of their wares and merchandise. They are deeply interested in maintaining its good reputation as a safe conveyance for passengers; and notwithstanding there have been some frightful and destructive disasters now and then, on railways and in steam conveyances by water, it is yet gravely maintained that the invention is a great saving of life and property for any given amount of business and travelling; and I am inclined to the belief that such is the fact. On this assumption, any unnecessary alarm is rather an evil than a benefit to the public. Still, I suppose a traveller, who has

met with an accident of this kind, has a right to tell his story without being liable to the charge of malevolence.

All the passengers by that train were not a little discomposed for the time, as may be imagined. Their senses were half driven out of them by the shock; particularly was it so with the females. The remainder of the distance, about twelve miles, was passed in a very nervous state of feeling, every one seeming to anticipate the renewal of a like scene; and, to tell truth, the best judgment and the strongest minds could not very well approve such overburdening of the three less injured cars, into which we were crowded; constantly suffering the apprehension that they might fall down under us, from the failure of parts that must have been weakened by the shock and wrenching they had suffered. Some of the most timid could hardly persuade themselves that they had escaped alive; and continued pale and trembling till we got through—the ladies clinging to their friends, and imploring protection.

My friend, who had been a fellow-passenger in the ship, and who had darted out at the window of the car to escape from the steam, had plunged down the opposite bank, leaped a fence, and run for his life at right angles with the railroad, through a low and wet morass, I know not how far, till he thought himself safe. I looked for him in vain, till some ten or fifteen minutes he returned, puffing and out of breath, and made report of the travels he had accomplished in the meantime. It was not till he became more composed that he discovered he had received a severe contusion in one of his legs; nor could he divine how it happened, but rather conjectured that it was by jumping out of the window, or perhaps by leaping the fence when he ran down into the morass. It was the steam that frightened him and sent him out in that direction. Being an American, and having heard much of the sad effects of steam let loose in our country, he was resolved to make sure and get out of the way of it. And, indeed, any one would allow there was some apology, if he could conceive how it blew away at us, directly into our apartment of the car, when first we came into a heap.

I had several times gone out at Liverpool to see the railway trains come in and go out, and had enjoyed it much. I had even walked out some two or three miles, and taken my station upon a bridge, to espy their first appearance at a distance, in coming from Manchester, to observe their rapid approach, led on by the little, quick, and spiteful engine, spitting a volume of steam at every breath, as if vexed and goaded by its task; or rather snorting like a high-mettled steed, that takes the bit in his teeth, dashing forward in spite of his rider, and running away with him. Now it is in sight—now it is here—and now away it hies to

the goal; and all as soon as one can write—almost as soon as one can speak it. I have stood upon a bridge twenty feet across, as a long train came up at full speed, on the side of its approach, and gazed at it till the engine came directly under my feet, all braced for a spring to the other side, and before I could reach it, with my utmost agility, the whole train, twelve or fifteen rods long, would be gone from under me, and flying away like a bird on the wing! All this was very amusing and delightful, as well as astonishing, before the accident. It impresses one with some sense of the grandeur of the possible achievements of human art, and with awe in the contemplation of the yet unascertained powers of the human mind.

But after our disaster, on the same day, I went out from Manchester and perched myself on a bridge, to witness these movements again. But how different my thoughts and emotions! The opportunities of observation there are better than at the end towards Liverpool, as the trains can be seen approaching at the distance of two or three miles, perhaps more. But instead of pleasure, it was all anxiety. My mind was occupied solely in calculating the chances of an accident, and the consequences that might result. I could imagine scores and hundreds of possible and not very improbable things, that might occasion a disaster. Instead of welcoming the approach of this shooting train, I trembled; the nearer it came, the more uneasy I felt; I pitied those on board of it; I blamed the presumption of the engineer for flying at such a rate, when so near the end of his race; and imagined it possible that he would not be able to stop it in season to save them from rushing headlong into the town and streets of Manchester. But still no accident occurred, except in my creative imagination, where, indeed, and in spite of all my sounder logic, they rushed in throngs upon each other's heels.

A foreigner in a strange land will naturally and very prudently endeavour to acquaint himself with such manners and customs as he may have been unaccustomed to; so far at least as may be convenient to himself, or necessary to save him from being troublesome or unacceptable to others. All travellers will probably agree, that a first *breaking-in* of this kind, in passing from one country to another, is more or less embarrassing. Do the best any one can—be he ever so conscientious in his efforts to conform to innocent customs—he will notwithstanding be doomed to mistakes, annoying to himself or to others, and sometimes ludicrous. From Liverpool I began to travel in England, and to acquire by experience what I had failed to learn from other sources, of that knowledge which is essential to a traveller's comfort. In all countries one has need to be vigilant against

the tricks and impositions of the agents and contractors of public conveyances; and in England an American has to learn how to satisfy the servants of inns and hotels, the coachman and guard, and such other subsidiaries to his comfort (or, as it often happens, subsidiaries to his annoyance) as may happen to fall in his way. In America, servants of all public conveyances and houses of entertainment are paid by their employers; and no traveller, or guest, is ever obliged to put his hand in his pocket for any thing but a single and general bill, wherever he is indebted for conveyance, or lodgings, or other services—excepting only for the porter, who is always his own man, and the shoeblack, or, as in England they call him, the *boots*. This is generally true in the Northern States, except in some of the largest establishments in the principal cities; and in some places of public resort, gratuities, in latter years, are in vogue. This is an unworthy aping of European custom. In the Southern States, from the similarity of the relation between the master and slave to that between the old European lord and serf—where the custom doubtless originated to secure the affection and purchase the fidelity of the servant—gratuities to slaves and coloured servants are also expected. In England there is more or less of the ancient servility and debasing obsequiousness in the character of servants, which makes them willing to depend on the law of “what you please, sir;” but it is notwithstanding a recognised law of society, and stands up in the shape of a legalized and just demand. For the most part, I believe, servants of all public conveyances and houses depend on their gratuities for their wages in whole or in part; and where travelling is great, and guests are constantly changing, the proprietors and masters of these establishments sell the places of their servants to those who fill them, according to their value.

To the article of *imposition*:—What traveller has not a full budget of this kind? The first step I made out of Liverpool and in England, I was doomed to suffer vexatiously in this particular; which, in justice, I must put down to the credit of Brotherton’s coach-office, where they were guilty, *first*, of the impropriety of taking my fare to Birmingham by the *railway*; and *next*, of the shameful injustice of signifying to me, when I arrived at Manchester too late for the coach of that day on account of the accident, that they had no interest or responsibility in the railway; that they were glad the accident had happened; that I had forfeited my passage to Birmingham by not being at Manchester in proper time, the coach having been gone two hours; that it was good enough for me for having patronised the railway; and they refused to enter my name for the next day, without payment in full from Manchester to Bir-

mingham, which they had received once that morning at Liverpool! For the railway they had purchased and given me a ticket, which I afterward discovered was their practice, for the sake of securing passengers by their own coach.

But to the more amusing part of servants, porters, &c.—Having made diligent inquiry at Liverpool what class of servants were to be “remembered,” and by what consideration, I believe I succeeded tolerably well in rendering satisfaction, as I left my lodgings at the Talbot Inn. A little extraordinary in England, the servants and porters connected with the Manchester railway, who help us on and off at the extremities, are not permitted, as was understood, to accept of gratuities. The getting *on*, therefore, as we passed from the omnibus to the railway cars, was easily and pleasantly accomplished. But as we did not get *through* in the ordinary way, it was natural enough, perhaps, that the getting *off* should also be signalized by some out-of-the-way incidents. We came to the Manchester extremity of the railway out of time and out of order: but as I had never been there before, it was not for me to know that every thing else in that place was out of order; that our upset and consequent delay had deranged these remote affairs, and collected an unusual crowd to see what the matter might be. I had understood that we should be carried *off* in the same manner and style as we were brought *on*, by the servants and coaches connected with the railway, and dropped in town at a definite place; in short, that the beginning and end of the railway were at the offices in Liverpool and Manchester, and that we had nothing to do but to remain passive, till we had used up our purchased and assigned privileges. Of course I obeyed instructions, and kept in the passive state; but being out of time, and anxious lest I should lose my seat in the coach for Birmingham, I was willing to be carried into town by whatever hands should first offer for that service. Instantly as we arrived, a mob of porters presented themselves, touching their hats, with—“A coach, sir?”—“A coach, sir?”—“Yes.”—“Any luggage, sir?”—“Yes, here it is.” Immediately myself and friend, with our several articles of luggage, were stowed away in a hackney-coach by as many hands as could find a hold at both ends of each portmanteau, of the umbrellas, great-coats, travelling-desks, &c.; for, still passive, we gratefully accepted of any and all assistance that was offered, imagining that the abundance of it was kindly owing to the sympathy felt in our misfortunes. Well, being in the coach, and having given directions where to drive, and not a little impatient even for the least unnecessary delay, it seemed to us rather unaccountable that all remained at a stand, and this half-

score of kind hands, who had helped us with our luggage off the railway into our then present place, and whom we had already *thanked*, standing without, gazing at us through the window, lifting their hands to their heads, bowing, &c. &c. ! Indeed, these attentions seemed very extraordinary. They must be very kind people here, and this is the manner of expressing their sympathy, and their congratulations for our deliverance. Still I thought we could ill afford the time for such ceremonies, and I put my head out of the window, and bid the coachman—"Drive on : " I had not yet learned to say—"All right !" Still he waited. I then bid him *authoritatively*—"Drive on !" Still we found ourselves the subjects of a shower of these kind and congratulatory offices. As the coach drove off, they followed us at either side, and seemed unwilling to give us their last blessing, as long as they could keep pace with us.

Poor fellows ! I have often wished I could meet with them again ; I would certainly render to them *double* for all their kindness ; for it does not take long in England to learn what such attentions mean. Indeed, had we not been, by a common understanding, under the protection of a *free* passport, we might, perhaps, have discovered it even then : but, being strangers in the realm, it was not our business to know the nice shades of difference in different characters ; or, that a servant of the railroad company wore a glazed hat, and a common porter no hat at all—that the former was able to have a coat, and that the latter wanted a shirt.

Having presented ourselves at the coach-office, learned that we were too late, and received the very civil answer of the agent, that we had forfeited our money, &c., as a due reward for our bad conduct in patronising the railway, we pocketed the insult, and took lodgings at the Star Inn. Having thought over this treatment a little, I returned to the coach-office, left my name and address, and told the clerk I would give him two hours to reconsider his decision ; after which, if I should not hear from him in the meantime, he need not be surprised if the business were put into other hands for adjustment. In about half an hour he sent me word that my name was booked to Birmingham for the next day, with a notice of the hour when the coach would take me up.

TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND.

English and American Stagecoaches—The high state of English Agriculture and Horticulture—The artificial Beauties of English Landscape—Journey from Manchester to London—Curious Names of Inns in England—Warren's Blacking—Profits of Empiricism.

It must be conceded that there is nothing in the world, of the same kind, equal to the English stagecoach system—if that may be called system which is the accidental result of the enterprise of many thousands of individuals, each of whom is opposed to all the rest in the way of competition. It is impossible to be months and years in England, and have occasion to traverse it frequently and in various directions by means of these conveyances, without appreciating the perfection of the system, in comparison with that of other countries, where the subjects of such comparison have fallen within one's observation. In itself alone it is admirable. Take London as a centre: count the number of offices devoted to this business, the coaches that belong to each, and find the sum of all the passengers that contribute to their support for a year, a month, or a day; estimate, if it were possible, the gross expense of these establishments as an outfit, and the expense of maintaining them, and in that way arrive at what must be paid by the public to make the business profitable: observe the discipline under which they are brought; the precision of their time; the exactitude and celerity of their movements; the certainty of accomplishing their stages as promised; the beauty and speed of the horses, and neatness of their harness; the well-painted and polished vehicle, light in itself and commodious in all its parts; the coachman well dressed, well fed, and well satisfied;—in a word, take the system all in all, there is little fault to be found with it—it ought to be praised, if it were not above praise—the impositions of the agents always excepted.

An English stagecoach will generally carry sixteen passengers—four inside and twelve out; the fare of the inside being perhaps on an average, in excess of the outside, as twenty to twelve. In pleasant weather the outside is preferable; to a stranger, who wishes to view the country as he passes along, it is indispensable; but in a rain there is no protection when the seats are all occupied. The raising of umbrellas only turns the streams that flow from them into somebody's neck or lap; each one inflicting torrents on his neighbour, which are even more comfortable to be received in drops, as the clouds dispense them. A complete

panoply of oil, or India-rubber cloth, over head, shoulders, and body, is the only competent defence against the accidents of weather on the top of an English coach. With such a provision, a man in health, who travels principally by day, may safely go outside, if reasons of seeing the country, or of economy, are of sufficient weight. The saving made in the difference of fare, even in a few short trips, will equip him well for this purpose. The hazards of upsetting are at least some little consideration for preferring the inside; and some people, on the calculation of chances, think it prudent, and in this view more economical, always to engage that place, as it is nearer the ground, and tolerably well protected against a serious injury from a common upset. But an English stagecoach cannot go completely over, even on a level, without danger of life and limb to those on the top; and when crowded with passengers, and oppressed with luggage, they are top-heavy, and easily overturned. The only warrant against this danger are the care and skill of the coachmen and the excellence of the roads. In no other country, to my knowledge, are coaches of English fashion in general use. They are only safe where the roads are so well made and so well kept as in Great Britain; and where coaching is conducted on a system so admirably perfect. It is impossible that roads should be better than in England; and the expense constantly bestowed on the great thoroughfares, to keep them in the best Macadamized condition, is immense. It is all defrayed, however, by the toll authorized to be taken at the gates. Considering the great and almost incalculable amount of coaching done in England, fatal accidents from upsetting, or otherwise, are exceedingly rare. The ordinary rate of travelling in English stagecoaches on the great roads, where there is competition, is ten miles an hour, including the time occupied in changing horses and taking necessary refreshment. This, I believe, is nearly the average of the royal mail. Some coaches push their speed to twelve miles.

The driver of an English stagecoach receives the honourable appellation of coachman by courtesy, as I suppose, and thus ranks with the driver of a gentleman's or nobleman's carriage—in the same manner as the heir-apparent of a peerage is called a lord. An American in England, from force of habit, for a long time calls the coachman—driver; by which he is not only recognised as a Yankee, but he will be likely to receive an awry and partly discomposed look from the respectable personage addressed—it is possible he will not get an answer. It is remarkable that an English coachman is offended to be called a driver, and an American driver to be called a coachman.

I have been through England, Scotland, and Ireland, and

travelled in all seasons of the year, but have never yet been interrupted, or experienced any inconvenience from the badness of the roads. I must also in justice add to this, that I have never yet suffered the want of any needful comfort at an inn. It is true, my routes for the most part have been on the great thoroughfares of the country. My opinion is, that in no part of the world are the benefits of civilization, for facility and comfort in travelling, so apparent as in England. As to personal security, one never thinks of danger by day or by night, except from a possible accident to the coach.

English coaching, and travelling in Great Britain, appear to great advantage, compared with the same things on the Continent. A French or Dutch diligence, its horses and their tackle, the postillion and his boots, his eternal urging of the dull cattle by whip and voice, the long and ponderous machine, which rumbles reluctantly over the pavement, groaning beneath its tenants and mountainous pile of luggage, at the rate of four and five miles an hour, are indeed a striking contrast to that trim and polished vehicle, and those swift and fiery steeds, which dash along the smooth highways of England, a beauty to look at, skilfully guided and hardly kept back to eight, nine, and ten miles an hour, full of joyous spirits, which seem well to sympathize with the apparent hilarity of their flight.

In an apparatus of this description, so well accoutred, on so great a thoroughfare as that between Manchester and Birmingham, and from the latter place to London, along the whole of which every movement is as active and energetic as the business soul of the metropolis and of these two great workshops of England can inspire, it were not strange that I should find myself rolled onward with great ease and satisfaction, even to my heart's content, notwithstanding the trifling vexation of a piece of downright villany that was attempted upon me by the agents of these otherwise very convenient establishments.

The high cultivation of England is a general feature, which strikes the observation of an American as he first begins to pass over its surface. The whole country is comparatively a garden. Agriculture and horticulture in England are both done at an amazing waste of manual labour—especially the former, for want of ingenuity; but they are well done—they are done to a perfection perhaps unrivalled. In gardening it is not so easy to waste labour, as all parts of its operations are contracted and minute; but in farming, it is wasted in England on a great scale, both in the use of cattle and of the hand of man. The fact is a paradox in the general character of the English. Two reasons, at least, may be assigned for it:—First, the hands employed at these

tasks, and in the common drudgery of English life, do not belong to inventive minds. They never think of doing an accustomed task in a new way—never—from generation to generation. All things in these departments of English labour are one everlasting and uniform round, and the minds of the labourers seem as mechanical in their operations as the hands employed. Another reason may perhaps be found in that vicious and ruinous political economy—at least far from thriving in its influence on a community—which fails to find employment adequate to the increase of population. So long as such a system is in operation, the less invention for the saving of labour, the better for the poor. Among the labourers themselves there is no motive to improvement, but the contrary. The longer they can occupy themselves in accomplishing a specific object, by so much are the means of subsistence for themselves and their class augmented; and it may be a benevolence in their employers to allow it to be so.

England, notwithstanding, in all those parts of it which have been brought under cultivation, is a garden. All through the country the estates and farms are divided into small, unequal, and multiform patches—parks and pleasure-grounds excepted—enclosed with hedges, that peculiar and beautiful feature of English landscape scenery, many of which exhibit ranges of full-grown trees. It is not so common in England as in America for landholders and farmers to divide their attention to all the various and appropriate productions of the earth; but one district is more especially devoted to grazing, another to corn,* and another to the production of hay for large towns, &c. &c.; particularly is it necessary to appropriate considerable districts to the growth of hay, to supply the demands of the metropolis; plains, downs, and wolds are left open in some parts of the country expressly for sheep-ranges. To be aware of these specific appropriations of the soil of England, one must have travelled somewhat extensively. To an American eye, however, a passage through England in almost any direction, for the first time, will leave the impression of a high degree of culture. This, indeed, is what he expected; but still the images which story has inscribed upon the brain are ordinarily effaced by a vision of the reality. The towns and the country of a foreign land, and the minor parts of each and all, have a deep interest in them on a first inspection. The minutest variations from accustomed features, and the nicest shades of difference, because they are different, attract attention, and leave an impress of their hues and forms.

* Corn in England, and very properly, is *generic*. The synonymous term in America is *grain*—corn here being used to designate a species of grain which is never grown in England, viz., *Indian corn*, or *maize*.

One thing will be especially evident to a stranger in England; that the artificial lines and figures of its geographical phasis were never projected and described by an engineer; and for its greatest beauty, and for the creation of its most enchanting scenes, it is well they were not. I never travelled on a road in England that ran in a straight line for any considerable distance; I have never seen any extended district, the divisions of which might seem to have been governed by mathematical rules. All seems the creation of hazard; even the plough, if its furrow corresponds with a border-line of the field in which it is drawn, is often forced to make a track like that of the serpent; and so mechanically bent is the whole public mind of those who till the earth, to irregularities of this kind, that the open and undivided plains and fields, when brought under the culture of the plough, are often wantonly made to exhibit this devious tracery. Well, perhaps, that the landholders are few, as otherwise they might never be able to determine the boundaries that lie between them. Certainly they are not often to be ascertained by observations of the compass.

I have a friend in London, in whose company I once visited the palace and gardens of Versailles, and who is tempted, whenever he can get a new listener in my presence, to relate an anecdote apparently at my expense, and not very much in compliment to the English, so far as my own part in the affair was concerned, in his way of telling the story. He says, that while we were going over the English garden at the Petit Trianon, I expressed the greatest impatience, and frequently exclaimed, "Come, let us go to the Palace. This is nothing but an *English garden*!" The truth was, we did not go to France to see an English garden, although it is doubtless one of the most beautiful creations of the kind in the world; and although that portion of that little island which lies south of the Tweed be nothing but old England, yet there is no other spot on the globe, of equal dimensions, to be compared with its variegated scenery, as adorned by the hand of man. As much as English gardening exceeds that of any other nation in variety—so the general laying out of the country, the sinuous courses of its highways, its hedges, its parks and pleasure-grounds, its cultivated regions and wild wastes, present a scene of beautiful and enchanting disorder, which, if reduced to straight lines and right angles, would be stripped of their principal power to charm.

If this somewhat *excursive* excursion, from Manchester to London, should not altogether satisfy the taste of those who look for a straight-forward journal of incidents, after the good old way, of recording every thing seen, thought, felt,

and done, I would offer the following, not as completely fulfilling such a design, but as an abridgment:—

Left Manchester at 8, or 9, or 10 o'clock—forget which;—an outside—reason, of course, to see the country;—coach full—pleasant day—admirable road—went on smooth, at good speed;—thought these English rather beat the Americans in changing horses;—came to dinner at fifty or sixty miles—made quick business of it—all jumped down, and at the second jump were at the table, handling the knife and fork in earnest—some with hats on, others off; notwithstanding, very civil, each offering to help his neighbour, or any one that wanted—all which needed no apology, for, before we were half satisfied, we were summoned to leave the table, or be left behind. In the course of the day passed through the vast estates of the Duke of Sutherland, one of the wealthiest noblemen of England;—was told that one might ride thirty miles in one direction, and not go off the estate;—had a full view of the mausoleum, and a peep at the house. Soon after we passed the house an asylum for the insane opened upon us, between two little and sharp hills, a creation so beautiful and enchanting, that one might suppose it competent to restore the unfortunates lodged there to soundness of mind; or fill them with dreams of being in the happiest world. Fountains played fantastically in the midst of a scene of verdure and of flowers. Then came up a shower; rained hard—put up umbrellas; that of one of my neighbours turned a stream of water into my neck, and I with mine turned a current into his lap; we moved a little, and took it in another place, and then in another, till we all thought it more equal to take the shower as the clouds dropped it. It was soon over, and the sun shone bright again. By-and-by the duke's castle, on a distant eminence at the right, came in view—a fine object—the first I ever saw: experienced a revival of the romantic sentiments connected with the history of castles, particularly of Kenilworth. It was a long time in sight, and presented constantly varying aspects, as we wheeled round the hill at a distance on the plain below. Saw a grand cluster of hills on the left, approaching to the character of mountains. Passed through Wolverhampton in the twilight of evening, the best time possible to behold—as we left the scene behind us, and as night came on—those numerous and lofty chimneys, spouting smoke and fire, in dense and awful columns, towards heaven, each like the mouth of an Etna or Vesuvius. Arrived at Birmingham, took tea, and went to bed; had first, however, taken care to secure a seat to London the next day in another line of coaches, the “Tally-ho!” not being inclined to patronise that line, the agents of which had first deceived me, and then administered such a civil rebuke for patronising the railway.

Breakfast: no table d'hôte—each by himself, and the bill according to the number of eatables ordered; good coffee never to be had in England at an inn, or hotel, scarcely anywhere; tea bad enough, as served at the inns. A traveller in England must resign himself never to have good tea or coffee; of the two, tea is most tolerable. The reasons are, first, in the villanies of the trade; next, so far as coffee is concerned, being afraid to use enough of it; and lastly, the want of skill. The bill being settled, the waiter, chambermaid, and boots "*remembered*," the traveller may be dismissed;—the porter, of course, to be remembered, according to his trouble, it being understood that the minimum price for his services, if the coach goes from the door of the traveller's hotel, is *sixpence*. There is always, besides, a hanger-on at an English coach, the name of whose office I have never yet learned, and through whose hands every article of luggage must pass; at least he must contrive to lay his hands upon it, in order to assert his claim. If the traveller has only an umbrella or a walking-stick, he must let him take that, and pass it back again; or if he has nothing at all, not even a great-coat, the claimant will notwithstanding appear before him, touching his hat for a threepence, "as you please." It is his right, whether he actually performs a service or not, being always in attendance for that purpose.

At 9 o'clock left Birmingham for London;—coach more than full, crowned high aloft with luggage, a quantity lashed behind, and not a little stowed away in a suspension-car under the coach, and swinging three or four inches above the ground—an invention provided for this purpose when required, and which, from the smoothness of the road, is never in danger of brushing the surface; attended by a guard with a red coat, the king's livery. Anybody may put on the king's livery, without being called in question. He may affect to be king himself.

The guard of a common coach is so called merely because he occupies the same place as the guard of the royal mail. He never carries any arms, either by day or night; there is no occasion for it in the present state of England. He is simply the servant of the coach, to wait upon passengers, to take charge of the luggage, to render every necessary assistance to the coachman, to be intrusted with errands, &c. &c. He is properly the footman of the establishment; but between such places as London and Birmingham it is a laborious and responsible office. He of course goes through,—up one day and down the next; and business men at both extremities, and along at different stages of the line, find it convenient to intrust him with matters more or less important, besides the little errands which he has committed to him from a multitude of hands. He is ordinarily the busiest

and most active being imaginable. I have supposed that the perquisites of that place, in one of the daily coaches between London and Birmingham—reckoning what he gets from passengers, and what from the discharge of his various trusts—would range from one guinea and a half to two guineas a day—more likely, I should think, two—or ten dollars. A part of this, of course, goes to his master, the proprietor of the coach, according as they can agree between themselves. If he wears the king's livery—scarlet—it is not as the king's servant, for the king has nothing to do with it, but only as a more obvious mark of his place in a crowd, and to all those who may wish to have any thing to do with him. The coachman, where the business is sufficient to employ a guard, is quite the gentleman. It is beneath his dignity to put his hand to any thing, except the reins and whip. His professional name is—The Whip.

The coach competition between London and Birmingham is so great, as to occasion the greatest activity and despatch, and the horses are ordinarily pushed through, 109 miles, in eleven hours—sometimes in ten. The average speed, while actually on the road, is about ten miles.

It was just night coming on as we drove into London. The delay at the Peacock, Islington, where coaches on this route begin and end the measure of their time—being in no hurry before they start from this point, or after they arrive at it—made it quite night by the time we plunged into the heart of the town. It was at this place where, by the virtue of hints, I received some lessons as to the duties of the passenger who takes a seat on the box with the coachman. In the first place, whenever the coachman takes it into his head (which is not very unfrequent) that there is not *enough* in his head, and jumps down to get a little more, he passes the reins and whip into the hands of the passenger by his side, without betraying any symptom that he is to be obliged by the service; and when he resumes his place, he is supposed to be so absorbed and intent on his task, as to forget to acknowledge the favour. The truth is, the box is considered a privileged place, and he who presumes to take it must also assume the responsibility of doing the duties of the coachman when the coachman is not there; and this is not very formidable, as the horses are not only well trained, but a man is always ready at every stopping-place to stand by their heads. The most difficult part is to take, and hold, and deliver the reins and whip in proper style. In this business I happened to be uneducated, which did not fail to be made manifest to our second coachman from Birmingham, before we arrived in London. He himself had quite enough in his head, when he took the reins some forty miles back; or rather, was excused from taking charge of them at first, and tumbled on the top of the coach

to preside over the doings of his proxy for the time being, till he could see well enough to take the place himself. I supposed he was a passenger, and was not a little vexed at his presuming to meddle so much in giving advice to the hands that guided the reins before he took them. The technicalities he employed in the course and continuance of his lecture were to me perfectly unintelligible; but it was evident he was an adept in the science; and awake, drunk, or asleep, his skill and address in the art, as was afterward proved, were consummate. I would give a little to know his history. I partly suspected he had once been used to a better condition, but made content to take up with this; for his speech and manners were evidently those of a higher order of society. I never should have dreamed of his belonging to the establishment, except that, in going to Birmingham some nine months afterward, in the same coach, I found myself, on leaving London, on the box by the side of the same coachman, attended by the same guard. In the last instance he was all that could be wished of any man in that place, demonstrating the same superiority of breeding. I should not think that such a state of excitement as I first found him in was common with him.

To my no small uneasiness, about twenty miles before we arrived in London, he took the reins. He assumed them, by authority, because his proxy did not *put up* the horses to his satisfaction; and for some parts of the remaining distance we came in a genuine railroad style, and I was not a little apprehensive of a railroad disaster. So it happened, however, we arrived safe. The skill of his hand was demonstrated in a manner truly astonishing. In the neighbourhood of London, on so great a thoroughfare, at that hour of the day, the road is lined with coaches, carriages, and vehicles of various sorts, of pleasure or of burden; and to dash through them and by them at such a furious rate—to run a turnpike, when others are stopping to pay the toll, guiding horses as quick to spring as dogs and cats, and all safe—seems like a miracle of the art.

But to the matter of my training.—We stopped a long time at the Peacock, as nearly all the passengers and their luggage were set down at that place; and being on the box, it became my duty to hold the reins and whip. Having before given sufficient proof of my awkwardness in these functions, and the coachman being in a mood easily tempted to make mischief, just reviving and coming to himself from an agreeable delirium, I verily believe he detained the coach fifteen or twenty minutes longer than was necessary, to make a public example of his new pupil, in that notable concentration of the multitude of idlers. He came and went times not a few, at each visitation adjusting the reins and whip in my hands, and giving a lesson, or sending up a

hint, as he stood below on the pavement—all in a manner not to be complained of, and very courteous.

By this time the lamps lighted the town, and we drove down through St. John's-street into Smithfield, when, lo! the full blaze and the dense crowds of Bartholomew Fair opened upon us, with all the din of its music, dancing, jugglery, and its wild and boisterous mirth. The horses pricked up their ears, and were as unwilling to advance against these strange and menacing sights, and this deafening uproar, as the crowds were to open and let us pass. With much ado, however, our fearless and adroit coachman urged his way at the peril of being mobbed, and penetrated the entire mass from one side to the other, passing through and running down a lane into Skinner-street, where, directly at the foot of the tower of St. Sepulchre, we entered a narrow passage, and were dropped at the *Saracen's Head*.

The names of inns in England are sometimes very amusing. For example: *Swan with Two Necks*. *Bull and Mouth*, one of the largest in London, opposite the General Postoffice. There has been a great deal of learned commentary exhausted, without avail, to settle the origin of this name. The sign is a most frightful mouth, as of a non-descript monster, and a bull of a somewhat natural shape. At Birmingham you have the *Hen and Chickens*, a first-rate hotel, where, it is reasonably presumed, may be had a bit of fowl and eggs. What connexion a *Pig and Whistle* may have had with each other to entitle the use of this name for an inn, history doth not aver. The *Old Red Heifer* is no otherwise monstrous than being a little paradoxical. *Crab and Lobster* are at least homogeneous, and promise a good dinner to those who are fond of fish. A *Bag of Nails* is not particularly sublime, on account of its tendency to descend by the force of gravitation. A *Ship and Shovel* was doubtless intended to show the connexion between agriculture and commerce. *Bolt-in-Tun* has baffled all attempts of the learned to expound; and millions, who, in the course of time, have started from or lighted down at that sign in Fleet-street, London, have probably been puzzled with this question. *Labour in Vain* is intelligible enough on the face of it, and many a poor man has felt what it is; but the meaning, in such a case, is not so obvious. *Three Foxes* may sound agreeably to the sportsmen of England, who are sufficiently happy if they can start one from a cover. *Four Awls* was probably first set up by a cobbler, who wished to preserve in memory the tools by which he had procured a capital to rise in the world. A *Pickled Egg* is a rarity. A *Hog in the Pound* is very fit, if he had been let go by the owner to injure a neighbour's garden; but a *Hog in Armour* is by no means an ordinary sight, and would be likely to at-

tract crowds. The *Bear and Ragged Staff* might perhaps be improved, since a pattern more civilized has been set up in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. The origin of *Cock and Bottle* must doubtless remain a subject of deep study; but the *Cat and Boot* belongs to the present generation, and points directly to *Warren's Blacking*, 30, *Strand*; or, perhaps, *Day & Martin* would assert a claim to the honour of such notoriety. In the advertising columns of the London journals and periodicals may always be seen a cat bristling, or a cock fighting, at his own shadow, or some other invention of the kind, as reflected from a boot polished by Warren's blacking.

Besides employing men to paint "*Warren's Blacking*, 30, *Strand*," in letters from six to eighteen inches long, on the brick walls along the public roads in approaching London, so that the passenger can hardly ever get out of the sight, as he goes into or out of the metropolis, even for many miles distance, Warren employs, uninterruptedly, nearly every paper and periodical of London, and extensively over the empire, with various other modes, to exhibit his name and stand; and also a poet, of the cleverest abilities, who does nothing else (except such exercises as may improve this faculty), but to vary his metre and modes of illustration, in singing the praises of *Warren's Blacking*. It may be seen on the walls all over the kingdom; and a traveller narrates, that the first thing that attracted his attention when he entered Rome, as when one enters London, was the same inscription, displayed in the usual style on the walls—" *Warren's Blacking*, 30, *Strand*." It did not add, "*London*"—for that was as unnecessary as for Napoleon to hail from the "*Tuileries*, Paris." Warren has a retired and not very extravagant mansion at Hemdon, ten miles from London; keeps his carriage; goes in it to London in the morning, puts on his apron, and works all day in his shop; and returns in his carriage in the evening. I have seen it stated, that £250,000, or \$1,200,000, are annually expended in London for advertising the single article of *blacking*.

The celebrated empiric Dr. Morrison pays to Government upwards of £7,000 (\$33,600) a year, in the way of a tax of *three halfpence* on each pillbox. His boxes are of two sizes: one retails at a *shilling*, and the other at *sixpence*. Suppose he sells an equal number of both, which would make the average per box eightpence; allow for tax, materials, and making of the pills, and discount to the trade, fourpence, the net profit to himself would then be £37,666, or \$180,796, annually! The professional practice of Mr. Brodie, Saville-street, sergeant surgeon to the king, has been stated to me, by credible authority, to be worth £15,000, or \$42,000, a year. In reputation as a surgeon, Mr. Brodie is second

only to Sir Astley Cooper. How much more profitable is empiricism than science and art! and some of the greatest fortunes made in Europe have been in the manufacture of boot-blackening! What a quantity must be sold in London to afford an advertising bill of £250,000 annually!

St. John Long's empirical secret was left sealed by him, price £10,000; not to be opened before bought. It has been taken on the terms of his will—a pig in the poke.

It has been ascertained, that the careless and imperfect mixing of the ingredients of Morrison's pills, often leaves the powerful agents in one part of the mass, before it is made into pills, which kills those who happen to have a box of that portion—while the rest may be swallowed with as much impunity as so many bits of dough from the kneading-trough.

BEST APPROACH TO LONDON.

If one wishes to get the pleasantest impressions on entering London for the first time, I should by all means advise him to go in through Knightsbridge, by Hyde Park Corner, in the daytime. If it happens to be in the spring, when all the nobility and gentry are in town, and a sunshiny day, in the afternoon, at any time from three to six o'clock—better from four to five—he will then see for the first time, not only a truly imposing display of long-lines of the most magnificent and costly mansions, public and private, surrounding the richest and most beautiful parks in the world, but there will be presented to his view, as he passes along, a moving world of the richest equipage, which the boundless wealth and the pride of England concentrate in the metropolis at this season of the year, together with stage and hackney coaches, omnibuses, cabriolets, and foot-passengers, without number;—all in their best dress and most splendid livery, rolling and crowding along that spacious avenue, and swarming in the great park like bees at the mouth of a hive in a May-day sun; each one not seeming to regard the movements of the vast throngs that are justling by him in their different ways, and seeking their own pleasures. If he enters London by Kensington in a private carriage, so as to have the privilege (for no public or common vehicle may go that way) of passing into Hyde Park at the turnpike gate,—or if he is on horse or on foot, as he enters those rural grounds, he will have Kensington Gardens on his left, imbosoming by their impenetrable shades Kensington Palace, tenanted by the Duke of Sussex,

the Dutchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria, heir-presumptive to the British throne. At the opening of a single avenue through the trees, he will catch a glimpse of the royal, but humble dwelling. Before him is every irregularity of natural scenery,—of uneven grounds, of sheets of water, of copses of aged and magnificent oaks, and every here and there single trees, variegating the scene. As he advances, a heavy swell of harmony, or a soft melodious strain of sweet music, bursts upon his ear. He inclines that way, and soon there opens upon his view an immense crowd of gayly-dressed persons, promenading under the shades within the range of Kensington Gardens; old and young, male and female, the mother with her daughters, the nurse with the little ones; larger and smaller parties; individuals alone; some sitting in chairs, some standing, some walking,—but all observing a common centre, where stands the royal band from Knightsbridge barracks, in their plumes and elegant attire, whose duty it is to entertain the public with the best of their performances for two or three hours in the afternoon. Along the *Ah-ha!** which separates Kensington Gardens from Hyde Park, and within the latter, is drawn up a regiment of mounted ladies and gentlemen, listening to the music, as they sit upon their horses, as if themselves and their beasts were alike charmed; and the moment the band have finished the performance of the piece, and pause to rest, away the whole mounted party dash upon full gallop, like a portion of an army, though not with equal discipline, and in scattered lengthened train make the round of the park, some two or three miles, appearing again at the same point stationary as before, waiting for the band to strike up another piece in their accustomed superior style. While this troop are making the circuit of the park, the foot assemblage in the gardens (which, by-the-by, are nothing more or less than a grove of forest-trees, principally oak) disperse among the shades or along the margin of the grove, and make their return, surrounding the band, simultaneously with the mounted party, to be enraptured again by the exquisite performances of these trained and professional musicians. They are always the band of the regiment of Horse Guards that may happen to be stationed at the Knightsbridge barracks for the time being; and perhaps there is no class of musicians in the world more skilled in their art than the several bands of the household troops of the King of Great Britain.

As the stranger passes from the west end of Hyde Park

* "*Ah-ha!*"—An enclosure, composed of a deep ditch, walled on one side, all below the surface of the ground, to prevent disfiguring parks and pleasure-grounds, and interrupting prospects. It is not seen till one comes immediately upon it, and is taken by surprise. Hence the name *Ah-ha!*—an exclamation.

to the east, from the point occupied by this band, he will discover two principal ways leading in the same direction,—one for carriages, and the other for horses. The former is nearest to and runs parallel with the public highway, between the one and the other of which is a high wall and a margin of trees some few rods in breadth, running from one end of the park to the other. The way for those on horseback runs nearly equidistant between the carriage-road and a broad sheet of water, constituting a lake in the centre of the park, which is created by damming the Serpentine River (a rivulet); and at the point of this dam within the park is an artificial cascade, where the waters of the river plunge down the shelving rocks, laid there by the hand of man, into an abyss, that is overshadowed by a thick plantation of trees, all irregular and natural, as if it were a work of God's creation. A heavy and magnificent stone bridge, of the finest architecture, is thrown across these waters, corresponding with the east line of Kensington Gardens and the west of the park, which is passed in the circle of this favourite and beautiful drive around this enchanting enclosure. The northwest regions of the park are a forest planted on undulating grounds, where herds of deer and cattle are seen, as familiar with the sight of this splendid equipage, rolling and rattling around their domain, as with the oaks which overshadow them; and as little startled at the one as the other.

Hyde Park contains 395 acres, and is the favourite resort of the nobility and gentry of London, for airing in carriages, on horseback, and on foot. Towards the decline of every sunny day, a perpetual and endless tide of the fashionable population roll out of that huge and vast metropolis, and pour into these pleasure-grounds, as if they could never be counted, to breathe the purer air, and to display their equipage and finery. The grounds are left as nature made them, uneven, and clustering with forest scenery, as nature might be supposed to have planted it, in the midst of which lies the broad and extended sheet of water before described. The eastern portion of the park is vacant of trees, and appropriated for reviews of troops, when occasion demands.

On the east boundary of the park, about half a mile long, the stranger beholds, as he approaches it, one continuous and solid front of magnificent houses, each diverse from every other, but the entire range grand and imposing,—which constitutes the west line of that vast and compact portion of the metropolis, commonly called the *West End*. Half way on the northern boundary of the park is another imposing front, of that portion of the metropolis which lies in the northwest. There are four grand entrances to Hyde Park: one at the northeast corner, two on the east,

and one on the southeast, which is known all over the world as *Hyde Park Corner*. From this point distances are reckoned from the whole southwest and west of England.

The entrance is composed of three grand archways for carriages, two for foot-passengers, and a lodge, the entire frontage extending 107 feet. The arches are supported by fluted Ionic columns, and the gates are bronzed iron; the whole constituting an architectural screen of the most chaste and beautiful description. Directly opposite, as an entrance to the gardens of the king's palaces—St. James and Pimlico—is a grand triumphal arch of a far more imposing structure. At this corner, the beginning and west end of the north line of Piccadilly, is Apsley House, or the palace of the Duke of Wellington, if palace it may be called. A few rods within this corner is a colossal statue of Achilles, eighteen feet in height, cast from twenty-four-pounders, taken at the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, weighing thirty tons, and inscribed to “Arthur Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms, *by his countrywomen*.” Observe: It is a *naked* statue, inscribed by his *countrywomen*!

From Hyde Park Corner the stranger turns his eye from a large body of the metropolis in the southwest, composed of Knightsbridge, Chelsea, Pimlico, and Brompton, and from that magnificent corner opposite the grand triumphal arch, St. George's Hospital, down the spacious line of Piccadilly, which is full of all the world, rumbling onward either way, like the noise of an earthquake; and over Green Park, which is half as large as Hyde Park, having Piccadilly on the north, and another range of princely houses on the east, the southern termination of which is the palace built by the Duke of York, now the property of the Duke of Sutherland, and which covers the royal palace of St. James. Just over the royal gardens of Pimlico is descried the new palace, formerly Buckingham House, and now about to be tenanted by the king. Farther on, between the new palace on the right and the Duke of Sutherland's on the left, and over the dense shades which cover St. James's Park on the north, called the Mall, rise peering towards heaven the lofty towers and long heavy roof of Westminster Abbey, that venerable pile of ancient and religious architecture, of its kind the peculiar pride of the British metropolis, where lie entombed the relics of Britain's renowned and mighty dead—her poets, her statesmen, her military and naval chieftains, mingling their ashes with those who served under the mitre, and were deemed worthy of this distinction.

Onward the stranger moves, and soon finds himself buried in the mighty city. On his left, as he passes along Piccadilly, is a vast field and a weight of houses, that might break

through the crust of the globe if it were not thick and strong. On his right, too, he beholds an amazing cluster of similar structures heaped together. He passes the street of St. James, and looks down on the palace of that name, which, for the meanness of its external show, might be mistaken for an old brewery or a livery-stable. Old Bond-street—the famous old Bond-street—comes next on his left, of more reputation than its opening would seem to indicate ; but nevertheless, the English, who like old ways better than new ones, still manifest a lingering partiality to this old, favourite avenue, and go a-shopping there because their fathers and their mothers did. What a crowd of carriages ! —two lines running through and through—the coachmen and footmen fighting for their rights. What a rich display of goods and gold in the windows as plentiful as stones in the streets ! Alas ! how many husbands are ruined by the stopping of those carriages !

Now comes Regent-street—new, grand, more show than substance ; the Quadrant, a peculiar beauty ; the two circuses, if I may bring two such distant points so near together ; and if I may travel with the stranger a little north, while going east, there is Portland Place, continuous from Regent-street, the most spacious and by far the grandest street in the metropolis, leading to a region requiring too particular a description to be noticed here. As we travel back from Portland Place, we may take a look to the right and left into Oxford-street, long, spacious, beautiful, rich, and full of bustle. At the foot of Regent-street there is Waterloo Place, spacious and grand ; magnificent club-houses ; the Duke of York's monument, standing on the site of Carlton House, the favourite mansion of the last Prince of Wales ; Carlton Terrace, also magnificent ; Pall Mall ; the King's Theatre and Haymarket. Next, Trafalgar Square ; Charing Cross, looking down through Parliament-street to the Parliament Houses and Westminster Abbey ; the Strand ; Temple Bar ; and here for the present we rest, to introduce the stranger to London within the walls, and to a more particular description of this vast metropolis, in another place.

CORONATION OF WILLIAM IV.

Comparison with that of George IV.—The Pageant without and within—The Regalia—The Ceremonies and Coronation—Festivities and Illuminations—Queen Caroline's Disgrace and Death—A Coronation Banquet—The King's Champion and his Challenge.

IF the coronation of William IV. had less of preparation and show than that of George IV., there was also less of anxiety in the mind of the prince, and a less perturbed state of the public mind. The claims of Queen Caroline had annoyed her royal consort, and kept the nation in great excitement. The coronation was even deferred a year after the first appointment—from the 1st of August, 1820, to July 19th, 1821—on account of the unexpected arrival of the queen from the Continent, and her avowed determination to claim the prerogatives of queen-consort.

The well-known cessation of the conjugal connexion between the Prince of Wales and the Princess Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, after a train of painful events, had banished or led her to the Continent, till the death of George III. and the accession of her husband to the throne. A provision of £50,000, or \$240,000, had been put by the government at her disposal and use, in the hope that she would be content to remain abroad, and not assert her rights as Queen of England. On the 10th of May, 1820, summonses were issued to the peers of the United Kingdom to attend the coronation of George IV. on the 1st of August. On the 6th of June the queen landed at Dover, proceeded to London under the most marked demonstrations of popular welcome, and signified her intention to claim a participation in the rites and ceremonies of coronation. The coronation was deferred indefinitely; a bill of pains and penalties was brought into the House of Lords against the queen for conjugal infidelity; she was tried and acquitted; but was still denied the honours of a queen. On the 19th of July, 1821, the second day appointed for the coronation, she made her appearance at Westminster Abbey at an early hour, and was refused admittance; she then presented herself at the door of the House of Lords, and was excluded there. She then returned to her house—in a few days sickened—and died on the 7th of August, saying, "They have destroyed me—my disease is here"—pointing to her heart. She "hailed death as a friend," and "forgave all her enemies."

Queen Caroline was believed by the people to be innocent. They had all along taken her part against the king and her accusers; and the scene of her going to Westmin-

ster Abbey and to the House of Lords, on the day of the coronation, was public, in presence of the assembled nation. And the excitement occasioned by her disgrace may easier be conceived than described. The day was the farthest possible from being a happy one to any and to all concerned; and no one could be indifferent.

Not so the coronation of William IV. ten years afterward. The English, who are a king-loving people, if the king behaves well, had many good reasons for cherishing an ardent affection for the reigning monarch. All his acts had been popular. He had called around his throne a popular ministry; he had dissolved a parliament that had refused to undertake reform, and called on the people to elect a new House of Commons. He was in all respects the man of the people—that is, of the great majority of the nation; and the queen, if not equally beloved, was at least unobnoxious—was respected. Every thing contributed to make the day of his coronation a grateful and joyous one.

The great expense of the coronation of George IV. and the thousand wasteful extravagances of his life and reign, which added no trifling fraction to the vast burdens of the nation, were all too sensibly felt by Parliament and by the public, to justify such another prodigal expenditure for a coronation pageant. But, notwithstanding this prevailing spirit of economy, and the comparative want of interest—forasmuch as the impressions of the last and recent occasion of the kind were not particularly grateful—yet the arrangements were on a scale in no small degree imposing; and the popularity of the prince was sure to draw to one centre, from such a city as London, and from such a country as England, a countless multitude, to witness the public ceremonies of his consecration. To a republican eye, such a pageant, which is rarely afforded to the subjects of kings, and as one of the public demonstrations of regal honour and dignity, it would be affectation in me to say that it had no attractions.

As for obtaining a ticket for the Abbey, it was out of the question for any but certain classes, viz. the peers and their families (a very numerous class in Great Britain); members and high officers of government; members of the House of Commons; ministers and ambassadors of foreign nations; bishops and favoured clergy, generally those known and in favour at court; numerous connexions of all these classes; and, lastly, those who were willing to occupy most disadvantageous seats, among the vulgar, or behind the columns of the edifice, at the comfortable price of fifteen, or twenty, or thirty guineas each. Besides, those who were admitted to the ceremonies within the walls of the Abbey must necessarily be deprived of the opportunities of observing the extraordinary, and, in many respects, more

imposing pageant without: such as the artillery, brought into St. James's Park for the occasion: regiments of household troops, of horse and foot, in their most glittering attire, lining the grand avenue appropriated to the procession, from the palace to the Abbey, by the way of Pall Mall, Charing Cross, and Parliament-street, all reflecting the beams of the sun from their burnished armour and military trappings; the metropolitan police, and their modes of operation; the dense crowds, occupying every foot of ground in all directions not kept open for the procession; the temporary scaffoldings and platforms, erected along the entire line, and burdened with their tens of thousands of well-dressed people of both sexes; the doors, windows, balconies, and roofs of houses, exhibiting their waiting and gazing throngs; the constant stream of carriages, belonging to the nobility and others, moving all the morning to the Abbey under their burdens, with coachmen and footmen in their best livery; the occasional passing of public and distinguished persons, with their suites, and their recognition by the multitudes—such, for example, as the Duke of Wellington, rolled on in solemn silence, as if to a funeral, or Lord Brougham, hailed by the shouts and acclamations of all; the different members of the royal family and their separate suites; carriage after carriage of four, six, or eight horses, with a groom at the head of every animal, and footmen, two, three, and four, all in the richest livery, covered with gold; troops of gentlemen-at-arms on foot; and, lastly, the *state carriage*, a piece of old magnificence, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, with the *king* and *queen*, preceded, followed, and flanked by the household troops, a grand and most imposing display, while the countless thousands shouted their joyous acclamations, waving hats and handkerchiefs all along, as their majesties passed, like the wind that moves to and fro the arms and foliage of the dense forest;—all animated by the successive bands of music, which had their places at different stages of the long procession. Such as these, and nameless others of their kind, changing variously throughout the day, were features of the scene without, too interesting and attractive to be lost by a stranger, if he had never seen the like before, even though he might purchase it by the sacrifice of a tolerable view of what was passing within.

I had visited and walked along the entire line of procession the day previous with a friend, to see if we could select a satisfactory position. Everywhere were to be seen advertisements for *seats to view the procession*, with various commendations of their superlative merits, the price of tickets graduated on a scale of wholes and halves, from five guineas down to ten shillings and sixpence. The choice was so embarrassing that we chose to keep our money, and run the chance for a selection the next day; in which decision

we were very wise. For, in case we had purchased tickets for any platform, or window, or housetop, we should have felt obliged to resort to it at the earliest hour, and retain the place all day, with no variety of views except what could have been had at the point assumed. As it was, we were at liberty to range from one end of the line to the other, while the crowds were collecting in the morning, and those who had tickets were taking up their positions; to go round about the Abbey, and witness the preparations and movements there; to stroll into St. James's Park; to see the members of parliament, in their full dress and various costume, cross the street from the parliamentary buildings to the sacred edifice; to notice the various military and police arrangements, and their order; and finally, to obtain a most advantageous position in the garden of St. Margaret, directly under the shade of Westminster Abbey, where, within a few feet of the procession, we had a perfect view of the king and queen, as they came and went, being able to distinguish the minutest features of their faces, and all the various and most interesting public exhibitions of the day.

The ceremonies of consecration within the Abbey are long and complicated; the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, being the officiating priest for the occasion—for which service he is endowed, as a *fee*, with “the purple velvet chair, the cushion, and the footstool assigned to him during the ceremony.”

The *Regalia* employed on this occasion, and which may be seen at the Tower of London, are:—The Crown—the Sceptre—the Verge, or Rod of Power—the Orb, or mound of Sovereignty—the Swords of Mercy and of Justice—the Ring of Alliance with the kingdom—the Armillæ, or Bracelets—the Spurs of Chivalry—the Ampulla, or Golden Eagle—the Coronation Chair, &c. The new imperial crown made for George IV. has the appearance of a heavy mass of diamonds, and is surmounted by a pearl of immense value. It is an extravagant trinket, and so, perhaps, are some other parts of the *Regalia*.

All being assembled, and in their appropriate places, the archbishop addresses the people as follows:—

“Sirs, I here present to you King William the Fourth,” or whoever he may be, “the undoubted king of this realm. Wherefore, all ye that are come this day to do your homage, are ye willing to do the same?”

The people respond—“God save King William the Fourth.” And the trumpets sound.

Then comes what is called “The First Oblation,” accompanied with an offering of a pound weight of gold, during which the king kneels by the altar, and the people join in

the service. After this a sermon; then the "Coronation Oath," after this manner:—

The Archbishop of Canterbury asks the king, "Sir, is your majesty willing to take the oath?" The king answers, "I am willing."

The archbishop then proposes to the king the following questions:—

"Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this kingdom of Great Britain, and the dominions thereunto belonging, according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?"

King. "I solemnly promise so to do."

Archbishop. "Will you, to the utmost of your power, cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?"

King. "I will."

Archbishop. "Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of England, and the doctrines, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established, within the kingdoms of England and Ireland, the dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and the territories thereunto belonging before the union of the two kingdoms? And will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of England, and the churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain unto them, or any of them?"

King. "All this I promise to do."

Then the king approaches and kneels at the altar, lays his hand upon the Gospels in the open Bible, and says, "The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God;" and then kisses the book and signs the oath.

Next the *Anointing*, beginning with the anthem—"Veni, Creator *Spiritus*." After which the archbishop prays:—"O Lord, Holy Father, who, by anointing with oil, didst of old make and consecrate kings, priests, and prophets, to teach and govern thy people Israel, bless and sanctify thy chosen servant William, who by our office and ministry is now to be anointed with this holy oil, and consecrated king of this realm. Strengthen him, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. Confirm and establish him with thy pure and princely spirit, the spirit of wisdom and government, the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, the spirit of knowledge and true godliness; and fill him, O Lord, with the spirit of thy holy fear, now and for ever. Amen."

Then comes the coronation anthem:—"Zadock the priest

and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king. And all the people rejoiced, and said, God save the king; long live the king; may the king live for ever. Amen. Hallelujah."

The king seated in the chair of state, the ampulla, or golden eagle, being a vessel of capacity, containing the anointing oil, is brought from off the altar, where it has been consecrated, and from the eagle's beak the oil is poured into a spoon with four pearls set in the handle, by which the archbishop anoints the king in the form of a cross.

1. On the crown of the head, saying, "Be thy head anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed."

2. Over the breast, saying, "Be thy breast anointed with holy oil."

3. On the palms of both the hands, saying, "Be thy hands anointed with holy oil."

"And as Solomon was anointed king by Zadock the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be thou anointed, blessed, and consecrated over this people, whom the Lord thy God hath given thee to rule and govern, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The king then kneels at the altar, and the archbishop prays over him; after which the places anointed are wiped with linen.

The king is next presented with the spurs and a sword, which he returns to the altar. Another sword is brought, which the archbishop lays upon the altar, and then prays:—"Hear our prayers, O Lord, we beseech thee; and so direct and support thy servant King William, who is now to be begirt with this sword, that he may not bear it in vain; but may use it as the minister of God, for the terror and punishment of evil-doers, and for the protection and encouragement of those that do well, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The sword is then taken from the altar by the archbishop, who, attended by the bishops, delivers it into the king's right hand, saying, "Receive this kingly sword, brought now from the altar of God, and delivered to you by the hands of us the bishops and servants of God, though unworthy."

The king being then begirt with the sword, the archbishop says to him, "Remember him of whom the royal psalmist did prophesy, saying, Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty, good luck have thou with thine honour, ride on prosperously, &c. With this sword do justice," &c.—a service of some length, for the several specific objects of regal administration.

The king, being ungirded, returns to the chair of state, when the chief peer offers the price of the sword, *one hundred shillings (a nominal value, doubtless)*, which is the act of

its redemption (from the altar, as I suppose, or from the hand of the priest).

Next follows an investiture with the armillæ, or bracelets, and the royal robe, with the delivery of the orb, the mound of sovereignty, accompanied by sanctions from the priesthood. Also an investiture with the ring and gloves by similar sanctions.

The king then sits down in the coronation chair, and the crown is brought from the altar with great solemnity by the archbishop and bishops, and placed upon the king's head by the archbishop, when the people, with loud and repeated shouts, cry, "God save the king;" the trumpets sound, and at the same moment, by a given signal, the great guns of the Tower, and the artillery at other stations, announce the transaction to all within hearing, the cries of the people without mingle in the general acclamations, and the bells ring joyously.

The archbishop then says, "Be strong and of good courage; observe the commandments of God, and walk in his holy ways; fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life; that in this world you may be crowned with success and honour, and when you have finished your course, you may receive a crown of righteousness, which God the righteous judge shall give you in that day."

The king is then presented with the Bible by the archbishop, with appropriate injunctions to obey it, "as the royal law."

After which an anthem; and the king being crowned, the nobility put on their coronets and caps.

Next the "benediction" by the archbishop, to which the peers and people say, "Amen." After which, the king, sitting in his chair, kisses the archbishop and assistant bishops successively, as they approach him, kneeling for the purpose. The "*Te Deum*" is then performed by the choir.

The *Te Deum* being ended, the king, remaining passive, is conducted to and formally installed on the throne by the archbishop, bishops, and peers; which is called the act of "enthronization." Being surrounded by all the great officers, nobles, and bishops, the archbishop then delivers to the king an exhortation:—"Stand firm, and hold fast, from henceforth, the seat and imperial dignity," &c.

Homage is next done by the bishops and nobles in succession, kneeling before the king. The bishops first, kneeling together, say all and each for himself, as follows:—"I, A. B., will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear unto you, our sovereign lord, &c. So help me God." Then the nobles, in the same manner kneeling, say together, each for himself:—"I, A. B., do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God."

In the meantime medals of gold and silver are thrown about among the people by the treasurer of the household, as the king's *largesse* or donative. The peers, having done their homage, lay aside their coronets, and approach the king in succession, stretching forth their hands, and touching the crown on the king's head, as signifying their devotion to its support and honour; and kiss the king's cheek.

The king delivers the two sceptres to the custody of the proper persons, and after an anthem and various music, the drums beat, the trumpets sound, and all the people shout,—

“God save King William the Fourth!
Long live King William!
May the king live for ever!”

After the “second oblation,” a mark weight of gold, the king, having descended from the throne, approaches and kneels at the altar, and receives the holy sacrament publicly from the administration of the archbishop; and the whole ceremony of coronation is concluded by another sermon.

This account is, of course, a mere sketch of the ceremonies of the day, besides that I have omitted altogether the part which the queen had in these solemnities—it being a virtual repetition, with such variations as were suited to the difference of her relations. She was crowned in like manner, and entered into similar engagements, with like forms. When George IV. was crowned, Queen Caroline having been refused participation, the service applicable to the queen was of course omitted. The entire ceremonies within the Abbey, on the present occasion, occupied about five hours, from 11 to 4 o'clock. The king and queen left the palace of St. James at 10 in the morning; occupied three quarters of an hour in the public procession to the Abbey,—three quarters of a mile by the route pursued, through Pall Mall and Parliament-street; alighted at the west door of the Abbey at a quarter before 11; returned to the palace at 4 o'clock with like pomp, wearing their ordinary state crowns, which had been substituted for those more gorgeous ones used at the coronation; and were thus exhibited from the open state carriage, as they moved slowly along, to the immense and joyous throngs which overflowed and crammed the streets, filled every door and window, were piled upon the scaffoldings erected for the occasion, hung out in the balconies, and swarmed on the roofs of every house, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and rending the air with their acclamations of joy.

Six salutes of twenty-one guns were fired during the day, responding to each other from the Tower of London, three miles down the river, and from St. James's Park, immediately behind the palace: 1. at sunrise; 2. at 10 o'clock,

when the king and queen left the palace; 3. when they alighted at Westminster Abbey; 4. when the crowns were placed upon their heads; 5. when they returned; and, 6. at sunset. Simultaneously with the salutes, all the bells of the metropolis rung their merry peals, with St. Paul's deep-toned and hoarse salutation as the base of the chorus, while the national flag waved in the wind from the heights of every parish steeple.

While the festivities of the royal palace were being held, for the amusement of the populace the evening was principally devoted to illuminations; the theatres were opened gratuitously; fireworks were displayed in the parks, and at other public resorts; and lighted balloons sent up into the clouds—all at the command of the king and at the expense of the treasury.

The throngs in the streets continued immense till late at night. I walked with a friend through the principal streets of the west end, where the illuminations were most considerable—of various, most ingenious, and fantastic devices—always, however, representing in some form the initials, or full names, of the king and queen—the principal centre of which ordinarily would be a crown. For the most part the figures and character of the devices were described by lamps of various colours, and so ingeniously arranged on wires as to produce the intended effect. Here and there a temporary gas machinery had been erected, on which the slightest breeze would occasion a sportful dance of lights and shadows by blowing out some portions, and lighting others, in rapid succession—at one moment showing the whole tracery in full blaze, and then only parts, flitting about apparently in the most whimsical manner. The vast multitudes attracted to the principal rounds of these exhibitions literally crammed the streets, and in many places nearly obstructed all passing, while the half were pushing to go one way and half the other. In the meantime all the theatres and places of fireworks were also crowded—while the king and court, the nobles and higher ranks, were feasting at their tables. The effect of the night-scenes without was magnificent and dazzling; and the gayety and hilarity of all within, in such a state of public tranquillity, were no doubt equal to the anticipations of those who sought their pleasures in festivity and the dance.

At the coronation of George the Fourth, in 1821, the preparations for which had been made on such an immense and splendid scale, one would suppose that the whole must have been imbittered by the sympathy of the public mind with the disappointed, martyred, and heart-stricken queen, who retired from the insults publicly offered to her that day, to die of grief. How different the scene of the royal banquet at Westminster Hall that evening from the closet of Caro-

line in South Audley-street! In the former was the feasting of a king and his nobles, in a style of magnificence rivalled only by the ancient kings of the east, on the night of his coronation, where every thing bore the semblance of joy and gladness, the king himself at the head of his own royal table, surrounded and supported by the chief nobles and the beauty of his realm—all under the blaze and splendour of the artificial creations of light, by which they were canopied; in the latter at the same moment, all still and mournful, were seen the tears and heard the half-stifled sighs of his broken-hearted queen, who had that day been repulsed, not only from a participation in the dignities of his crown, but from being present at the public spectacle of her injury!—Driven from the society of her husband—separated from her child—banished from the kingdom for the dissipation of her grief—she had mustered courage and determination at last to return and demand of the nation justice by a public investigation. She was tried; she was acquitted; and by that acquittal was entitled to the honours and prerogatives of queen consort; and when, on the day of coronation, she presented herself to claim, not her queenly rights, but the privilege of a spectator, she was repulsed at every point, and at last driven away by a phalanx of soldiery! Agitated and overwhelmed, she resorted, leaning on the arm of Lord Hood, to the House of Lords, to make her appeal at their bar—but met with the same reception there! The announcement of the “Queen of England” was not sufficient to gain her admittance! Such are the records of the history. Of the reasons of the case there have been, and doubtless still are, diverse opinions. The people, as a body, have always sympathized with the queen.

The provisions for the royal banquet of George IV. at Westminster Hall, on the day of his coronation, were in gross, as follows :—

Of beef, 7,442lbs.—of veal, 7,133lbs.—of mutton, 2,474lbs.—20 quarters of household lamb—20 legs of house-lamb—5 saddles of lamb—55 quarters of grass lamb—160 lamb sweetbreads—389 cow-heels—400 calves’ feet—250lbs. of suet—160 geese—720 pullets and capons—1,610 chickens—520 fowls—1,730lbs. of bacon—550lbs. of lard—912lbs. of butter—84 hundred eggs. All these independent of the various articles used in the pastry and confectionary departments.

The wines ordered for the banquet were—100 dozen of Champaign—20 dozen of Burgundy—200 dozen of Claret—50 dozen of Hock—50 dozen of Moselle—50 dozen of Madeira—350 dozen of Sherry and Port—100 gallons of iced punch—and 100 barrels of ale and beer.

The supply of dinner porcelain was 6,794 plates—1,406 soup-plates—1,499 dessert-plates, and 288 large ale and beer

pitchers. Of cutlery, 16,000 knives and forks, and 612 pairs of carvers. Damask table-cloths 1,250 yards; 150 dozen of damask napkins; and 75 dozen for waiters, knife-cloths, &c.

There was a challenge made by the king's champion, supported by the lord high constable and the deputy earl marshal—they being mounted on horse, prancing in the midst of the hall among the tables, and before all the guests sitting!

Royal orders were issued in 1274 to the sheriffs of eight different counties to furnish the following provisions for the coronation of Edward I., viz., 440 oxen, 743 swine, 360 sheep, and 22,560 fowls.

In 1307, Edward II. ordered the seneschal of Gascony and constable of Bordeaux to furnish 1,000 pipes of good wine for the occasion of his coronation.

The fêtes at the coronation of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Arragon; subsequently of Anne Boleyn; of Mary, Henry's daughter, the first female that swayed the English sceptre; and of Elizabeth—were magnificent, as well as many others of the English sovereigns that might be mentioned.

In this connexion the following curious document from the *Close Rolls of the Tower of London*, though not relating to a coronation, may not be uninteresting:—

KING JOHN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER IN 1213.

“The king to Reginald de Cornhill. We command you immediately, on sight of these letters, that you send to Windsor twenty hogsheads of wine, costly, good, and new, both Gascony wines and French wine, and four hogsheads of best wine for our own drinking (*ad os nostrum*) both two of white wine and two of red wine, and that it be sent without delay, that it may be received before the day of the Nativity. And we require for our use, against that day, 200 head of pork, and 1,000 hens, and 500lbs. of wax, and 50lbs. of pepper, and 2lbs. of saffron, and 100lbs. of almonds, good and new, and two dozen napkins, and 50 ells of delicate cloth of Rancian, and of spiceries to make *salsas* (probably this word rather signifies pickles) as much as ye shall judge necessary, and that all these be sent thither by Saturday or Sunday nearest Christmas. And ye shall send thither 15,000 herrings and other fish, and other victual, as Ph. de Langeburgh shall tell you. And all these ye shall buy at the accustomed market, as you may deserve our thanks, and according to custom, you shall give in your accounts at the exchequer. Concerning pheasants (*fascianis*) or partridges, and other birds, which you shall seek for our use, you shall have them from the manor.” Other precepts, for contributions to the same banquet, order “500 hens

and 20 swine," from the sheriff of Bucks; "200 head of pork and 1,000 hens," from one Matthew Mantell; "10,000 salt eels" from the sheriff of Canterbury, with pheasants, partridges, &c. &c., in similar profusion.

At the coronation of Edward II., 1307, the price of a seat was a *farthing*; at his son's, Edward III., it was a *half penny*; at those of James I. and Charles I., a *shilling* was given; it advanced to a *half crown* at those of Charles II. and James II.; at Queen Anne's it was a *crown*; at George II.'s a *half guinea*; at those of George III. and George IV., the front seats in the gallery at Westminster Abbey were let at *ten guineas** each, and those in commodious houses along the line at no less prices; in ordinary houses from *five guineas* to *one*. One little house, after paying for the scaffolding, cleared £700, and some large houses upwards of £1,000. I understood that tickets for the Abbey, at the coronation of William IV., had been sold for fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, and some for thirty guineas!

There is a custom at the coronation of the kings of England to challenge any other pretensions to the throne, which is done by the king's champion. This takes place at the banquet in the evening. At the coronation of George IV. the banquet was held at Westminster Hall, and this notable ceremony was as follows:—

At the north door entered the champion, mounted and in full armour "of a dazzling brightness," the trappings of his horse no less rich, with a plume of twenty-seven ostrich feathers waving on the head of his steed, and one of sixteen on his own; supported on his right and left by two esquires also mounted and in half armour; preceded by a herald and attended by four pages richly apparelled; two trumpeters, with the champion's arms on their banners; a sergeant-trumpeter with his name on his shoulder; two sergeants at arms with maces. While the king and all his guests were at table, this champion and his troop were ushered into the hall, being announced at the door with three blasts by the trumpeters, and passed up, with the prancing and tramping of horses' feet (the horses being three), between the long lines of tables, under the blazing chandeliers above their heads, and the herald with a loud voice proclaimed the champion's challenge, in the following words:—

"If any person of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our sovereign lord, King George the IV., of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, son and next kin to our sovereign lord King George the III. deceased, to be right heir to the imperial crown of this united kingdom, or that he ought to enjoy the

* A guinea is twenty-one shillings, or about five dollars.

same—here is his champion, who saith that he lieth and is a false traitor—being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed.”

Whereupon the champion threw down his gauntlet. This was done three times : at the entrance, at the middle of the hall, and at the foot of the steps of the throne. At the end of which the king drank the health of the champion in a gold cup with a cover ; sent it filled to the champion, who also drank the health of the king, exclaiming with a loud voice, “ Long live his majesty, George the IV. ; ” and then backing his way out—an awkward movement for such a troop in that place, but a subject may not turn his back upon the prince—he retired from the hall, bearing away the gold cup as a *fee*.

It was not a little unexpected and startling in the champion of George III. to find, when in the performance of this ceremony he threw down his gauntlet, that it was actually and instantly taken up ! An old woman, in service there, and looking on, but, as it would seem, not rightly interpreting the meaning of the affair, as she saw the glove thrown down, thinking it a pity that it should be trampled under foot of the horses, and lost or spoiled, sprang forward and snatching it up, appropriated it to herself ! By the terms of the champion’s challenge, he was bound “ to adventure his life in a quarrel against ” this old woman ! It is not recorded what was the result of the meeting.

William IV. and Queen Adelaide were crowned on the 8th of September, 1831.

TOPOGRAPHY AND GENERAL VIEW OF LONDON.

WHEN I have read of a notable town or place, without expectation of being able to visit it, I have wished it so described that I might see it ; but too often have been disappointed. I do not presume to promise to do this of London ; but assuming, that some of my countrymen may possibly look into these pages, who will never think of crossing the Atlantic, I will try to give them a little sketch of the topographical features of that great metropolis, and of the relative situation of some of its most notable parts.

It is understood, that London is situated on the River Thames, about sixty miles from the sea on the east—from the waters of that channel, which separates Great Britain from the continent of Europe. The rivers of so small an island as this are not expected to compare with

those of a continent in magnitude ; but the Thames is beautiful, and the depth of its channel, as made by a full tide, is sufficient to float the largest merchant ships to London. The sinuous course of the Thames is a great physical beauty, through the entire vale that is marked by its line. Having passed Windsor and Richmond, and much classic ground, it comes into London at Old Chelsea from the west, bending towards the north, and continues in this direction for two miles or more, till it has passed the notable point of Whitehall in Westminster on the north bank ; a little beyond which it turns towards the east, and pursues nearly that direction through the heart of the metropolis, till the bulk of the town is passed, for a distance of about four miles ; and then bends suddenly to the south about two miles, as if to salute Greenwich Hospital, after passing which it wheels again to the north, creating a tongue of land called the Isle of Dogs—which is made an island by means of an artificial channel, or channels, constituting the West India Docks. Running by Blackwall, the extreme point of London harbour, natural and artificial, the Thames finds itself at large again, and continues to play its gambols by seeking the greatest distance to the sea—passing in the meantime Woolwich and Gravesend, the former a great naval and military depot, and the latter a port of entry and embarkation. The following lines by Sir John Denham, in praise of this notable river, were marked by Dr. Johnson as one of the purest specimens of poetry ever written. If they did not commend themselves to all who love the melodies of the muses, Johnson's recommendation might possibly have been set down to such a feeling of his, as that which so characteristically betrayed itself, when, being on an eminence commanding great beauties of nature in Scotland, he was asked which prospect before him he liked best, he petulantly replied—"The Road to London." An Englishman may be pardoned if he feels that what graces London must be a grace. Certainly no one will deny that these lines are a beauty.

"O! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme :
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing, full."

The Thames, in passing through London, divides it, not into so nearly equal parts as the Seine does Paris, but yet sufficiently so to make one feel, who is frequently traversing the town, that the very heart of it is cut by the line. By far the greater portion of the metropolis, however, is on the north side of the river, as much, I should think, as three to one. It is understood, that unless we are speaking particularly of the City of London, we use London and the metrop-

olis as synonymous terms, intending by either of them to comprehend that vast concentration of human beings, lying for the most part within a circle described by a radius of four miles around St. Paul's.

Maitland, in his history of London, 1739, says, in its growth "it has engulfed one city, one borough, and 43 villages." But London since then has been immensely extended on all sides, and swallowed up other villages, and entirely covered large districts before vacant, such for example as the parishes of Mary-le-bone and St. Pancras, on which now stand some of the best and most substantial parts of the metropolis. That vast portion of London called the "West End" is of modern growth. The Earl of Burlington, whose house is in the heart of that district, was asked, "why he built his house in Piccadilly, so far out of town?" His answer was, "Because I was determined to have no building beyond me." It is now in the very heart of the metropolis. Westminster and Chelsea on the west are swallowed up in London, or in what is commonly called the metropolis; also Stepney and Hackney on the east; Islington on the north; all the districts in the neighbourhood of the new and principal docks; Walworth, Camberwell, Kennington, on the south; and many other places that might be named in all directions, which used to be entirely separate. "The extent of the metropolis from east to west, or from Poplar to Knightsbridge, is seven miles and a half; its breadth from north to south, or from Islington to Newington Butts, is nearly five miles; with a zigzag circumference of almost thirty miles." The square miles within these limits are about thirty-six; and after deducting the superficies of the river, of streets, squares, parks, gardens, and all vacant places, it is estimated, that nearly half this ground is covered with houses—probably not less than fifteen square miles.

The city of London *proper* comprehends only a small district (I have seen no exact measurement of it), somewhat less than two miles, as I should judge, from west to east, and less than one mile in breadth, on the north bank of the Thames, and nearly in the midst of the metropolis. The old walls of the city not being in existence, the boundaries are not obvious to strangers. The only relics of them I have ever seen are Temple Bar, a gate still standing on the west, stretching across one of the greatest thoroughfares of the metropolis, a very ugly thing to look at, and cramping the passage, as well as obstructing the prospect; another is a very perfect gate at St. John's Square, near Smithfield; and a third, a piece of the old wall, still standing near the tower. The latter is very interesting, and is not commonly known, being out of sight of the public. I was shown it by a friend, with whom I was dining one day. It is the

rear wall of his garden; and, as near as I can recollect, from thirty to forty feet high. It is a genuine fragment of the old city. But the city of London, although under a distinct municipal government, having valuable immunities and certain great and independent powers of its own, is yet apparently merged and lost in the great metropolis. I have understood, and suppose it to be a fact, that the city of London has 50,000 less inhabitants now than it had 100 years ago. The reason is obvious: the increase of business has turned large districts into shops and warehouses, which were once tenanted as dwelling-houses, and driven out many rookeries and nests of the poor to find a place in other and distant parts of the metropolis of less value. Besides, it is more the fashion of late years for men of business, who can afford it, and many who cannot afford it, to live out of town, or somewhere on its borders, instead of occupying the first and second floors over their counting-rooms and shops, or living anywhere pent up in the city. Hence, as one reason, the unceasing run of omnibuses, stagecoaches, and other carriages, between the city and the skirts of the metropolis. There are 114 parishes in the city of London; and as very many of the churches are deserted by this change in the modes of life and business, it has been gravely proposed by those who better understood the value of pounds, shillings, and pence, than the insurmountable difficulty of desecrating a church, that those churches not wanted should be pulled down, and the ground appropriated to some profitable use. A formal correspondence lately passed between the municipal authorities of London and the bishop of the diocese on this subject; but the bishop, who regards those edifices as holy, and not knowing how to desecrate them, discouraged their petition.

For those who never expect to see London, let it be understood, then, that the principal parts, of which they occasionally hear, are situated relatively, as follows: Mainly the business parts are on the east, and the genteel parts on the west. Beginning on the west, Chelsea, Brompton, and Knightsbridge comprehend a large district west of Westminster and its liberties. Immediately on the north of this district is Hyde Park, having Kensington gardens and palace on the west, and the northwestern regions of the metropolis on the north—a part of which is Paddington, where so many of the business men of the city reside, having a like relation to London as Greenwich to New-York.

Westminster and its liberties embrace a large district, having Hyde Park, Knightsbridge, and Chelsea on the west; the Thames on the east and south, as far as Temple Bar, which is on the western border of the city of London; and Oxford-street, which corresponds with the north line of Hyde Park, on the north. Immediately on the northern bor-

der of St. James's Park is St. James's Palace, the royal residence; at the west end of this park is the new palace, formerly Buckingham House, now called Pimlico Palace, occupied by the royal family. It is one of the extravagant projects of George the Fourth, and will have cost the nation, when finished and furnished, about *one million sterling*. The front entrance and enclosure alone have cost £70,000, or 336,000 dollars. The Parliament Houses are on the bank of the Thames, less than a half mile distant and southeast of Pimlico and St. James's palaces. Immediately across the street, and by the side of the Parliament Houses, stands the ancient and venerable pile of Westminster Abbey. Milbank Penitentiary is up the river from this point about half a mile, near Vauxhall Bridge. Whitehall is directly on the Thames a little below the Parliament Houses. Opposite Whitehall on the same street are the treasury buildings, and Downing-street at right angles with Whitehall-street. Above the treasury buildings are the Horse Guards, so called from being a permanent station for that corps. At the head of Whitehall-street is the noted point of Charing Cross; and immediately above it lately opened Trafalgar Square, where is to be erected a splendid naval monument; and the new national gallery of the fine arts, now in building, is on the north side of the square, and in front of St. Martin's Church, called St. Martin's-in-the-fields, though far from being *in the fields* at present.

As Charing Cross is a notable place in the topography of London, and frequently seen in type, and not less often heard pronounced, it may be worthy to observe in passing—that *Charing* is supposed to have been the name of a village there, where Edward I. erected a cross in memory of his queen, Eleanor. Some suppose, and not without reason, that *Charing* is a corruption of *chere regne*, or *reine*, as there is no record of such a village—the version of which would be—*The cross of the dear queen*. The stranger, however, looks in vain for the cross, and wonders how the equestrian statue of Charles I. can answer to that name. The cross was demolished as an obnoxious relic of popery; and the statue itself, which had been put in its place, was sold, after the king was no more, to one John River, a brasier in Holborn, with orders to break it up; but he, speculating in politics, chose to keep it till a change of times; and there it stands again, and to this day, the first equestrian statue that was ever erected in Great Britain.

At Charing Cross begins the Strand, one of the greatest thoroughfares leading to the city, and extending to Temple Bar under that name, whence it takes successively the names of Fleet-street, Ludgate Hill, and Cheapside, to the bank and Royal Exchange. West of Charing Cross lies Pall Mall, a spacious and fine street, leading to the Palace

of St. James, on which, besides several magnificent club-houses and some unostentatious galleries for the exhibition of specimens of the fine arts, is the Italian Opera House, or King's Theatre.

St. James's Palace is at the foot of the street of the same name, and about midway of the northern border of St. James's Park. It is a mean building to look *upon*—but princely *within*.

"*The West End*" of London is an indefinite region, and, as I need not say, indicates the atmosphere of the court. It is commonly reckoned to begin at Temple Bar. Fifty years ago I suppose it did; but I think it has been gradually travelling westward. Still, however, the principal and most popular theatres, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Adelphi, are supposed to be comprehended in these limits. For the most part, at present, there is not much of the spirit of West End to be found on the east of Regent-street, except by the way of Pall Mall, Charing Cross, and Whitehall, on the route to Westminster Hall. But all who live between Regent-street and Hyde Park, and between St. James's Park on the south and Regent's Park on the north, doubtless imagine that they are breathing the purest air of nobility.

Regent's-street is a modern cut through London, from Carlton House, that was—now Duke of York's monument—to Oxford-street, on a line towards Regent's Park; and it is one of the finest streets of London, including the two circuses and the quadrant. Langham-street and Portland Place, which make the continuation of Regent's-street towards the park, exhibit their own quiet grandeur, and seem a sort of introduction to the splendid Park-crescent and Park-square, and to the still more magnificent lines and terraces, which encircle Regent's Park nearly to its northern extremity—where are to be found, in a most enchanting retreat, the Zoological Gardens. The Colosseum is on the east line of Regent's Park—a mountain of a building—where, besides many other things worth seeing, is exhibited a Panorama of London, the original sketches of which were taken minutely from the top of St. Paul's, in 1821, by Mr. Horner, while the cross was taken down and being replaced. The buildings on the borders of all the parks of London are generally in a style of great magnificence.

Regent's Park is quite on the northern border of the metropolis, and is a new creation—having been projected and built since 1814. It is the largest of the parks, having four hundred and fifty acres, which is fifty-five in excess of Hyde Park. It is in form circular, supported on the south, east, and west borders, by ranges of magnificent houses and terraces, many of which are fit for palaces, but opening on the north to a pure country scene, with a range of hills, em-

bracing Hampstead, which is from four hundred to five hundred feet above the level of the Thames.

This park is encircled by one of the finest drives in the vicinity of London, and may also be penetrated to a carriage-road circus of about half a mile in circumference in the heart of it. The gardens of this park are not yet opened to the public, on account of the tenderness of the shrubbery. With all its attractions it has not withdrawn the public in any perceptible degree from Hyde Park; although it is probably destined to become a favourite resort. There is a most enchanting water scene in Regent's Park, beyond any thing that has been created about the metropolis. "The parks are the lungs of London."

Having taken a glance of the court end of London, we will proceed by way of the river to the denser smoke and greater bustle of its business and commercial parts. Beginning at Battersea Bridge and Chelsea old church, some four or five miles up the river from St. Paul's, we descend on the tide, passing under Vauxhall Bridge, a light cast-iron structure of nine arches, each 78 feet in span and 29 in the height of the arch, making a length of bridge, including the piers, of 860 feet; completed in 1816; cost £150,000 (720,000 dollars). This bridge is about three quarters of a mile above Westminster Abbey. After passing Vauxhall Bridge, immediately on the left is Milbank Penitentiary, enclosing 18 acres within its walls; cost somewhat less than £500,000; is capable of accommodating 1,000 convicts, 500 of each sex; established in 1820, and is an experiment. Before arriving at Westminster Bridge, we leave Lambeth Palace on the right, the town residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is the chief hierarch of England; that is, in settling the precedence between him and the Archbishop of York, it was determined that the latter should be styled "Primate of England," and the former "Primate of *all* England."

Westminster Bridge is thrown across the Thames at the Parliament House and Abbey, is built of stone on 15 arches, in length 1,223 feet; was begun 1739 and completed 1750; cost £389,000 (\$1,867,200). It is a grand structure.

From Westminster to Waterloo Bridge by the river is about half a mile, passing Whitehall, Hungerford market, and the Adelphi buildings on the left; and Lambeth water-works and the shot-tower on the right. These are the most remarkable objects immediately on the banks of the river. The river also turns from a northerly course to the east in this distance. Waterloo Bridge, except the New London, I should rank as the grandest on the Thames; is built of granite; has nine arches; in length is 1,242 feet; was commenced in 1811, and opened June 18th, 1817, the anniver-

sary of the battle of Waterloo, in the presence of the Prince Regent and the Duke of Wellington.

In another half mile from Waterloo to Blackfriars' Bridge, we pass the quadrangle of buildings called *Somerset House*, once a palace, now appropriated as public offices, connected with the government, &c. The Temple Gardens and Inns of Court also present themselves on the same bank, and are the first buildings within the city of London going down. Blackfriars' Bridge is about a quarter of a mile east of the present west boundary of the city; is stone; was built between 1760 and 1768, at an expense of £152,840, or \$733,632. It is 995 feet long, and has nine arches. It is now undergoing very considerable repairs.

Southwark Bridge is a magnificent work of cast iron of three arches, built between 1814 and 1819. The middle arch is 240 feet in span, and the side arches each 210. The distance between the abutments is 708 feet. Many single castings weigh 10 tons each; and the whole weight of iron exceeds 5,308 tons. This bridge is directly opposite Guildhall, the centre of the city; cost £800,000, or 3,840,000 dollars.

The new London Bridge is the best on the Thames, and altogether the most magnificent. It was opened by the king with great pomp and ceremony in August, 1831, having been six years in building. It is composed of granite from Scotland, and rests upon five arches. The span of the centre arch is 152 feet, rise 32; span of the two arches next the centre 140 feet, rise 30; span of the extreme arches 130 feet, rise 25; length of bridge including the abutments 950 feet. This bridge stands at the foot of the London Monument, erected to commemorate the great fire of 1666, and nearly opposite the Royal Exchange, Bank of England, and Mansion House; cost £1,500,000. It is the separation between river and sea navigation, as no vessel of standing masts can go above it. Yet it is but a little below the centre of the metropolis, the lower parts of the river being left open for a harbour, which is constantly crowded with a forest of masts.

Of the six bridges we have noticed, those of Westminster, Blackfriars, and London, are not only on the lines of the greatest thoroughfares, but they are free of toll; and therefore naturally draw the greatest current of passengers. The average daily crossing of foot-passengers at Westminster and Blackfriars' Bridges was ascertained about 20 years ago to be 32,000 for the former and 48,000 for the latter, taking six weeks of summer and six of winter for the counting. In July, 1811, there passed over Blackfriars' Bridge in one day, 61,069 foot-passengers; 533 wagons; 1,502 carts and drays; 999 coaches; 500 gigs and taxed carts; and 822 horses. On the same day there crossed over London

Bridge 89,640 foot-passengers; 1,240 coaches; 485 gigs and taxed carts; 769 wagons; 2,924 carts and drays; and 764 horses. It has been stated, though somewhat loosely perhaps, that 125,000 persons in all daily pass over London Bridge at present.

The bridges over the Thames at London are doubtless among the most magnificent structures of the kind in the world.

In passing through the metropolis on the river *above* London Bridge, we find the shores lined with coal-barges, many deep, for a great portion of the way; and on the middle of the river, in every direction, are darting and playing the light, sharp-built, and rapid wherries of the watermen, with an occasional heavy-loaded barge floating on the tide. Small steamers are also running up and down the river. *Below* London Bridge are all the appearances, symptoms, and din of foreign commerce. There one plunges into the midst of shipping, and can hardly make way through it for miles, besides the liability in a wherry of being run down by the steamers that are dashing up and down the river, and occupying the narrow channel left open for a common highway.

The steeples and towers of London are less numerous than might be supposed. They cluster somewhat in the city indeed, but in other portions of the metropolis they are rarely seen. I have never been in a situation to count them, when the atmosphere was sufficiently clear to allow me to do it, nor have I ever seen the number of them published.

The highest estimate of churches and chapels of all denominations in the metropolis, which I have seen, is 459. The dissenting chapels are generally plain buildings, scarcely any of which have a tower or steeple. Not being permitted to ring a bell, they have no occasion for a place to put it in. Many of them, indeed, that were built in times of great religious intolerance, were purposely placed out of sight to escape unpleasant visitation from public authorities and the mob. In these days they are more bold, and show their fronts on the streets; but they are so modest, that a foreigner, not knowing the features by which they are distinguished, might pass by scores of them without observing their character.

The steeples of London are not particularly attractive. St. Bride's, Fleet-street, is one of Sir Christopher Wren's best. It was originally two hundred and thirty-four feet high; but was lowered a little after having been injured by lightning. Bow Church steeple, Cheapside, is more admired than that of St. Bride's. It is over two hundred feet high. The lantern of St. Dunstan's (new), Fleet-street, is satisfac-

tory of its kind. St. Clement Danes and St. Mary's, in the Strand, are fine models. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, at least because it stands alone, will be looked at. All Souls, Langham Place, is remarkable for its perfect conical form, coming to a point without a vane. St. Luke's, Chelsea, as a Gothic edifice, must be admired. St. Pancras, in the North of London, taking in the whole edifice, is certainly attractive as Grecian architecture. The Scotch National Church, Regent's Square, built for Mr. Irving, from which he was ejected by Presbytery, is worthy of particular notice. In addition to these some twenty or more of an ordinary class of towers and steeples are scattered over the metropolis, that would be worth looking at, if one had nothing else to do.

Westminster Abbey is a thing to be treated of by itself, and cannot be named but with great respect, as a piece of ancient and magnificent Gothic architecture.

But from whatever position in London, or its environs, the eye can overlook the town, there is St. Paul's, a mountainous pile, rising majestic above every thing around, which in itself might be great, overshadowing with its wings the mighty world beneath it, and seeming, with great dignity, composure, and self-possession, day after day, year after year, and age after age, as if conscious of its trust, to watch over and protect the numerous brood of towers and steeples by which it is surrounded. And yet, vast as are the dimensions of this building, and imposing as its aspects are, when seen and thought of by itself, standing in the heart of that great metropolis, it might be conveniently deposited, and leave much space besides, within the walls and under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome.

The levels of London above high-water mark are all considerably within 100 feet; for the most part within 50; and many parts even below the highest tide. All parts of London south of the Thames are very low.

The circle of hills on the north of London, about four miles from St. Paul's, is not far short of 440 feet high. Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead Heath, the highest point, is 443 feet above the Thames. The southern range of hills, in Surrey, from six to ten miles distant, is probably about 500 or 550 feet above the Thames. This last estimate I offer as a conjecture.

The great thoroughfares of London, or principal avenues, are as follows, assuming the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange as a central position. Westward from this point, Cheapside is a throat, through which every thing going east and west by the great centre of business passes. It is less than half a mile long. There is probably no other avenue in the city through which an equal number pass in the course of a day. At the end of Cheapside the current

divides into two principal streets, one leading in the line of Ludgate Hill, Fleet-street, and Strand, towards Charing Cross and Piccadilly; the other passes through Newgate-street and Holborn, to Oxford-street. The great thoroughfare from the bank to the north is the City-road, branching at the Angel Inn into the New-road towards Paddington, on the left; and on the right, through Islington to Birmingham, York, &c. On the east from the bank, the two great thoroughfares into the country are by Bishopsgate-street and Shoreditch, through Kingsland and Hackney; and by Whitechapel and Mile-end-road; both towards Cambridge and Essex. There is another great thoroughfare, the Commercial-road, branching off at Whitechapel, and leading to the West and East India Docks, as well as to other places on the river. The first five bridges over the Thames, including Westminster, lead directly from the northern regions of the metropolis to two central points, on the south side, viz., the Elephant and Castle and Bricklayers' Arms, both about a mile from the river, where every thing passing that way between London and the country meet. In crossing the river, the three bridges that are free of toll, Westminster, Blackfriars, and London, draw the great currents, which are in motion in these directions.

These are some of the principal avenues of the metropolis, through which immense tides of population are constantly rolling on foot and in vehicles of all descriptions. They have the same relation and discharge the same offices to the innumerable other channels of circulation, as the principal arteries to the smaller ones and to the veins of the human body. I had almost forgotten to mention, that the Thames itself is a grand thoroughfare of its own kind, bearing on its tides of ebb and flood more than could conveniently be counted.

The Tower of London is at the extreme and lower point of the city on the river. Immediately beyond it are St. Catharine's Docks, next the London Docks, then the New Dock. These docks are large artificial basins, inland from the river, crowded with shipping from all parts of the world. The two great West India Docks, one for lading and the other for unlading, are some two or three miles below. The East India Docks are still beyond, at Blackwall; the latter being about 10 miles from London Bridge by the channel of the river, and from three to four by land. There are also several spacious and important docks on the opposite side of the river. The shipping that lies in the river is mostly engaged in coasting and the channel trade; that engaged in foreign commerce more generally lades and unlades in the docks.

The bustle of the city and the heavy drudgery of those parts of the metropolis connected with the shipping, present

a very different scene from the holyday aspects of the court end of the town, from day to day, the year out and in. In the former is toil; in the latter is pleasure, where, for about half the year, from midwinter to midsummer, the most splendid equipages roll along in never-ending currents in the latter part of the day. The other half of the year the west end is deserted, while the city and the eastern parts of the metropolis present the same busy scene from the beginning to the end of the year.

A dead silence reigns throughout the west end in the early hours of morning, even when the town is most crowded. The fashionable world, who dissipate during the night, do not get in motion again before the public till the latter part of the day. They go to bed about the crowing of the cock.

SOME THINGS IN LONDON.

The Coffee and Dining rooms—The Swedenborgians—London Charity-Schools and their Singing in Churches—A Scene at St. Andrew's—The bad system of Hackney Coaches, &c.—Sin in the Law.

To go back a little, the first morning I awoke in London, and went below to order breakfast, I found myself in a room divided into stalls some six feet deep from the walls and four broad, with a narrow board for a table as a fixture in each, with wooden benches for the length thereof, and partitions rising as high as one's head while sitting, and above these corresponding scarlet stuff-curtains run on a brass wire, supported at the extremities by small brass posts about an inch in diameter—the whole apparatus constituting a line of recesses entirely round the room, into which any one, two, three, or four persons may retreat, and partake of a breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper, without any connexion with other persons in the apartment. This description, with little variation, may answer for most of the coffee and dining rooms of London, kept for the *ins* and *outs* of transient persons, who have occasion to visit them for the purpose of refreshment. Nobody is supposed to know his neighbour in an adjoining stall, or to have any thing to do with him. There may be two, fifty, or a hundred at the tables at the same time, all strangers to each other—some going out, while others are coming in—some in the middle, while others are in any supposable stage of their repast; servants being always ready to serve breakfast at any hour of the morning at the shortest notice; dinner at any hour, or between certain specific hours of the afternoon, such as may be notified; and tea and supper, as may be ordered;

the bills of fare for the most part, especially at coffee and dining rooms not connected with hotels, having the price of each item of the provisions for the time marked, so that any one may know the amount of his own bill while he is ordering it. There is no ceremony in these rooms. People come in and go out at their own convenience; sit and eat with their hats on or off; often, perhaps, in the majority of instances, with hats on.

In the better houses, indeed, stalls are wanting, and tables are set for individuals, or small parties, in a common room, where private apartments are not preferred. If travellers, lodging at inns and hotels, choose to order separate rooms for their meals and for sitting, they expect, as is reasonable, to pay for them. The common room is often called the commercial room, especially in country towns. At hotels a common table is sometimes set, where single individuals, not otherwise connected with parties, make a party for the time by consent, though strangers to each other. It is not pleasant, however, as one cannot know what company he will fall into.

I remember I was once asked by the head waiter in one of the principal hotels at Glasgow on the Sabbath, if I would dine at the common table. Supposing it would be less trouble for the servants, as indeed it would, I said yes. I found myself at table with some half dozen gentlemen of good manners, but more disposed to sit and drink wine after dinner than to go to church. For myself I asked to be excused, as soon as I could find a fit place. On leaving next morning I discovered in my bill an enormous item for wine the previous evening. I remonstrated; but the waiter said, it was customary to divide the bill for wine drank at a common table equally among those who had sat there. I said, "it was matter of conscience with me: I would not be supposed to be connected with company who drank so much wine on Sundays, or any other day. I had neither ordered nor drank it, and was no more concerned in it than a man in the moon. Why did you put me there?" The waiter felt the force of my reasoning, as a stranger to the custom, but no doubt had law on his side if I had been disposed to carry the matter to an extremity. A magistrate would undoubtedly have decided that he could not interfere in such a case, although he might have been sorry for my ignorance. The waiter said, "that whatever abatement he should make in my bill, as rendered, would be so much loss to himself, as a servant in the house, he being responsible for it, which would be a hard case." I therefore paid the bill.

I suppose a man might be an habitual visiter of the same coffee and dining rooms in London for months and years, and no one, not even the waiter, would be able to know his name, place of abode, or his business, if he were disposed

to conceal himself. Unless he were impertinent, or had learned by accident, he would of course be ignorant. Neither is there in Great Britain any apparent prying into a guest's history, or after his name, at inns and taverns. The most scrupulous delicacy is observed in this particular. I know not why it should happen in the United States, the moment a traveller arrives at an inn, before he can be assigned to his rooms, that the bar album is uniformly produced, and a pen put into his hand to record his *name* and *residence*! Certainly it is not a police regulation.

The following piece of pleasantry, if all of whom this demand is made were gifted with as ready wit, might serve as a pattern, and perchance answer a good purpose. It is an extract from a tavern album in the north of England, said to have been inserted at request by the second person named therein :—

“Two poets, one Wordsworth,
The other Sam Rogers,
Came here to-day,
They're both queer codgers.”

My first day in London was the Sabbath. I had my reasons for asking the waiter to direct my way to the Rev. Edward Irving's Church. This gentleman was not so notorious then, as since, for certain remarkable doings; at least, I was not at the moment aware how far he had advanced in that way. He had indeed acquired a sufficient notoriety before the world to induce me to wish to hear him. The waiter sent me to a small street, running out of Hatton Garden, where Mr. Irving began his career in London, but which, however, he had long before abandoned for the new and fine church, which had been built for him in Regent's Square, in a distant quarter of the town. I was not undeceived, till I had taken my seat in the chapel, to which I had been directed, and the service had commenced. Decency forbade my going out, although I was disappointed. It proved to be a Swedenborgian or New Jerusalem congregation, whose doctrine is not exactly the transcendentalism of Germany; etymologically it is not perhaps inaptly described, as being somewhat hyper-super-transcendental. It is a religion demanding more philosophy in order to be inducted into its mysteries, than ordinary minds can attain to.

Having passed a large church on my left in the ascent of Holborn Hill, in front of Hatton Garden, and doomed as a stranger for that day to take all things at hazard, it being one of the nearest, I turned my feet that way at the ringing of the bells in the afternoon. The congregation was small for so large a church. I have since had occasion to observe, that in London churches and chapels of all denominations

are usually left nearly vacant in the afternoon, it being the opportunity assigned to servants and the lower orders.

I was particularly struck with the appearance of some hundreds of boys and girls in the front galleries, planted as near the organ as they could be placed, plainly but neatly dressed; the girls being distinguished by caps, capes, and aprons of pure white; and the boys by garments of their own kind of equal uniformity. These children were trained to accompany the organ, and were in fact the choir for the occasion. These *cherub* voices, however, are not ordinarily *celestial*. But at the Foundling Hospital, Brunswick Square, and Christ Church, Newgate-street, they are drilled incessantly. At the Foundling they are assisted by a corps of professional performers; at Christ's Church, the singing boys and girls are selected from the very large schools belonging to the parish; and being accompanied by a powerful organ, are themselves a most powerful, and sometimes overwhelming choir of the kind. There is a perfect peculiarity in the music which they make: an immense and overpowering volume of infant voices melted into *one*, reminds us most impressively of the Scripture declaration—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise." The stranger in London, who can appreciate such performances, and whose feelings are susceptible of their appropriate and elevating influence, ought not to deny himself the pleasure of enjoying them; above all, if he happens to be in the British metropolis at the time of the great assemblage of the charity-school children at St. Paul's in June, when ten or twelve thousand voices of these sweet cherubs mingle together under that vast and lofty dome, supported and borne on high by the peals of the loud organ, drowning all discordancy, if any there be, as if heaven were opened, and the united anthems of its innumerable hosts had burst upon this nether world—let him not fail to be there.

I lingered in the church of St. Andrew—for that is its name—after the congregation had retired, and my attention was attracted to a bustle about the altar, which I now discovered to be the assembling of a number of poor people for the baptizing of their children. Many were going to and fro, and the church was quite a scene of confusion, loud talking, and a want of reverential demeanour being observable, as if it were in the street. This state of things continued during the ceremonies of baptism, no endeavours being made to repress these disorders. The administrator seemed not to observe them; or if so, not to regard them as out of character. I had never seen baptism performed before, but in the midst of the most solemn stillness and attention; and generally in my own country, in the presence of a full congregation. But here it seemed like a matter

of business, as if it were in a market-place, and all turned off as fast as possible. I must confess it was to me a novel, and by no means an edifying sight. But what added to the general confusion, and turned it into a complete riot, was the breaking out of an angry and boisterous dispute in the middle of the church, which appeared to me to be carried on between a beadle (for he wore the church livery, and held in his hand the symbol of his office), and the father of a child, which the father assumed had been beaten by the church officer: "You did strike him."—"I didn't."—"I say you did."—"I say I didn't." And this affirmation and denial were maintained in the most spirited style, and at the top of the lungs of the two parties, for a time, which, in such a place and in such circumstances, seemed very long, till finally they rushed in great fury, and with a continued clamour, past the altar to the vestry, shutting to the door, to settle the matter, as I supposed, before some higher authority, where the excited father seemed to be resolved to prefer his complaint. I speak simply of the facts, as they impressed me at the time.

On Monday, having breakfasted, I went into the street, and took a cab (*cabriolet*), a one-horse and two-wheel chaise, or gig, or calash, and ordered the man to drive me to the Exchange, for which he had the conscience to take one shilling and sixpence. He was entitled to eightpence. The system of the licensed public vehicles of London is worthy of a passing notice. They are a necessary convenience, and in that sense a necessary evil; for that they are an evil, in being most admirably contrived to injure the good temper of all who have to do with them, I think will not be contested. They are far more profitable to the government, than pleasant to those who have occasion to use them, the licenses of which for the metropolis bring in the no trifling annual revenue of £52,000; or about \$249,600. Besides supporting the wear and tear of the vehicles and horses, paying the drivers, and rendering a satisfactory profit to the owners of these establishments, the aggregate of the fares paid by the public for the use of these run-about town conveyances, must of course produce this revenue. It were curious to know the whole account: but I have not the requisite data.

The first evil to the public is, that the vehicles themselves are the most wretched and offensive imaginable, leaving out of view the omnibuses, the latter of which, indeed, are generally excellent, and of the kind as convenient and pleasant as could be. Of course, those who ride in omnibuses must expect to meet with omnibus company—*all sorts*. The other classes are almost exclusively hackney-coaches and *cabriolets*, vulgarly called *cabs*. The former, without exception, I believe, are the worn-out and cast-by carriages

of gentlemen, some of which, indeed, when first brought upon the stands, are decent to look at; and but for the disgust excited by imagining what creatures may possibly have been in them last, they would be decent to use. Generally, however, they have been in this particular service apparently for generations, and are kept running just so long as they do not fall down from the rottenness of age; and as much longer, as the addition of some other old wheel, or of any extra parts that have failed, drawn out from a hopeless wreck, can support them. The cabs cannot last long, because they are forced into a severer service, and are the Jehu-drivers of the town. They are a sort of vehicle constructed originally for this purpose, with low and strong wheels, a calash top, and an outside seat on the right for the driver, being licensed to carry two passengers within. Their rapid driving, however, soon defaces and cripples them, as they are liable to come in frequent contact with other street furniture, in consequence of the fury with which they are driven. The hackneys are slow, snail-like creepers, on account of the poor, pitiable, and often blind horses, by which they are drawn. A horse that is completely done for every other imaginable use, is brought to Smithfield, or to some other horse-market, and sold for hackney-coach service. A large portion of the cabs are drawn by the same miserable brutes, and most cruelly forced into the extraordinary momentum, under which they rush through the streets, by the goad and the whip. I have often got into a cab with a limited time to arrive at a certain place, requiring speed, having been assured by the driver that his horse was fleet, but every application of the whip failing to fulfil the promise, I have been obliged to discharge him at the next stand, and after obtaining a like solemn assurance from another of the class, have found myself worse off than before.

I once employed a hackney-coach to take myself and some friends from Fleet-street, by the nearest route, to the Zoological Gardens. We went round Regent's Park, called at the Colosseum, and returned by Regent-street, Pall Mall, and the Strand. The coachman had his prerogative by law to charge by the hour or by the distance; he chose the latter, and brought in a bill of *twelve shillings*. Knowing well that the demand was exorbitant, I told him, if he took *one* sixpence more than what was due to him, I would treat him with the utmost rigour of the law. He took *eight shillings*.

In London and the world over, for this and other matters of the kind, wherever imposition can be practised, the cheapest and most comfortable way is to make up one's mind always to pay a tax of 25 per cent. over and above all lawful demands, for the sake of preserving an unruffled temper. The watermen on the Thames are no less vicious, and in

many respects are even more accomplished in their tricks at imposition, as it is more easy for them to evade the laws enacted to control them. Scarcely a daily paper issues from the press, without a report of offences of these two classes, and yet not a thousandth part of them is brought under the cognizance of law.

The truth is, the laws themselves are in a great measure responsible for these offences. The imposts on licenses are so grievously ruinous, that decent men will not engage in the business; and they can no more afford to be honest, than to furnish good carriages and good horses. A cab with one horse is required to pay £5 a year for a license, and in addition to this £2 for every month, all in advance, or in all 139 dollars a year; and coaches with two horses, as I suppose, in proportion. This tax is paid by the owner of the vehicle. But the driver is not commonly the owner. He engages to pay his master so much per day, whether he finds employment or not; and if he is not employed, he is ruined. His temptation to exorbitancy, therefore, is great. The same is the case with watermen on the river. Both classes are poor, ignorant, and depraved. To increase the revenue the authorities multiply licenses; and this in turn aggravates the evil.

Livery stables are of another class, and horses and carriages hired from them are always good. But if for a ride of pleasure, and to take a little airing in the country, a man chooses to expend a guinea, half of it, more or less, is a tax to government; and this is the reason why pleasures of this kind are so dear. All pleasures and luxuries in England are taxed most enormously to answer the necessities of government. Forty-six millions sterling, or 220,800,000 dollars, must be raised annually, from one source and another, to pay the interest of the national debt, to support the Army and Navy, to defray expenses of the civil list, &c. &c.

CRIME AND POLICE OF LONDON.

London dining-hours—A night encounter of a suspicious personage on Waterloo Bridge—Another less grave—Crime in London—London Police—Thames Tunnel.

AMONG the gravest, most Christian people of London, the common time specified in cards of invitation to dinner is five o'clock. If there be a party, and punctuality be requested, the company may possibly be prepared to sit down at half past five; but an hour's grace is a more general allowance. It is making extraordinary despatch, if the hostess feels at liberty to retire with the ladies to the drawing-room in two hours after sitting down. It would be crowding business quite hard, if the gentlemen should be prepared at the end of another hour to obey the summons from the drawing-room to tea and coffee, and to mingle again in the society of the ladies. And if a guest have any reasons of conscience or convenience for getting home before morning, he may think himself well off if he can find a place to say "good night" by twelve o'clock, without seeming to break in by violence on the social enjoyments of the company to which he has the honour to be admitted. Not unlikely he will be obliged to whisper his apology to whom it is due, and slip away unperceived. For the most fashionable dinners, in the highest circles, company does not arrive till nine, ten, and eleven o'clock; and all the ceremonies of the occasion are expeditiously done, if they get home to sleep by the time when the sun rises on the world to light and to bless it. The stillest portion of the twenty-four hours at the west end is in the morning, when the world of fashion and of feasting have got snugly fixed in their nests, and when in the city the shops are opening, and the business parts of the population are moving to their various tasks.

His majesty, the King of Great Britain, and the Queen, are more exemplary. While I was being shown the Pavilion, which is the royal residence at Brighton, I asked my attendant, one of the chief of the household, as we were in the dining-room, "How many servants commonly wait here at dinner?"—"About three times the number of guests. First is the range of pages nearest the table; next, the footmen; and along by the sideboards is another set of waiters; each of these three classes of a nearly equal number."—"And what are the common hours of eating?"—"Their majesties breakfast at nine, lunch at two, and dine at seven in the evening." I did not make a minute of these answers,

and depend upon my memory ; but I believe they are right. "And how long do they sit at dinner?"—"Her majesty and the ladies generally retire soon after eight o'clock ; and the king with his company soon afterward joins the queen, and coffee is ordinarily served by nine o'clock, all in the course of two hours. After which, besides that the queen's band is in attendance during dinner, the evening is principally devoted to music, in the music saloon where you saw the organ," &c. I understood that the royal family generally dispersed before midnight. This was represented to me as the ordinary routine of the day, by which it appeared that the king and queen were regular in their habits, and not very late in retiring at night or in rising in the morning.

It was on a day of December, 1831, when I had lodgings in the Adelphi, Strand, that I accepted an invitation to dine with a small party in Stamford-street, on the opposite side of the river. Not being very fond of late hours, I succeeded in getting away, though I was the first to leave, a little before twelve o'clock. The nearest and most direct road to my lodgings was across Waterloo Bridge, the whole distance being a little more than half a mile. If any one is bound to make an apology for using his legs to get home from a party at such an hour, it may perhaps partly suffice to observe, that coaches do not stand just in that neighbourhood. At any rate, being able-bodied, and possessed of tolerable agility, I bolted into the street without sense of impropriety or fear of peril, and making the best of my way, soon found myself past the turnstile at the south end of the bridge. Even in the daytime, as is well known to Londoners, this bridge is little frequented ; in the evening less ; at the still and solemn hour of midnight, and near the shortest days of winter, scarcely at all. The stars were concealed by smoke and clouds ; the lamps of that vast metropolis, beaming faintly up towards heaven, made the darkness visible ; on the left, all along the shore towards Whitehall, the full glare of an occasional lamp down upon the glassy bosom of the Thames, threw up its sheet of scattered rays ; the arched and regular lines of light across Westminster Bridge presented a beautiful vision ; and down the river the lamps of Blackfriars' and Southwark bridges rivalled each other to give enchantment to the scene, in the midst of the twinklings which darted from the confused mêlé of lights from either shore. But the prettiest of all was the scene directly before me, created by the perspective of the two ranges of lamps on the sides of Waterloo Bridge, drawing nearer together as the vista extended and approached the Strand. This bridge is a dead level. I could see distinctly from one gate to the other, and not a human being was upon it. I passed the turnstile on the right, after giving the keeper his penny, and hearing the tick of the clockwork, which forces

him to be honest. This contrivance is admirable, as it enables an overseer at the end of a week, by his key, to open a secret chamber of machinery, and count the number of pennies which the keeper has received during that period—an ingenious check on his dishonest propensity, but somewhat of a libel on the character of the lower orders, as must be confessed.

As was natural, I kept the side to which I was thus introduced, and walked on at peace with myself, and I hope with Heaven, admiring the stillness with which I was immediately surrounded at that dead hour of night, in the midst of such a world of human beings. The distant rumbling of carriages, however, along the pavements of the streets, and that peculiar hum which accompanies it, when heard at a little distance, and occasioned by the street-talk and night-rioting of so great a city, admonished me that the world were not all asleep. But the twinkling lamps, everywhere to be seen, like the stars in an open sky, and the regular approaching lines immediately before me, were most attractive of all.

It may be observed, that over each end of the piers of this bridge, as of most of the others, the jutting out of the balustrade forms a recess, in which are seats for passengers to stop and rest, if they please; or to loiter for any purpose that may best suit themselves; and the balusters are sufficiently high to conceal persons seated there from those who are coming and going, till the moving passengers get directly opposite the recess, in which those at rest happen to have their place. Without suspecting, or imagining, that any person could find reason for being lodged in one of these recesses at such a time of night, I carelessly walked along, musing upon the strange vision that surrounded me, and was thoroughly absorbed in my own thoughts. As I came near the middle of the bridge, opposite one of the recesses above described, a man suddenly leaped out, planted himself before me, and in a plaintive, beseeching tone, implored my arm to help him home, as he was in great distress. Thoughts at such a moment are quick. That he should have kept himself invisible till that moment—that he could spring out from his ambush with an agility, indicating full vigour and the greatest sprightliness of body—and the evident affectation of his whole manner and voice, aping distress, without being able to demonstrate it—for nature in such a matter never deceives) all told the whole story, as quick as one thought can succeed another under such quickening occasions. I reasonably expected the next moment a more violent assault. I made as if I would pass—the fellow interrupted me. I felt a horror at the idea of a close brush, to which he himself seemed in no wise disinclined. For one unpleasant moment we stood face to face—to me unpleasant

—for by this time no doubt could remain of his design. To my ineffable satisfaction, however, he suddenly and unexpectedly withdrew, and allowed me to pass. As I left him behind, apprehending his advance upon me in rear, I turned my head over my shoulder, and saw the secret of my deliverance: two men had just entered upon the bridge, and were coming fast upon us. I know not why I did not stop to demand assistance to secure the arrest of the individual who had just interrupted me. I was indeed for the moment quite unmanned, and pushed directly to clear the bridge, which being accomplished, and finding myself safe in the Strand, and the street full of passengers, I must confess, that I felt the perspiration trickling down my whole frame, by the violent reaction of a sense of relief, after such a sense of danger.

Even if I had been sufficiently self-possessed to undertake by calling help to secure the fellow who had stopped me, and had I succeeded, still he had committed no assault; he had done me no harm; he had only implored my assistance in his pretended distress; and of course nothing criminal could have been proved against him.

Never before or since in London, during nearly four years' residence, did I meet with any thing of the kind to startle me. Such is the ubiquity and vigilance of the police, that there is no danger to be apprehended in passing through any of the principal streets at any hour of night, unless it be in one of those fogs, which not unfrequently in winter settle upon London, and render a walk in any street, without company, absolutely appalling. I have been lost on ground as familiar to me as the room which I occupy; and when half way between two lamps at the ordinary distance from each other, I could not know that either of them was lighted. Persons caught out at such times, if alone, are very much exposed to thieves and robbers, who are always on the alert to improve their opportunities.

I should not perhaps say, that I have never since been *startled* from a like cause. I lodged for many months at No. 9, Amelia-place, Brompton; and in passing to and from the city, was accustomed to turn the right angle at the north end of Brompton Crescent, where for a long time, and till within a few months, there was no lamp—I mean none immediately at the corner. On that account I never considered it exactly a safe place at a late hour. One can never know, till he arrives at the very point of the angle, who he may meet on turning it—and it is a very retired place. I had engaged a hackney-coach to call for me at six o'clock precisely one morning in the winter, to take me to the city for a stagecoach going into the country. Six o'clock came, but not the man. Being impatient, and afraid of losing my seat, I threw on my cloak, took my umbrella and carpet-bag

under my arms, and started off on foot, to rouse the hackney-coach at a stable just around the said angle of the Crescent. I met the lamplighter extinguishing his lamps in a cloudy morning, and before a beam of day had appeared, leaving all darkness behind himself and before me. "Why do you put out the lamps before daylight?" I said. "I am ordered to do it," was the sullen reply. It was to lighten the taxes, that I was left without light at an hour when it was most needed. Not a lamp was burning in the whole line of Brompton Crescent, or in the neighbourhood; and yet I was doomed by this accident to pass the very corner, which I had always dreaded, in total darkness, at an hour when honest folks were all asleep, except for some such reason as called me out. I could not see any thing two rods before me, while, in the stillness of the hour, my own steps might be heard for a quarter of a mile. I was bundled up in my cloak, with my bag under one arm and umbrella in another, and thus disabled, not only for flight, but for the least resistance, if assaulted. By this time the lamplighter—rather the lamp-extinguisher, was half a mile off, and all darkness between him and me, and before me. I approached the corner—and to my utter horror a man stood at the very point, facing me, and awaiting my approach! I could not retreat, for there was not twelve feet between us when the darkness first permitted me to see him. He stood on the kerb of the sideway, about six feet from the wall, and my course lay between the wall and him. There was no time to make an election, as I was altogether in his power. I affected not to regard him, and attempted to pass. He remained motionless, staring at me, as if he had a right to scrutinize and examine me from top to toe. A reflection from his glazed hat showed me that he was a *policeman*. "Well," said I, "it's very wrong to put out the lamps at this hour."—"Very wrong," said he. "But"—approaching and feeling after my bundle—"what have you got under your arm here?" At that moment the coach I was in pursuit of drove out of the yard about two rods before us, and the interview which took place between me and the coachman, and my getting into the coach, convinced the policeman that he had less reason to suspect me, than I had to fear him, when we first met.

As to the case on Waterloo Bridge, all to whom I mentioned the circumstances concurred with my own impression at the moment of the encounter, as to the assailant's purpose. The manner of the villain could not be mistaken. Had it been a case of real and urgent distress, as he affected, he would naturally have called for assistance from the place where he lay, and not have sprung like a lion on his prey, and planted himself at my feet, and danced around, and so circumvented me that I could not pass. I was walk-

ing leisurely with an undisturbed, and I may add, unsuspecting sense of security ; and though I might have been surprised at an unexpected appeal, by a plaint of distress, from one of those recesses, I do not think I should have been startled. Had I been doubtful, I should have crossed the bridge, and returned with a policeman. The only probable way, for a person in real distress, in such a situation to obtain assistance, was to remain, as was natural, in his recumbent or sitting posture.

It was on the whole a tempting place for an experiment of the kind. The passengers on that bridge in the dead of night are known to be few. A fellow with such designs might remain upon it all night waiting his opportunities, without being known to the gate-keepers to be there ; for one of them must necessarily be ignorant of his admission, and the other that he had not gone off. If the unsuspecting passenger, being assaulted, should raise a cry of alarm, assistance must necessarily be tardy, and the robber, having accomplished his object, would have nineteen chances, if not ninety-nine, to one of escape, by declaring himself to be the assaulted, and running off the bridge to rouse the police ; and being off, he would be out of reach, even though he might have stabbed and thrown his victim into the river ; all which might be done in a moment, if there was great inequality in the physical strength and preparation of the parties—a thing to be discovered, and a question first to be settled, by the assailant. Murder would undoubtedly be the safest plan, as the person robbed, if not otherwise injured in his person, would naturally be upon the robber's heels at the gate ; if only wounded or knocked down, he might be a witness on the spot to prevent the escape, or afterward to ensure conviction of the criminal. "Dead men tell no tales."

I know not that I shall have a fitter place than this, as the subject is now up, to attempt a brief development of the system of vice and crime in London.

"In consequence of the number of criminals and frequency of crime, which have been voluminously dwelt upon by various writers, the uninvestigating inhabitant, or the inconsiderate visiter of the metropolis, might be tempted to conclude that within its limits there was no safety for property or life. But although there certainly are numerous classes of persons, consisting of plunderers in every shape, from the midnight robber and murderer to the poor perpetrators of petty pillage,—from the cultivated swindler and sharper to the daring street pickpocket ; and although thousands of men and women, following the occupation of roguery and prostitution, daily rise scarcely knowing how they are to procure subsistence for the passing hour, yet, when the extent of the population, merchandise, and commerce is considered, it is matter of surprise that so little open and daring inroad is made upon our persons and property. There are thousands of persons in this metropolis

(which may be said, from the night and day work necessarily pursued in so trading a city, never to sleep), who have for years passed along the streets at all hours, without ever being robbed or seriously molested. Robbers lay wait for the timid and unwary, the dissolute and the drunken; they seldom intercept the man who is steadily pursuing his course, without intermingling with suspicious company, or passing along by-streets. At night, persons should always prefer the leading public streets; in them there are few lurking-holes; and besides, in case of attack, there are almost sure to be passengers who will render assistance when they hear calls for help. Much, of course, depends on a person's own resolution and discretion.

"Mr. Colquhoun very justly traces the origin of much of the crime that exists to the prevalence of public houses, bad education of apprentices, servants out of place, Jews, receivers of stolen goods, pawnbrokers, low gaming-houses, smuggling, *associations in prison*, and prostitution. Not fewer than 30,000 prostitutes are supposed by Mr. C. to live in London, and it is presumed that eight tenths of these die prematurely of disease and misery, having previously corrupted twice their own number of young girls and young men. According to details furnished by the Guardian Society, and noticed in the Commons' Police Report, 'out of three parishes consisting of 9,924 houses, and 50,050 inhabitants, there are 360 brothels, and 2,000 common prostitutes.'

"One of the chief encouragements of crime undoubtedly is the receiving of stolen property. In the metropolis Mr. C. believes there are upwards of 3,000 receivers of various kinds of stolen goods, and an equal proportion all over the country, who keep open shops for the purpose of purchasing at an under price, often for a mere trifle, every kind of property brought to them, and this without asking a single question. He further supposes that the property purloined and pilfered in and about the metropolis, may amount to 700,000*l.* in one year. There exists in the metropolis a class of dealers extremely numerous, who keep open shops for the purchase of rags, old iron, and other metals. These are divided into wholesale and retail dealers. The retail dealers are the immediate purchasers, in the first instance, from the pilferers or their agents, and as soon as they collect a sufficient quantity of iron, brass, or other metals, worthy the notice of a large dealer, they dispose of it for ready money. Others are employed in the collection of old rags, and other articles purloined in the country.

"Robbery and theft have, in many instances, been reduced to a regular system. Houses intended to be entered during the night are previously reconnoitred and examined for days preceding. If one or more of the servants are not already associated with the depredators, the most artful means are used to obtain their assistance, and when every previous arrangement is made, the mere operation of robbing a house becomes a matter of little difficulty. Night coaches promote, in many instances, the perpetration of burglaries and other felonies. Bribed by a high reward, the coachmen enter into the pay of nocturnal depredators, and wait in the neighbourhood until the robbery is completed, and then draw up at the moment the policemen are going their rounds, or off their stands, for the purpose of conveying the plunder to the house of the receiver, who is generally waiting for the issue of the enterprise.

"The sharpers, swindlers, and rogues of various descriptions have undergone something like a classification by different writers; and al-

though such an effort must be necessarily imperfect, partially to follow the example in this place may not be without its use. The following is a list of some of the species of cloaked marauders that beset the unwary in this great metropolis—they deceive few but the ignorant and unthinking; those, however, afford too rich a harvest.

“1. Sharpers who obtain licenses as pawnbrokers, and are uniformly receivers of stolen goods.

“2. Swindlers who obtain licenses to act as hawkers and pedlers, and establish fraudulent raffles, substitute plated goods for silver, sell and utter base coin, deal in smuggled goods, and receive stolen goods, with a view to dispose of them in the country.

“3. Swindlers who take out licenses as *auctioneers*. These open shops in different parts of the metropolis, with persons at the doors usually denominated *barkers*, to invite strangers to walk in to attend the *mock auctions*. In these places various articles of silver plate and household goods are offered for sale, made up slightly, and of little intrinsic value. Associates, called *puffers*, are in waiting to raise the article beyond its value, when on the first bidding of a stranger it is immediately knocked down to him, and, when it is too late, he discovers the snare he has fallen into. In addition to the price at which the article may be knocked down, they add certain sums for expenses, duty, &c.

“4. Swindlers who raise money by pretending to be discounters of bills and money-brokers. These chiefly prey upon young men of property, who have lost their money by gambling, or spent it in extravagant amusements.

“5. Jews who, under the pretence of purchasing old clothes and metals of various sorts, prowl about the houses of men of rank and fortune, holding out temptations to their servants to pilfer and steal small articles, which they purchase at a trifling portion of their value. It is calculated that 1,500 of these people have their daily rounds.

“6. Swindlers who associate together for the purpose of defrauding tradesmen of their goods. One assumes the character of a merchant, hires a genteel house, with a counting-house, and every appearance of business; one or two of his associates take upon them the appearance of clerks, while others occasionally wear a livery; and sometimes a carriage is set up, in which the ladies of the party visit the shops, in the style of persons of fashion, ordering goods to their apartments.

“7. Sharpers who take elegant lodgings, dress fashionably, and assume false names. These men pretend to be related to persons of real credit and fashion, produce letters familiarly written to prove intimacy, and when they have secured their good graces, purchase wearing apparel and other articles, and then disappear with the booty.

“Besides these descriptions of rogues ‘who live by their wits,’ there are villains who associate systematically together for the purpose of discovering and preying upon persons from the country, or any ignorant person who is supposed to have money, or who has visited London with the view of selling goods, who prowl about the streets where shopmen and boys are carrying parcels, and who attend inns at the time that coaches and wagons are loading and unloading. These have recourse to a variety of stratagems, according to the peculiar circumstances of the case, and in a multitude of instances succeed. Cheats, called *duffers*, go about the streets offering bargains, and attend public houses, inns, and fairs, pretending to sell smuggled goods of India and other

foreign manufacture. In offering their goods for sale, they discover, by long-exercised acuteness, the proper objects to practise upon, and seldom fail to deceive the unwary purchaser, and to pass off forged country bank-notes, or base coin, in the course of dealings of any extent.

"There are many female sharpers, who dress elegantly, personate women of fashion, attend masquerades, and instances have been known in which, by extraordinary effrontery, they have forced themselves into the circle of St. James's. One is said to have appeared in a style of peculiar elegance on the king's birthday in 1795, and to have pilfered, in conjunction with her husband, who was dressed as a clergyman, to the amount of 1,700*l.* without discovery or suspicion. Houses are kept where female cheats dress and undress for public places. Thirty or forty of these generally attend masquerades in different characters, where they realize a considerable booty.

"In addition to this detail of swindlers and cheats may be mentioned *gamblers*. The principal gambling-houses are situated in St. James-street, Pall Mall, Bury-street, the Quadrant, and their vicinity. Some of them are supported by subscriptions, such as Crockford's in St. James-street, and others are the property of ruined gamblers and pettifogging attorneys. The principal houses, or 'hells,' as they have been characteristically termed, are only open when the town is full. Play is there carried on every day from one o'clock in the afternoon throughout the night. The games most in vogue are rouge et noir, un deux cinque, roulette, and hazard, at which sums of all amounts, from one shilling upwards, are staked. Splendid suppers and choice wines are given at these establishments, and luxuries of every description are lavished in order to attract the inexperienced. The profits of a well-known hell, for one season, have been calculated at 150,000*l.* In one night a *million* of money is said to have changed hands at this place.

"As to the EXTENT OF CRIME, some few particulars may not be here out of place. Mr. Colquhoun estimates that, in the metropolis and its environs, there are 6,000 licensed ale-houses, constantly holding out seductive lures to the labouring classes. To *drum-drinking* he, and most writers on the subject who speak from experience, attribute the origin of much calamity and crime among the poor and indigent; indeed, it appears that the very scenes of idle and unprincipled dissipation often witness the commencement of dishonest practices, as the publicans of London stated to the House of Commons, on applying for relief on the subject, that they were robbed of pewter pots to the amount of 100,000*l.* annually.

"When it is recollected that the splendid 'gin-shops' rise in magnificence on the increasing depravity of the lower orders, we are compelled with sorrow to denounce that improvidence which expends in liquid poison a fund of sufficient magnitude to establish a temple of comfort and enjoyment for the working classes.

"According to the returns made to Parliament, we look in vain for the proofs of the decrease of crime. The number of committals to the jails of London and Middlesex, from 1811 to 1817, amounted to 13,415; and in an equal period from 1821 to 1827, to 19,883; being an increase of 48 per cent., although the population has not increased more than 19 per cent. The number of persons committed in 1828 amounted to 3,560. The entire number committed in 1832 was 3,739. The number of executions has greatly diminished since 1829,

only one twentieth of the whole number sentenced having suffered death."

Since Colquhoun was at the head of the police, to whom we are indebted for the substance of the information contained in this extract, some changes have taken place.

First, the number of prostitutes is supposed to have increased largely, and is commonly believed to range from 40,000 to 50,000. In 1831, the number was stated at "nearly 60,000," in "an appeal to the clergy, addressed more particularly to the bishops and dignitaries of the Church of England, on the state of religion, morals, and manners in the British Metropolis." It was stated by the same authority, that there was "at least an equal number of thieves, coiners, and pickpockets, living by the daily depredations they commit on the property of the people."

The number of licensed ale-houses and gin-shops, and consequently intemperance, together with the vices it generates, have increased immensely.

It would appear, however, from the official reports of criminal proceedings in the metropolis, that overt crime has diminished; which is attributed to the greater efficiency of the police establishment.

It is stated by the authority above named—"An Appeal," &c.—as "a well-known fact, that in the West End of the town, there are no less than forty gambling-houses of the *first* order, which have long been desecrated in the public journals, under the dark but appropriate appellation of '*hells*.' . . . The Sabbath is the high day of these establishments. (!) The sums won and lost in these resorts of fashionable dissipation have been stated at the annual amount of £7,000,000. . . . (!) There are no fewer than 8,000 lords and right honourable gentlemen and ladies, who regularly pay their visits to these abodes, where, upon an average, the sum of £7,000 is lost and won every night these houses are open for play. . . (!) That which strikes the mind of the beholder with the most appalling feelings, is the immense sums staked by females of distinction." (!)

This average of £7,000,000 a year and £7,000 a day, for the forty hells at the West End, is manifestly on a much smaller scale of gambling, than the £1,000,000 stated by Leigh, in the previous extracts, to have exchanged hands "in *one* night" at *one* house!

There is one mode of crime (indeed there are many) not adverted to in the previous specifications, viz., that of robbing banks. I will mention two instances:

First, the case of the Bank of Swansea, South Wales. This account I received second-hand, and in a way not pretending to minute accuracy. It is sufficient, however,

as I suppose, to illustrate the mode or system. It is a distinct calling of a privileged and high order of thieves—or has been so. I believe it is not so successful of late years. London is of course the hiding-place of the band, and the business requires the entire devotion of associated and various talent, as well as capital. When they have got well a-going, it may be supposed they have capital enough. One essential part of the art consists in the manufacture of false keys; and another in obtaining such facilities of doing business with the bank selected to be robbed, and showing such address in managing them, as to obtain exact patterns of all its modes of access to the vaults and chests of money without being suspected. Of course it must take time. The false keys are manufactured in London, and a constant and protracted intercourse must be kept up between headquarters and the point of assault. In the case of the Bank of Swansea, when all the preparations had been made, it was entered on Sabbath evening, when people were at church, robbed, and left otherwise as it was found, with every lock fast and uninjured. It was not discovered till Monday morning, and the thieves arrived and were secreted in London before they could be overtaken.

Besides a vast amount of available funds, they had carried away important papers, which could be of no use to anybody but the bank. For the restoration of these a regular negotiation was opened through an attorney, who, by appointment, met one of the gang in London; they dined together, *amicably* arranged the price to be paid by the bank; the attorney *advanced* the money, and took the *word* of the thief for the delivery of the papers at a time and place agreed on. The papers were restored accordingly; but the thieves were never apprehended. I understand that one or more of them, having been since convicted and brought to justice for other crimes, have confessed to that robbery.

The other case is the robbery of the Bank of Paisley at Glasgow, in 1811, by Mackcoull and his associates, which by similar means, and after occupying several months, was completely successful, and the robbers arrived safe in London with their booty. In 1820, Mackcoull had the astonishing boldness to prosecute the bank for the payment of some of the notes of which he himself had robbed it, and was detected, tried, and convicted. "The Life and Trial of James Mackcoull" was published at Edinburgh in 1822, as developing a remarkable series of daring and desperate adventures, exceeding any of the accounts in "Johnson's Lives of Highwaymen."

It is remarkable, I believe, that the most successful robberies of banks in the United States have been done by

pupils directly or mediately connected with the London school. When they cannot find enough to do there, or are circumvented, they come to America; and from their ignorance of the country, they are much sooner brought to justice here than in England.

In connexion with crime in London, the interesting system of the London police establishment may be considered worthy of a brief notice.

“The police of such a metropolis as that of London cannot fail to excite interest in the minds of inhabitants as well as of visitors; for next to the blessings which a nation may derive from an excellent constitution and system of general laws, are those advantages which result from a well-regulated and energetic police, conducted and enforced with purity, activity, vigilance, and discretion.

“The City of London, as already stated, is under the control of its own magistracy, consisting of the lord mayor and aldermen. There are two police-offices: one in the Mansion-house, where the lord mayor presides; and the other at Guildhall, where the aldermen sit in rotation. All cases which occur east of King-street are taken to the Mansion-house, and those west of King-street to Guildhall. Both offices usually commence business at 12 o'clock.

“The principal police officers under the lord mayor and aldermen, are two marshals, under whom are eight marshalmen, whose business it is to attend the lord mayor on all state occasions, to attend the courts of aldermen and common council, the Old Bailey sessions, and to superintend the management of the inferior officers of police. The city has also day and night patrol; and Smithfield patrol, who attend on market-days to keep order.

“Besides the general police of the city, similar to that of Westminster, each ward appoints beadles, constables, patrol, watchmen, and street-keepers, according to its size.

“The *Metropolitan Police*, established by Sir R. Peel, comprises all parts of the metropolis and its vicinity out of the jurisdiction of the city, and within twelve miles of Charing Cross. These are placed under the control of a board of police, consisting of three commissioners. This new police was commenced in several of the parishes in Westminster, Sept. 29, 1829, and gradually extended to the other districts. The old watch-rates were abolished, and a general police tax substituted instead of them. The metropolitan police district is formed into divisions, varying in size, but having the same number of men and officers. In each is a station or watch-house, from which point the duty is carried on. Every division is designated by a local name, and a letter of the alphabet. Each division is again divided into eight sections, and each section into eight beats, the limits of which are clearly defined.

“The police force consists of as many companies as there are divisions. Each company comprises one superintendent, four inspectors, sixteen sergeants, and 144 police constables. The company is divided into sixteen parties, each consisting of one sergeant and nine men. Four sergeants' parties, or one fourth of the company, form an inspector's party. The whole is under the command of the superintendent. Each man is marked on the collar of his coat with the letter of his

division, and a number corresponding with his name in the books of the office, so that he may at all times be recognised. The first sixteen numbers in each division denote the sergeants. All the policemen are dressed in blue uniform, and at night wear dark brown great-coats. Each man is furnished with a rattle, a staff, and a lantern.

"The policemen are on duty at all hours, but of course a greater number are employed at night than in the day. One part of the force continues on duty from the evening till midnight, and the other from midnight till morning. The day police is also relieved in the same manner. The night police is of great utility in cases of fire, as in the watch-house of each division is kept an account of the names of the turncocks, and of the places where engines are kept. Besides the parochial engines, many public bodies are provided with them; and the principal ensurance-offices have engines stationed in various districts, with active men and horses. Water is supplied immediately by means of fire-plugs.

"*Police-Offices.* For those parts of the metropolis out of the jurisdiction of the city, twenty-seven stipendiary magistrates are appointed. Three at Bow-street, under a jurisdiction long established, and twenty-four by a statute called the 'police act,' passed in 1792.

"These twenty-four have eight different offices assigned to them, at different distances in Westminster, Middlesex, and Surrey; namely, one in each of the following streets: Bow-street, Great Marlborough-street, Hatton Garden, Worship-street, Shoreditch, Lambeth-street, Whitechapel, High-street, Marylebone, Queen Square, Westminster, and Union-street, Southwark. Besides these, there is the Thames police-office, Wapping.

"The duty of the magistrates in these offices extends to several important judicial proceedings, which, in a variety of instances, they are empowered and required to hear and determine in a summary way; particularly in cases relating to the customs, excise, coaches, carts, pawnbrokers, persons unlawfully pawning the property of others, &c. Their duty also extends to the cases of persons charged with being disorderly, or brought for examination under charges of treason, murder, felony, fraud, and misdemeanors of every description. At each of these offices there are three magistrates; two of whom attend every day except Sunday, and one every evening; two clerks, an office-keeper, &c. Each office has from eight to twelve constables attached to it, who are termed 'police officers.' Their pay from government is only one guinea per week; and for the rest of their means of existence they depend on the profits arising out of the services of summonses, warrants, &c., and portions of *penalties*.

"The office for regulating disputes relating to hackney-coaches has been removed from Essex-street to Bow-street, a circumstance which appears to have rendered the administration of justice in that particular less easy and certain.

"The police magistrates are now almost invariably selected from among barristers, according to regulations established by Lord Sidmouth. They have each an annual salary of 600*l.*, and the resident magistrate has the house in which the office is held to live in.

"The *Bow-street* police-office is upon a more enlarged scale than the rest. It has three magistrates, with salaries of 800*l.* per annum; the chief magistrate having 500*l.* a year in addition, instead of fees. He has also 500*l.* per annum for superintending the horse-patrol. The

expense of this office, for a recent year, was 12,270*l.*, while that of the seven other offices, not including the Thames police, was 24,196*l.* The whole expense, horse-patrols, Thames police, &c., for the same year, amounted to 51,796*l.* Besides the usual number of constables, horse-patrols ride every evening and night on the principal roads, to the distance of ten or fifteen miles from town. They have small houses to reside in on their various beats, with tablets bearing the title 'Horse-Patrol Station' affixed to each. This body of men is well armed, and is under the direction of chief magistrates of this office. The chief magistrate of the Bow-street office communicates daily with the secretary of state for the home department, as do the magistrates of the other offices, when matters of deep interest affecting the public tranquillity require such communication. Besides this, all the offices make monthly returns of the informations received, and of persons committed and discharged, which return from each office is presented by one of its magistrates, that inquiries may be made if necessary.

"The *Thames Police* was established in 1798, for the purpose of repressing the numerous depredations on the Thames, which had then become notorious. Its importance will be admitted, when it is recollected that in this river are engaged upwards of 13,000 vessels, which annually discharge and receive more than three millions of packages. The superintendence of this department of the police extends from Vauxhall to Woolwich, embracing the quays, docks, wharves, &c., of both banks of the river, with the exception of the space from Tower stairs to the Temple, belonging to the jurisdiction of the city. There are three principal stations : at Somerset House, at Wapping, and at Blackwall ; and between these, three boats are constantly plying at night. The chief office at Wapping is open during the whole night."

It will be understood, that the *Metropolitan Police* is distinct from that of the city of London. The system has operated so well, that the city authorities seem inclined lately to abandon their own and adopt this. It has been shown, that besides being more efficient, it will be a great saving of money.

The next day after my encounter with the suspicious personage on Waterloo Bridge, I took in my head to visit the Thames Tunnel ; and being somewhat of a pedestrian, I went on foot and alone. For the benefit of those who may wish to see this subterranean, or rather submarine, work of human enterprise and art, and who have never plunged into the dark and crooked ways and filthy regions of that great city, let me advise them either to take a passage by the river, or inquire well the farthest way *round*, that may conduct them most pleasantly, or least disagreeably, to this far and out-of-the-way place. Like an American Indian, who lays his course through the forest in a direct line, and follows it up by the suggestions of instinct, having arrived at London Bridge, thus far and no farther acquainted, I began to inquire the shortest way to the "Thames Tunnel,"

and failed not to receive civil answers in the outset, while among the civilized portion of the metropolis. It was eleven o'clock; and the morning had showed symptoms of a London dark day of December. He who has never seen such a day in London itself, cannot understand it. If one happens to be sitting at his table, reading or writing, he perceives the shades coming on, not unlike those experienced in fainting, and he doubts, perhaps, whether it be nature without or within. They thicken, and come rolling on like waves; and now he cannot see to read. He rings his bell and calls for candles, and orders the servant to close the blinds, that he may have perfect night, rather than be half way between. In all the shops of the town, the gas-lights are set in full blaze. If it happens to be night, alas! for the wanderer. The stagecoaches come slowly into town by the aid of link-boys (*links are torches*), dancing along at the heads of the horses, in expectation of a sixpence from the coachman, if they have come miles enough to have earned it. One of these fogs came over London on the queen's birthday night, and it was not a little amusing to observe the throngs groping about the streets in *search* of the *illuminations*! and link-boys leading the way, brandishing their flambeaux, and crying out, "*Here is the illumination!*" and then bowing—"Remember the link-boy, sir."

The day I went to see the Thames Tunnel was one of these. The waves of darkness rolled over the metropolis. The Tunnel is a good long mile, as I should think, below London Bridge; and having been begun on the south side of the river, the way to approach the only entrance, most directly from the city, on foot, leads through the lowest, vilest regions of the Borough of Southwark—Bermondsey and Rotherhithe. I wandered on, dodging this way and that way, asking, and as often forgetting my direction. It grew darker, and the lanes I had to thread became narrower, filthier, and more intricate. I asked again. "You are going the wrong way, sir. Yonder"—second, or third, or fourth turning, to the right or left, as might be. Where lamps or lights of any kind were to be had, they began to light them up. The ragged and filthy creatures in the streets stared at me, seeming to say within themselves—"He does not belong here." Some of them followed me with observing look, till I had turned a corner, or was lost in the fog. Now and then I stumbled on a ruffian, fiendly-looking form; and he, as I thought, was sure to mark me. It was a region of barbarians, and I was bewildered and lost in the midst of them. When I thought it prudent to inquire, some made the distance great, and some little: some said, Go this way, and some that; and most of them concluded with, "It is very dark, sir." A decent human being, in whom one could repose confidence, was nowhere to be found.

In spite of all my philosophy, the remembrance of the enactment of Waterloo Bridge twelve hours before came stealing over me, conjuring up a thousand chances of another unpleasant rencounter, and exciting strange sensations. There was little choice between returning and going forward; whichever way I strolled, I was dependant on the advice of those beings in the midst of whom I found myself; and by reason of mistakes in gaining my ultimate point, I could not have walked less than two miles for one.

At last I arrived under darkness so considerable, that the keeper of the entrance was burning his lamp at mid-day to keep his books. "Are there any visitors here to-day?" I asked. "Two men have just gone down, and you will find a waiter at the extremity of the tunnel."—"Two *men*!" I had paid my entrance before I received this answer, and in any other circumstances I should not probably have regarded it. But I had been long enough in England to have learned, that English servants are very nice in distinguishing between "men" and "gentlemen," and that they rarely mistake or call one for the other. It was "*two men*!" It was evident enough that he was not likely to be crowded with company on such a dismal day. I must therefore take my chance with what was before me—"two men," whom I could not avoid encountering at some point.

Can any one wonder that I should think of the last night? Absolutely, from what I had passed through in a half hour previous, it seemed as if hosts of barbarians were planted between me and the civilized world; and who could know what these "*two men*" might be? Besides, what favourable hour and circumstance for a conspiracy! No one there knew me; I knew not them; no friend in the world knew I had gone there; and the day itself was as dark as the darkest thoughts.

Notwithstanding, having received my instructions, I began to descend the shaft round and round, descending and descending, having left the little light of a dark day behind, and meeting only in one place a faint and glimmering taper, just enough to make the darkness visible. After feeling and poking and stumbling along—down the stairs—I found myself at last at the bottom, which was sixty feet deep. The stairway leading down is a crude framework, and the region around was impenetrable darkness.

Arrived at that place, I ought to have been prepared for one of the most imposing and attractive visions which the art and labours of man ever created, especially in such circumstances. The moment I had landed upon the firm earth below, from the winding stairs, and cast my eye upon the perspective of that long and apparently interminable vista of subterranean masonry, finished and vaulted in the most perfect and beautiful curvilinear forms, and lighted up in the

whole distance by blazing lamps suspended from the side, and imparting the most enchanting effect to the eye, it seemed another world. I stopped a moment to think of the floods rolling above it, and of the ships floating upon their bosom; and here, underneath them all, and undisturbed, the one and each unconscious of their relations to the other—here is this peaceful, quiet, incomparable vision! all existing at the peril of all! I hesitated—looked—listened. And as I listened, I heard a whisper! a very whisper! Again a whisper! a frequent whisper! Horrible!

I stood at the moment in the midst of darkness at the bottom of the shaft, surrounded, enveloped with darkness! The assault of the previous night was play to this! Again a whisper! a tormenting whisper! It was earnest—impassioned! and it was near enough to lay a hand upon me! It seemed at my ear! but nothing visible but darkness. A freezing chill ran through all my veins. Backward I could not go, for I could not see the foot of the stairs, which I had left behind. I was buried from the world and from day; all seemed infernal. And as if the whisper were not enough, there was a whisper laugh! a burst! the very laugh of demons! I sprang forward to the beginning of the tunnel, and of the row of lamps, and stopped. Still the whisperings followed me, and the stifled laughter! but I now stood under the lamps; could look around me; but I heard no tread—I saw no form of man or demon.

In looking forward, however, I saw the forms of men in the farther extremity; and I hastened to join them, preferring their society and their protection, whatever it might be; and all the way the whispering and laughing voices, louder and more earnest, followed me.

As I had been certified, I found the “two *men*,” and the waiter sitting in a recess smoking his pipe. They were at the end of the finished part of the tunnel, under the middle of the river; the man with the pipe sitting at his ease, and answering such questions as we put to him. While engaged in colloquy with this interpreter of the mysteries, I cast now and then a furtive glance on my society, to satisfy myself whether I should prefer their company out, or again to encounter those demoniacal salutations alone. I chose the latter, for they proved to be “men” of savage looks; and turning carelessly on my heel, affecting the airs of indifference, I walked leisurely back for a little; then quickened my step, as I observed they did not accompany me; I hastened on, and found myself among the whispering voices again; rushed through the darkness to the foot of the stairs, and most luckily met them at the first touch. In another moment I was at the top.

When, however, I found myself safe in the regions of day, or where day ought to be, I paused to think of the scene

I had just witnessed, and of the perils, real or imaginary, which I had there encountered. I philosophized upon the whisperings and voices, and came to this very philosophical conclusion: That the tunnel in its condition at that time was a whispering-gallery, which has been proved to be a fact. Those "men" and the waiter at the further end were little aware of the startling and appalling effect which their talking and bursts of laughter produced on me, as the echoes rolled along, and floated past my ears, while I stood at the base of the shaft, enveloped in darkness.

I could not be aware of the impression made on my feelings, by the assault the night previous on Waterloo Bridge, till I came to this place. But having been the subject of that so recently; and now, after such a tedious, dark, loathsome, and exciting way of access, to find myself alone in those infernal regions, with just light enough to make the darkness visible; to see dark caves (in the second unfinished archway, parallel to the first) opening their yawning mouths, without reporting what might be there; to hear those voices and whisperings, coming from invisible talkers, and now and then a laugh, horrible and fiendly, as it seemed, all made strange by the strangeness of the circumstances—was not, I confess, particularly agreeable. The emblazoned vista of the tunnel was not a charm sufficient to charm away the effect of these horrible salutations.

Having got safely out, I threw myself into a wherry; and by the aid of oars and a rapid flood tide, shot through the midst of the shipping lying in the Thames, and soon found myself ashore at the London Bridge.

I have visited the Thames Tunnel once since in a clear day, and found the shaft light enough from without to observe all its parts. This shaft is 60 feet deep and 50 in diameter. When the river broke into the tunnel by accident, it filled in four and a half minutes within six feet of the top of the shaft, giving only that time for all the workmen to escape, who were caught under the bed of the Thames near its middle, 500 feet from the shore. Six of them were drowned, and two more have perished there by other accidents. The tunnel has already cost something less than £200,000. Government have lately pledged £250,000, as a loan for its completion, and the work is recommenced. It will probably cost nearly, or quite, £1,000,000.

This novel undertaking was projected by Mr. Brunel. It is intended to form a communication between Rotherhithe and Wapping, by means of a passage under the Thames, and will certainly, when completed, be one of the most extraordinary constructions of ancient or modern times.

The tunnel consists of two brick archways; and in order that there may be no obstruction to carriages, those going

from north to south will pass through one, and those from south to north through the other. These passages are paved or macadamized, with convenient sidewalks for foot-passengers. In the centre, between the two archways, and dividing the two roads, is to be a line of arches, spacious enough to admit of persons passing from one road to the other, and in each of these arches a gas-light. The approaches to the entrance of the tunnel are to be formed by circular descents of easy declivity, not exceeding four feet per hundred feet; one of small dimensions for pedestrians, and another larger for carriages. The descent is so gradual that there will be no necessity to lock the wheel of the heaviest-laden wagon. The first stone of the descent for pedestrians on the south side of the river near Rotherhithe Church, was laid March 2, 1825. That portion of the tunnel which is completed is open daily to visitors on payment of one shilling each.

Dimensions of the Tunnel.—Length 1,300 feet; width 35 feet; height 20 feet; clear width of each archway, including footpath, about 14 feet; thickness of earth beneath the crown of the tunnel and the bed of the river, about 15 feet.

In the neighbourhood is a curious specimen of Mr. Brunel's ingenuity, being the segment of an arch of 100 feet span, built without centring.

The feasibility of this project is demonstrated; and certainly it is a very *sublime* one for so *low* a place. Crowds of people will one day pass through it safely in carriages and on foot, with fleets of shipping floating over their heads!

NEWGATE.

A STRANGER in the city of London, who might happen to be passing up Skinner-street towards Cheapside, and arriving at the cross-ways, in one angle of which stands the Church of St. Sepulchre, near Smithfield, would probably be struck with the appearance of an extraordinary, rough, sombre, heavy, and apparently impregnable wall, which turns the farther corner on his right, running far down the street towards Ludgate Hill, and stretching a few scores of feet along the way himself is pursuing. It is lofty—it is without windows and without doors, except in one or two places, which have somewhat the aspect of an entrance to some stronghold.

Or if he happen to be going the same way at fifteen minutes past eight o'clock in the morning, looking down on his right, he will perhaps see two, or three, or half a dozen

human beings, hanging by the neck to a beam thrust out for the occasion from this wall; and many thousands of spectators literally crammed and piled into every inch of space, which might afford a view of these suffering victims, as they struggle with death for offences lighter, probably, than the conscious guilt of half the multitude who are looking on.

This wall is Newgate Prison; and the open space in front of it is commonly called the Old Bailey.

By the politeness of a friend, I was introduced to the governor of this prison, as an American gentleman, desiring the privilege of admission to inspect the internal forms and economy of the place.

"Sir, we have nothing to compare with your prisons in America," said the governor; "but, with great pleasure, we will show you what we have."

In a moment a keeper answered the bell-string, and was ordered to show us the prison—a pleasant and intelligent man to look upon, and apparently also of good feeling. He at least understood his duty, and was evidently at home in the place. We passed from the governor's office into the apartment next the street and leading to the prison, through which prisoners are committed, or make their exit for the gallows, or transportation, or being set at large. It happened at the time we passed (and there is probably no hour of the day when something of the kind is not doing there), that two policemen had brought in a fellow to be recognised, as having been there before, being accused of a fresh offence of some kind. It was decided that he had been there, but it was doubtful whether he came as a prisoner, or the friend of a prisoner.

"Give him the benefit of the doubt, then," said the keeper, who seemed to be appealed to as judge, "and let him go." All this seemed very reasonable, I thought, and humane, if the prisoner was merely suspected. I had afterward occasion to remark how much the fate of prisoners, committed for trial, depends on character. To have been there, or in any other prison before, is a bad mark.

We passed first into apartments tenanted by females, committed for trial under charge of various offences. The female prisoners, I understood, were most of them from among the bad women of the city. As we entered their rooms, passing from one to another, they were at their meals. They were evidently taken by surprise; they all rose; some of them courtesied, and remained standing while we were there. The countenances of some were good—even pleasant. There were old persons, middle-aged, and young. They did not seem particularly anxious not to be seen—and yet they were subdued and chastened in their manners, so much so as to excite a feeling of interest and of benevolent compassion.

I was distressed and wished I had not been there, when the keeper went on to say, in a loud voice and careless manner (I do not mean unfeeling, for he was very much of a gentleman), so as to be heard by all the prisoners as well as by us: "These women are here for such and such offences; committed for trial; you see how they live; they are allowed rations so and so; there are twenty in this room, ten in that, and so on; these are their mats, hanging up, and those their blankets which they take down and spread on this inclined plane (plank floor), bounded by this foot board, where they sleep; we have some seventy-five of them brought in since the last sessions; it is uncertain how many of them will be convicted and transported, perhaps *four fifths*;" &c. all in the hearing of these poor creatures.

Yes, I wished myself away. It was enough that they had sinned; enough that they knew their character ruined; enough that they had fallen into the hands of the law, and been incarcerated; enough that they were cut off from society and disgraced, compelled to think on the past and anticipate the future—without suffering this unnecessary infliction, if they had any feeling left, occasioned by our introduction and this conversation. And evidently they had feeling—they betrayed it. Not unlikely there was the suppressed sigh of penitence in some of those wounded spirits, connected with a thousand succeeding, never-ending, and painful regrets for past offences. What and how many relations of life had been made to bleed by their fall; and where whole families had fallen with them, so much the more pitiable. Those who were alone, without parents, or brother, or sister, or friends—what desolation! They all wore a form that is human, which we always respect, and above all in a condition of suffering. As offenders and when at large, virtue loathed their vileness, and was filled with disgust at the thought of their character; but here they were suffering for their offences, and our feelings towards them in such a condition were changed.

We left these apartments for those of female *convicts*, already doomed to transportation—of whom there were some dozens in this prison, waiting to be taken away. They were all dressed alike, plain, but decent and comfortable; they did not appear particularly unhappy; they knew their fate, and had probably resigned themselves to it. There also many of them had very good looks. Being at table, like the others, they all rose and waited in like manner, till we had passed through and returned; and similar conversations took place in hearing of these, as before narrated, much to my discomfort. It seemed to me that nothing should be said in the hearing of prisoners, but words of kindness, expressive of a sympathy for their con-

dition, calculated to afford them the consolations of religion, and induce amendment of life. I do not think it was unkindness, but mere want of consideration, and a wish to give information, that dictated these remarks; more truly, perhaps, a custom in witnessing the scene, and some knowledge of facts, which gave these women less credit for feeling, than the proprieties of their deportment before us seemed to demonstrate.

Especially were my feelings shocked, as we entered one of the smaller rooms, containing three women, one aged, one quite young, the other perhaps thirty-five, with one of the finest countenances, and apparently the most innocent that could be looked upon. She was a woman who, in good society, and of good character, must have been respected and loved by all, as one might believe. They rose as we entered, and kept standing. "These small rooms," said our conductor, "used to be occupied by women under sentence of death."

I ventured, though not without effort, to look upon the face of this fair-looking woman, as this cruel remark was made. Her eyes rolled up to heaven, her eyelids dropped to a complete close, exhibiting apparently the submission and meekness of a penitent soul, looking to heaven for her only consolation, and seeming to say, "Oh, is it possible that I am in such a place, and doomed to such trials!"

The effect of kindness, of a tender and sympathizing regard for such persons, is well illustrated by the following extract from Mrs. Frey's account of her offices in this very prison:—

"Our rules have certainly been occasionally broken, but very seldom. Order has been generally observed. I think I may say, we have full power among them; for one of them said, it was more terrible to be brought before me than before the judge, though we use nothing but kindness. I have never punished a woman during the whole time, or ever proposed a punishment to them; and yet I think it is impossible, in a well-regulated house, to have rules more strictly attended to, than they are as far as I order them."

"*Though we use nothing but kindness.*" Simple-hearted, admirable woman! An angel of mercy! Thou shouldst have said, *Because we use nothing but kindness.*

"Abashed the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely."

From these parts of the prison we went among the males. From the bad construction of this place, they are not able to introduce the modern and more perfect modes of prison discipline. Large classes of twenty or thirty are put into the same room—the only rule of classification being to put

the vilest with the vile, and the more decent with those of their own order. It is unnecessary to say, after all that has been revealed on this subject, how much even the best of them must administer to each other's increased corruption in such society.

We passed through many rooms and courts well stocked with prisoners, some convicted, and others waiting for trial.

In the dispensary, a very comfortable-looking place, a man was sitting on a form, apparently reading a penny magazine, or something of the kind, and who would attract any one's attention from the extraordinary dimensions of his body. He was nearly as thick as long; and made me think of Lambert, and I should suppose was equally worthy of being exhibited in show. He was well dressed and clean. He seemed resolved to hide his face from us by his paper, and yet was continually stealing glances of the visitors. I should have taken him for the apothecary, or some other servant. His eye was as unfortunately made as his body, and by no means pleasant to look upon. It was enough to frighten one. As we turned our backs and retired, I asked—"Who is that?"

"It is Mr. —, a printseller, from Bond-street, who has been committed for exposing obscene pictures in his shop window."

"Ay, I am glad you are looking to that matter in London. It promises well. But I think surely this fat man might have a companion of his own class from the Burlington Arcade, who may well deserve to be here."

"The committal is a novel case, and an experiment. It is uncertain what will be the issue of the trial."

We visited an apartment with fifteen tenants (males) under sentence of death. They were permitted to be in one room in the daytime, and were shut up three in a cell at night. They were most of them young men; some mere youth. "A boy in England," said a foreign traveller, "is independent at eight, and hanged at twelve,"—a severe libel, indeed, yet not without facts to have provoked its suggestion. Thousands and tens of thousands of children in London are born and educated in crime.

"What proportion of these fifteen men are likely to suffer?" I asked.

"Two or three of the most aggravated cases probably; the rest will be transported."

"And how long are those doomed to the scaffold permitted to live, after the recorder's report has decided the question?"

"About a week."

"A short time to prepare for death. They do not realize they are to die till the report is made, I suppose?"

"Rarely."

We passed next into an apartment containing a dozen juvenile delinquents, a sad spectacle, from eight to fifteen years of age! The youngest was one of two brothers in the same room, and said to be the most accomplished rogue of the whole class. We asked him what he and his brother were there for? He told the story, it being some little theft, exculpating themselves principally.

"Every word of that story is a lie," said our conductor. "Is it not?" appealing to the elder brother, "Yes, sir." Any one, methinks, of right views, must have been distressed at seeing these brothers brought into such a contradiction.

These young offenders, I believe, after conviction, are put into a house of correction, and afterward apprenticed out. An adult prisoner was occupied here as their school-master, who paraded and exhibited them for our inspection, with all the pride and importance of a genuine pedagogue. He seemed to think himself in an honourable place, and the boys, no doubt, were better provided for than ever before. "I want a pair of shoes," said one to the keeper. "And I too," said another. "I want a shirt, sir," said a third; while two or three others exhibited a tattered coat, or pair of trousers, in no better condition, with a like request.

"An English labourer is not so well provided for," says Mr. Bulwer, "as an English pauper; a pauper receives less for his comfort than a criminal committed for trial; a convicted criminal, who is not to be hung, is better off yet; a convict sentenced to transportation is better provided for than either: so that the English criminal code has set a bounty on crime, and placed the strongest temptation in the way of going from one degree of crime to another." I do not profess to quote Bulwer's language, but this is the sum. And although it is perhaps a slight exaggeration, yet it is substantially true in fact, and in its moral influence. The English poor cannot rise, however industrious; and ordinarily their depressions are so great, and their habits so servile, as to destroy that pride of character which aspires after independence. Hence so many covet the privileges of pauperism, and throw themselves upon the parish. A sturdy and lazy fellow will marry a widow pauper, because she has children, and the more the better. Her children are his fortune, as the parish provisions for the family are in proportion to the number of children. And as Bulwer says, to be a criminal, and the higher the grade of offence, short of being capital, the more permanent and independent the provision. "Save me from the gallows," is all they ask for. Few know the recklessness under which the English poor run into crime; and I know not how large a portion of them are tempted to do it for these reasons. In our country the industrious poor have always the blandishments of hope to

excite their ambition ; in England it is not so ; and the more comfortable condition, aside from the loss of character, which has too little influence, is to fall upon the parish, or upon the provisions of the criminal code.

While thousands appear to be starving in the streets, and are houseless, the prison is a good home ; and there they have always enough to eat and drink, and wherewithal to cover their nakedness.

They have a well-appointed chaplaincy at Newgate, and Bibles, prayer-books, religious books, and tracts in every room and every cell. The chapel is a decent place of public worship, which is regularly attended on the Sabbath, with occasional lectures and prayers in the week time. Directly in front of the pulpit is a pew large enough to seat about fifty under sentence of death, which is all painted black.

"Look here," said the conductor, "do you see these defacements and figures within this enclosure, executed by the hands of these criminals under sentence of death, while kneeling at prayers, as performed by the chaplain, making sport of their doom !"

The figure to which their taste most inclined them, was a gallows, with one, three, or half a dozen hanging upon it by the neck ! and all manner of inventions, especially those obscene ! as vile schoolboys often mark and deface the tables, benches, and ceilings of their place of education. Alas ! what melancholy proofs of our fallen nature ! Within the compass of five days after being thus occupied—nay, the next day, perhaps the next hour, these very men may hang by the neck in the street, not ten yards from this their own handiwork.

Newgate prison is the common jail for London and Middlesex. It dates from 1218—was rebuilt in the early part of the fifteenth century—became a ruin in the great fire of 1666—was soon reconstructed, but afterward pulled down and rebuilt in 1778 to 1780. In the riots of 1780 the interior was destroyed by fire—after which it received its present forms, strong enough indeed, but miserably contrived for salutary prison discipline. It will accommodate conveniently 350, but 900 have been incarcerated here.

Besides Newgate there are in London and its environs eleven other prisons, viz. :—Cold-bath-fields, or house of correction ; Tothill-fields Bridewell, Westminster ; Giltspur-street Compter ; New Debtor's ; Clerkenwell ; Fleet ; King's Bench ; Borough Compter ; Surrey county Jail ; New Bridewell ; and Millbank Penitentiary. Giltspur-street prison is used principally as a lodgment for vagrants and disorderly persons taken up in the night. The number thrown in there annually is upwards of 5,000. Besides the above-

named, there are several houses of correction, and sundry *lock-up* houses, as they are called.

As *pauperism* is the great and fruitful source of low vice and of crime in London, it may be interesting here to give the following comprehensive extract on this subject:—

“The number of persons relieved permanently in London on an average of the three years, 1816-18-19, was 36,034 : occasionally, being parishioners, 81,282 ; total relieved, 117,316 ; so that the number of persons relieved from the poor-rates appears to have been nearly twelve in each 100 of the resident population—while the number relieved in 1803 was nearly $7\frac{1}{2}$ in each 100 ; and that, while the population has increased about one sixth, the number of parishioners relieved has advanced from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $11\frac{3}{4}$ in each 100. The total of the money raised by the poor-rates was 679,284*l.*, being at the rate of 13*s.* 5*½d.* per head on the population, or 2*s.* 5*d.* in the pound, of the total amount of the sum of 5,603,057*l.*, as assessed to the property-tax in 1815. The amount raised by the same rates in 1813 was 471,938*l.*, being at the rate of 10*s.* 11*¼d.* per head. This, therefore, exhibits an increase of nearly *one half* in the amount of money raised to relieve paupers, and 2*s.* 6*½d.* on the rate per head on the population. This increase of pauperism has been marked by a decrease of FRIENDLY SOCIETIES. The number of persons belonging to such societies appeared to be, for the three years 1817-18-19, nearly five in the 100 of the resident population ; a decrease, when compared with the abstract of 1803, of nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ in each 100.

“To cure or alleviate the evil of MENDICITY and VAGRANCY, the House of Commons promoted inquiries by a committee ; and the report developed such a body of evidence, as to ascertain, beyond all possibility of doubt, the gross and monstrous frauds practised by mendicants in the capital, and in its immediate neighbourhood.

“The following facts were ascertained :—That considerable sums of money have been found in the pockets and secreted in the clothes of beggars, when brought before magistrates ; that beggars make great profits by changing their clothes two or three times a day, and receiving money which was intended for others ; and that a blind man with a dog has collected *thirty shillings* a day, and others from *three shillings* to *seven, eight*, and even more, per day. There are two houses in St. Giles’s which are frequented by considerably more than two hundred beggars. There they have their clubs, and when they meet they drink and feed well, read the papers, and talk politics ! Nobody dares to intrude into their clubs except he is a beggar, or introduced by one ; the singularity of the spectacle would otherwise draw numbers around them, which would hurt the trade. Their average daily collections amount to from three to five shillings, two shillings and sixpence of which, it is supposed, they each spend at night, besides sixpence for a bed. A negro beggar retired some time ago to the West Indies, with a *fortune* of 1,500*l.* Beggars have said they go through forty streets a day, and that it is a poor street that does not yield twopence ; and that it is a bad day that does not yield eight shillings and more. Beggars make great use of *children* in practising upon the feelings of the humane. Children are sent out with an order

not to return without a certain sum. One man will collect three, four, or five children from different parents, paying sixpence or ninepence for each during the day. Some children have been regularly let out by the day for two shillings and sixpence as the price of their hire; a child that is shockingly deformed is worth four shillings a day, and even more. Before the Commons' Committee an instance was stated of an old woman who keeps a night school for the purpose of 'instructing children in the *street language*.'

"Mr. Martin, a gentleman residing in Westminster, stated, as the result of his inquiries some years ago, the number of beggars about the metropolis to be 15,000. But the committee, from the evidence laid before them, conceived the number to be much larger.

"Beggars evade the vagrant act by carrying matches, and articles of little intrinsic value, for sale. There is no form of distress which they do not assume, in order to practise upon the humanity of strangers.

"In Mr. Martin's calculation, formed thirty years ago, there were, out of 15,000 beggars, 5,300 Irish, but Mr. Martin's estimate of the whole number is much under the facts of the present moment. Much pains were taken in 1815, by a remarkably humane gentleman, to ascertain the number of mendicants in *London only*, and the result was, that there were 6,876 adults, and 7,288 children, making the total of 14,164.

"Mr. Martin's estimates of their numbers, and of the sums annually extorted from the public by their importunities, follow:—

Parochial individuals, - - - -	9,297
Non-parochial, - - - -	5,991

Total (including 9,288 children) . . . 15,288

"The amount of sums gained by them was not estimated at a greater rate than what may be deemed absolutely necessary for the maintenance of such a body of people, although in beggary, and the succeeding low sums were accordingly fixed upon:—

For 6,000 grown persons, at 6d. a day each, lodging and clothes inclusive, - - - -	54,750l. 0 0
For 9,288 children, at 3d. per day, clothes inclusive, - - - -	42,376l. 10 0

Gross annual expense, - - - - 97,126l. 10 0."

A writer in the London Quarterly Review estimates that in Great Britain the paupers compose *one sixth part* of the whole population; in Holland and Belgium, one seventh; in Switzerland, one tenth; in France and German Confederacy, one twentieth; in Austria, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal, one twenty-fifth; in Prussia and Spain, one thirtieth. The number of paupers in all the poorhouses in the State of New-York on the 1st December, 1834, with a population of over 2,000,000, was only 6,457, including 1,977 in the Almshouse of New-York City. Public relief was, however, extended in other forms, to 26,331 persons, but in general to a very moderate extent. Of these, more than half resided in the City of New-York. There is probably

a greater proportion of paupers in the State of New-York than in any other state in the union, owing principally to its being a general rendezvous for foreigners.

THE TONGUES AND A MIRACLE.

IN December, 1832, while I sat attending on divine service in the church of the Rev. Mr. Blunt, Chelsea, and the clerk was reading one of the lessons of the day, I was startled by what seemed to me a sudden and violent transition of the reader's voice and manner from his previous unimpassioned tones, and not inappropriate elocution, into an elevated, loud, and astounding cry of alarm! In a moment the whole congregation were upon their feet, myself among the rest—all so quick that I did not observe the motion, nor could I have believed it, but that I saw them and felt myself to be standing. What could be in the man!—thought I. I looked at him, and his head was turned over his right shoulder, his face lifted towards the ceiling, and a continuous stream of the most startling and alarming exclamations seemed to be pouring from his lips, in a perfect and overwhelming torrent, in the sharpest explosions of the highest falsette, or scream, and with all the power, of which the vocal organs of man might be supposed capable. All eyes were directed to the same quarter with his. Is it fire? thought I. I could see nothing of that, nor did the alarm seem to be of that import. The congregation hustled, the screams of women and children burst upon the scene, and the louder calls of men here and there intermingled and seemed to be demanding no one knew what—the startling and alarming voice of the chief speaker still above and distinct from the rest, drowning the general confusion and uproar, sharper and louder still, more earnest and impetuous, and still more alarming. What could it be! I thought he seemed to see a vision—that he imagined the opening of the final judgment scene! And all this was merely the enactment of the moment, and still continuing. The uproar, and screams, and firmer call from the voices of men, increased. Women sunk down and fainted in different parts of the church, and some rushed out into the street. The eye of the reader was still fixed in the same direction, and all this while I had imagined the alarming voice was his. But in looking for what he seemed to see, I discovered a man, apparently perched on the seat, with extended and brandishing arms, on the reader's right in the gallery, his visible organs of speech hard at work, and thereby demon-

strating, that he was taking a conspicuous part, and was not unlikely the author of this uproarious scene. As soon as the affrighted gentlemen near him had recovered sufficiently to think what could or ought to be done, a few hands seized upon the noisy stentor, and began to perform the office of ejecting him from the church. But nothing daunted, he screamed and roared the louder, and threw his hands and arms, like a maddened and exasperated pugilist, in every direction, to sweep his circle clean; still pouring out his astounding cries. He was soon, however, in the hands of some men stouter than himself, who bore him along through the frightened crowd as fast as was convenient; but, by means of his own determination not to obey their motions, that was slow enough. He endangered all the heads and bonnets not a little that lay within the sweep of his arms, in his unwilling progress towards the door, and through the whole length of the church; still crying out with greater and almost expiring effort. A more frantic madman, I should imagine, hardly ever exhibited a more frantic spectacle. And when passing the end of the gallery, where I happened to be, his cry was—"Judgment! judgment! judgment!" continuously, with all his powers, till he was out of the church, and I heard him in the street.

He was a good-looking man, well dressed, and wore spectacles. When he was fairly ejected, the congregation began to try to be composed. Some sat down, many went out, and the ladies and children, leaning and hanging on their parents, husbands, or brothers, left the church in no inconsiderable numbers. Some were too weak to go, and water and resuscitating drugs were brought to revive them. As fast as they recovered they retired. The service was resumed, every one in fear of faintings and hysterics. And they were not long disappointed, before a genuine and startling hysteric cry burst from a woman in the gallery, and she kept it up, though not so loud as the madman, yet scarcely less to the discomposure of the congregation, till she was fairly clear of the church. The sympathies of the assembly by this time were so completely beyond control, that a person of weak nerves could hardly endure the state of apprehension that pervaded the common mass. The least symptom of fainting, and they were not unfrequent, became startling. In the middle of Mr. Blunt's sermon, another voice suddenly broke out from below. It proved, however, only another case of hysterics, and the woman was carried out. But the effect of it was frightful, when one looked upon the assembly, and saw so many faces whitened with fear. Not five minutes after, a young woman directly behind me fell into hysterics, and was carried out. And really, it seemed for the moment that the whole congregation, men and all, would go into hysterics. There were only three palpable

cases, however. But there were very many apparent attempts at it. In the confusion of the first scene, after the author of this mischief was out, and before the people were seated, I perceived a lady by my side, pale and trembling, whom I thought I ought to know. She seemed to have come to me for protection. But her countenance was so entirely discomposed, although I was well acquainted with her, I was obliged to think hard before I could recognise her. "This is quite frightful, indeed, madam," said I. But the poor thing could not answer. She nodded assent, and tried to smile, but with an ill grace. Next I perceived her brother stood by her side: and I said—"I am glad you have such good company."

And what was all this? Why, it was a very benevolent attempt to edify us with an example of the "*Tongues*!" He was a clergyman, too, of the Church of England. And the fellow had been so shrewd in his calculations, and knowing the lessons for the day, that he interrupted the reader in the midst of the 23d chapter of the Acts; so that when order was restored, and the service resumed, what should come first upon us but this: "If a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him, let us not fight against God." And thus this speaker of "unknown tongues" had his seal and "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ."

This poor deluded man was retained in custody, brought to examination on Monday, and being convicted under the statute against brawling in churches, was committed, as I understood, for want of bail.

The young man had been attending that morning on the enactments of the Rev. Edward Irving, and as would seem, had become infected. I afterward heard that he proved to be thoroughly deranged, and that the calamity had plunged a respectable family and their connexions into the deepest affliction.

A MIRACLE.

Akin to this is the following miracle, which I was admitted to witness, in 1834:—

I ought perhaps to say, it was signified to me that the parties concerned expressed a wish that no pains should be taken to give the matter publicity; by which I understood that they wished to avoid that kind of notice which would identify them in London with the Irvingites. The matter of course must have had a certain extent of notoriety, even there, as there were many witnesses of different classes, none of whom, I believe, were particularly enjoined to secrecy. It had already been extensively known, as a periodical event, although I never heard of it before. I trust I am not violating confidence in the record I here offer for so re-

mote publication, nor rendering disrespect to the kind friends by whose civilities I was introduced to the scene.

I hardly know what order of miracles this belongs to. The subject of it was a female about thirty years old. Some thirteen years ago, as is said, she received an injury which made her a helpless cripple for five years, the last three of which she was unable to move herself in bed. Her spine was irremediably injured, and one of her limbs thrown into such a condition of deformity, that her foot was brought and permanently lodged against her side under the shoulder. During the last year of this helplessness she had a dream, as is averred, accompanied with a supernatural vision and communication, by which she was certified, that if she should have faith to live through the following September, in the midst of extreme and excruciating suffering, she would be thoroughly restored on the 25th of March thereafter, precisely at six o'clock P. M. Of course, as she was last year alive, it will be understood that she was enabled to fulfil the condition. And accordingly, on the 25th of March, precisely at six o'clock P. M., she was perfectly restored, and was able immediately to walk about, &c. The witnesses of all the facts, and of many details which I need not trouble my readers with, it is said, are abundant and now living, professional men and others. Indeed, I was gravely told by those who were my informers, that one of the professional men, who spoke disrespectfully of the matter at the time, was visited in judgment, and has himself been a cripple ever since.

But the most remarkable part of the story is, that on the anniversary of that day of healing, for every succeeding year, precisely at the hour of six o'clock P. M., March 25th, this individual has swooned away, and appeared to be dead; but in a half an hour or so, exhibited the symptoms of one asleep, with eyes half open, occasionally talking like one in sleep, or in a trance; and has customarily continued in this condition of a perfect and thorough abstraction from sensible objects, conversing every now and then very religiously, and seeming to be a guest in heaven. It was averred that the medical profession had exhausted their skill and all their means in vain to rouse her; and that for eight years successively she had remained each anniversary twenty-four hours to a minute in this sort of trance, discoursing every few minutes with great propriety, and to the edification of all present. When the clock has made the last stroke of six on the 25th of March, P. M. she swoons, and revives as regularly and precisely at the end of twenty-four hours. She manifests symptoms of approaching stupor an hour or two beforehand, which grows upon her till the moment arrives, and she is gone; a few moments before the twenty-four hours have expired, she begins to show symptoms of

resuscitation, and at the exact time opens her eyes, and is well again.

While I was dining with a friend, he mentioned this extraordinary case, said he was going to see it, and invited me to accompany him. We went; but it happened we were in error as to the day, and instead of being there two hours before the resuscitation, it was two hours before the swooning. Unexpectedly and against our wishes (for we were not prepared to desire it) we were ushered into the room of the lady herself, and introduced. She was at the house of a respectable surgeon, whose wife was her friend, and in whose family my companion was intimate. She was well dressed, and I should not, on an ordinary occasion, have noticed any thing remarkable in her appearance. It was hinted to us privately that we might stay and witness the swooning, which was confidently expected to occur in two hours, but we chose to be excused, and retired, promising to call the next day. Neither of us had faith in the matter; and although we were willing, on account of the respectability of those concerned, to see the woman in her supposed and alleged trance, we had thought her feelings would naturally be averse to be introduced to strangers while *out* of it, and so near the expected event. She was not, however, embarrassed, although she appeared somewhat absent and wandering in mind, from the expressions of her countenance. Not a word was said in the short interview of the subject which most occupied our thoughts.

We called the following day in the afternoon, and to be sure, the woman was in her trance. She lay upon a bed, apparently asleep, attended by a sister, the surgeon's wife, her sister, and mother. They were taking notes of her communications, which were made regularly irregular, as in former years. We were informed that she had "gone off," as it was called, precisely at the time expected, and had exhibited the same symptoms throughout as before. She lay and breathed like one asleep; her eyes half closed, and winking incessantly; every muscle in her frame entirely relaxed, so that her hand, lifted and dropped, would fall like that of a person just expired; and she seemed totally insensible to every thing around. It was said and apparently believed, that no effort, not even violence, could rouse her; that in former years very severe, even cruel treatment had been tried by professional men, without producing any effect; that there was an entire cessation of the animal functions for the time being; and that the application of the severest blisters had utterly failed of their effect, till after the expiration of the twenty-four hours, so that humanity required that such experiments should not be repeated. It should be observed that in the efforts of making a commu-

nication, the muscles were obedient to her will, and her hands were employed as well as her vocal organs.

We had not been long in before she began to speak, in a soft and faint voice, it being her usual manner, her hands moving gently and slightly. It was something as follows:—

“Some are fearful as they approach the river (I imagined she meant the river of death); some go in with boldness; some are filled with consternation; but Christ is in the ship, and the believer is safe. This, perhaps, is the river of which Bunyan speaks. Some sink in the waves and are lost; multitudes are lost. But the believer gets safely to the ship. There is the doubting Christian; he fears, he trembles; but Christ is with him, and will take him in,” &c.

Her discourse ran upon Scripture, making very rational comments upon death, the judgment, eternity, and heaven. At one time she would seem to be in heaven, “a mortal among immortals,” as she expressed herself. She addressed herself to God and Christ, not unbecoming the common forms of praise and adoration used in prayer. I heard her say, “I see Moses and Aaron, and all the prophets; there is Paul, the persecutor; and there is Peter, who thrice denied his Lord,” &c. Once she said, “These are glorious, but thou, O Lord, art more glorious than all.” Most of the time she would seem to be enjoying visions of heaven, and spoke of it variously, but in simplicity, and without any appearance of ecstatic emotion. Every thing she said is suggested in the Bible and in common religious reading; but the allegorical strains of Bunyan rather prevailed. She had doubtless read the Bible and John Bunyan thoroughly. She was occupied in making her communications perhaps one fourth of the time—was slow and distinct, but used a uniform and low voice.

A medical man of considerable eminence in London, and of exemplary piety, was called in. He applied to the nostrils a pungent solution of ammonia, which produced a manifest effect, suffused the eyes, and occasioned some muscular spasms; but it was certainly well endured. The countenance exhibited some anxious expressions; but still there was no universal shrinking from it. He applied his watch, as I thought, to the ear, and when he withdrew it, rather suddenly, he allowed the seals, which perhaps had some sharp points, to drag rudely over the nose, which occasioned a sudden motion of the head, as if to avoid it. He raised her eyelid, and brought a lighted candle suddenly before it, and remarked that the pupil suffered a visible and instant contraction. He made no other experiments, and retired.

Thus passed the day, with perhaps a dozen calls, or more, of some respectable individuals, about half of whom were

Quakers. I and my friend were present, perhaps, in all two hours, at different times, being willing to satisfy ourselves what the thing might be. As the circle sympathizing with this young woman was very respectable, I feel bound to treat them with respect; and I have no doubt that they fully believe what is told, first, of her physical and incurable infirmities; next, of her miraculous cure; and consequently, believing that, they may easily believe that these periodical trances are unfeigned. I state the facts in substance as they came before me; at the same time, it is proper for me to say, that I think the business an exceedingly well-planned and well-sustained imposture. And in this view it is as affecting as it is interesting. It is a very singular enactment, such a one as rarely takes place in society. The subject is of an obscure family, and has been taken up and cherished by a number of respectable individuals and families who believe in her miraculous story. I had never heard of it before, nor does it seem to make any noise in the world.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Westminster Hall and Parliament Houses—Certain points of comparison between the British Parliament and the American Congress—Uses of the Purse and Mace—The Woolsack—Ministerial and Opposition sides—The Right Reverend Bench both right and wrong—The composition of the two Houses of Parliament—Parts of the day occupied in Session.

AND where is the place of the British Senate, in which Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Canning delivered their opinions? where Grey, Brougham, Peel, Stanley, O'Connell, and many others of note in debate, are now seen conspicuous? Where is that arena which has drawn to it the attention of the world, and on the decisions of which the fate of empires has depended? Surely, if the magnificence of its *physical* be equal to that of its *moral*, it must be something worth seeing.

Immediately on the north bank of the Thames (at this point it is the west bank, as the course of the river here is nearly north), a stone's throw above Westminster Bridge, and under the shade of Westminster Abbey, across Margaret-street—the latter being a continuation of Parliament and Whitehall streets—*was* situated an ancient pile, a proper *heap* of buildings, the first and most commanding of which, on the north, being the main body of the whole, is Westminster Hall, originally built by William Rufus in 1097-8, on the site of the Old Palace Yard, and repaired by Richard II. in 1397, making it substantially what it now is.

This Hall is one of the largest rooms in Europe, unsupported by pillars, being 270 feet by 74, and in height 90. The roof is Gothic, adorned with carved angels, supporting the arms of Richard II. or those of Edward the Confessor; as also is the stone moulding round the Hall. It has been the place of coronation fêtes—used last for this purpose on the coronation of George IV. At a Christmas festival held there by Richard II., it is recorded that the number of guests on each day amounted to 10,000, and that it employed 2,000 cooks.

Both Houses of Parliament and their adjunct apartments were burnt to the ground on the night of the 17th of October, 1834, and are now supplied by temporary structures. But it may not be amiss to notice them as they were.

The buildings immediately adjoining Westminster Hall, on the south, were the Old Palace, which constituted the several apartments devoted to the uses of the House of Lords, including that which was more properly the Senate Chamber, and which was called the "House of Lords," as being the place of their meeting and public debates. This chamber was parallel with the great hall. Adjoining the great hall, at right angles, on the east, and running towards the river, was the House of Commons, which was built by King Stephen, as a sacred edifice, and dedicated to his namesake Stephen, the first martyr—hence to this day called St. Stephen's Chapel. It was built of course in the twelfth century, rebuilt by Edward III. in the fourteenth century, who made it a collegiate church, causing to be installed over it a dean and twelve priests, and *desecrated* to its present use in the sixteenth century, by Edward VI. Both Houses of Parliament were small apartments, nearly equal in dimensions, and the farthest possible from having any show of magnificence. Nothing that I have seen has given me their length and breadth; but I should judge about sixty feet by thirty-five. The House of Lords was lofty, and lighted by semicircular windows along the upper margin of the ceiling, without galleries, except a small one built in 1832 in the end fronting the throne and woolsack, for reporters, and sufficient to accommodate about one hundred spectators. About as many more spectators might possibly crowd around the bar below; and the platform on which the throne was erected was usually occupied, in a crowded house, by the representatives of foreign courts and other privileged persons. On great occasions, such as the opening of parliament by the king, &c., temporary galleries were set up along the side walls to accommodate the families of peers and their friends. These galleries, and the seats of the peers below, were all covered with scarlet cloth.

The throne was built in 1820, and consisted of a canopy of crimson velvet, surmounted by an imperial crown, and

supported by two columns, richly gilt, which were adorned with spiral wreaths of oak-leaves and acorns. On the pedestals of the columns were tridents, olive-branches, and other emblems.

The walls of this apartment were hung with a richly-wrought tapestry, representing the hostile fleets of England and Spain, at the time of the destruction of the Armada. The heads of the naval heroes who commanded on the occasion, formed a border around the work. Hence Chatham's reference in that lofty strain of protest and indignant reprobation at the proposal in the House of Lords, to employ the native and barbarous tribes of North America in the contest with the colonies: "From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of the noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country," &c.

The floor of the House of Commons occupied by the members in debate was economically arranged with seats, or benches, covered with cushions, rising one above another from the little space left in the centre for the clerks' table and speaker's chair, where the house, when full, was as closely packed as possible. Indeed, I should not think it possible for all the members, 658, to have found seats, even by occupying the side galleries, which were appropriated to their use. The reporters and spectators were admitted only to the front gallery, except by special privilege, when there was room, "strangers," as all who are not members are called, were admitted by an order from the speaker behind the bar under the first gallery. The "bar" is a place of promiscuous and general rendezvous for members and strangers, where talking and confusion often arise, and occasion the call so frequently made in the house and by the speaker, "bar," "bar," which being interpreted, as I hardly need say, means, "order at the bar." I should not think it possible for either house, even by cramming, to admit more than 800 persons; and in such case, I apprehend, there was little comfort for those who might have been there.

On the west side of Westminster Hall, as part of the same pile, are the Courts of Chancery, Vice Chancery, Common Pleas, Exchequer, and King's Bench, which escaped the conflagration. These are entered from the hall—along the inside of the wall of which are seen over the door of each, the appropriate denomination of the court to which it opens. Indeed, the hall itself is a mere highway, in its common use, to the courts and to the houses of parliament—a lobby, the vestibule of the temple; and the porch is infinitely greater and more magnificent than was the temple itself, and might almost have received the other parts on its own floor, as so many pieces of furniture. A stranger is struck with the magnificence of this entrance, and has wondered at its appropriation to so vile a use, when he wandered in vain

through endless labyrinths to find something worthy of such a beginning; and behold all else was little and mean.

Imagine a mountain with a family of shapeless hills thrown around its base—or a magnificent catacomb connecting itself with a thousand meaner graves—all without form and void—and that is Westminster Hall, with its courts and Houses of Parliament, and committee-rooms, and confectionaries, and kitchens, and eating and smoking apartments, and the innumerable and devious channels of communication, &c. &c. as they existed before the fire—all thrown together in a heap, as if it were the only collection of indescribables ever put in juxtaposition without plan. And yet, place Westminster Hall by itself, divest it of its shapeless adjuncts, many of which are standing since the conflagration, and it would have been a magnificent edifice; but with ever so many things stuck on to it, in ever so many ways, for ever so many purposes, it was a vast pile of deformity.

“Strangers” may be admitted at any time to the gallery of the House of Commons, while the house is in session, by a fee of half a crown to the doorkeeper, or by an order from a member. The original rules of the house, I believe, suppose the legislature always to be sitting with closed doors. The privilege of admission is winked at. The custom of reporting the business of Parliament in newspapers is an open breach of privilege, and is an instance of the silent legislation of public opinion over the sleeping statutes of a community. Reporters, or their employers, the responsible utterers of these fraudulent acquisitions, are not called to account, except for some disrespect to the house, or its members, or for some wilful injustice. Both houses hold the power *in terrorem* of calling offenders of this kind directly to their bar, and of legislating and adjudicating on the case summarily at their discretion. They do not, however, often take occasion to employ it. The press is allowed to use great liberties, both with Parliament and individual members, without being noticed.

The editor of the Morning Post was brought to the bar of the House of Lords during the session of 1834, for a contempt done to its judicial character in the person of the Lord Chancellor, by misrepresentation of the doings of the court; and as the examination fully acquitted the house and its high officer before the public, the clemency of the court was extended to the editor by granting his discharge, after he had expressed his regret for the breach of privilege. The editor was supposed to be imposed upon by a secret communication with one of the peers, who had made an improper use of the records of the house, thereby impeaching the Lord Chancellor, or leading to his impeachment, in his high judicial functions. The article in the paper was

a tremendous assault, and for the moment created quite a sensation. It was an admirable opportunity for the Lord Chancellor (Brougham) to show his address in getting out of a difficulty, and to inflict a merited chastisement on his defamer. A *pro forma* record had been taken by the editor for a moral delinquency and a gross violation of official character.

Access to the House of Lords can be obtained only by an order from one of the peers, which, however, is always readily granted to the extent of the privilege of members, to respectable persons on a suitable application. While important debates are in progress, it is more difficult to obtain admittance, and requires an early attendance. Strangers are always required to leave the house on a division—reporters included. The reporters depend upon private interviews with members to get what is done in their absence on a division, if it be not improper to be communicated.

As in the legislative bodies of the United States, the upper house of the British Parliament is more dignified than the lower. In both Houses of Parliament, however, they are at liberty to sit with their hats on. I have never been in a senate or upper house of any one of the American states where this is practised. The Senate of the American Congress is altogether the most dignified body of the kind, whose deliberations I have ever attended; and the House of Representatives, in some respects, is the farthest in the other extreme. It is true, they are not so uproarious as the British House of Commons. There are obvious reasons for these distinguishing features in both.

In the lower House of the American Congress, the business is done before dinner; every member has his desk, his stationary, and ample room to work. There he sits with his hat on; reads his papers; writes all his letters, seals and despatches them;—in short, does all his business, as a correspondent and as a statesman, and redeems his time *out* of the house for society. The members walk about, assemble in groups, chat, and do any sort of business, in a manner as open and careless, as on a merchants' exchange in a commercial emporium—and that, too, while a member is making his speech, if it be not interesting and commanding enough to claim attention. The speaker's rap on the desk and his call for order are mere matters of ceremony, and all goes on as if he had no authority. As they have no way of putting down a speech-maker in the House of Representatives of the American Congress, if they do not like him; in other words, as he has as good a right to go through, whether heard or not, as a preacher has to finish his sermon without being interrupted, the grant of this privilege is purchased at the expense of allowing a corresponding right of inattention, if the members think they have any

thing better to do. The Senate of Congress have also their desks, stationary, &c.; but they are more respectful to each other. They take no liberties of associating in groups; there is no buzz of conversation during a debate; the members being few, two for each state, and when all are present cannot exceed forty-eight, and being for the most part men of a high order of talent, they seldom speak without attention.

The British House of Commons meet only for debate. Immemorial custom has decided, that he only shall occupy the time of the house who can command general respect. It is impossible to inflict a speech upon that body of any unreasonable length. They have ways of putting down which no man can resist. It is true this part of their duty has a somewhat undignified appearance, and occasionally runs into a complete riot. Take, for example, a part of a debate on motion of Mr. Wood, for the admission of dissenters to equal privileges in the universities:—

“Mr. G. W. Wood rose to reply. (*The laughing, jeering, shouting, and coughing, were such as we never before witnessed.*) The honourable gentleman said, it had been declared that the bill in its present stage was essentially different from what it was when he had the honour to introduce it into the house. (*At this moment two hon. members, ‘o’er the ills of life victorious,’ suddenly entered from the smoking-room into the opposition gallery, and stretching themselves at full length on the seats, secure from the observation of the speaker, commenced a row of the most discreditable character.*) This he denied. (*In the gallery—‘I say, can’t you crow?’—laughter and uproar.*) The provisions had not been altered—(*‘hear him, how he reads!’*) the enactments were in every respect unaltered. (*Loud cheering, followed by bursts of laughter.*) The question was—(*‘Read it—read it!’ and great uproar.*) the question (*just so—read it*)—the question (*great cheering, and laughter*) whether (*‘that’s the question’*)—whether the universities should be open to all, or be for ever under the control of mere—(*‘Where’s the man that crows?’—Laughter, and cries of ‘order!’ from the speaker.*) Public opinion (*‘O dear!’—and great uproar, during which the speaker, evidently excited, was loudly calling for order. The scene here was indescribable.*)”—*A London paper.*

This, indeed, is rather an extraordinary case; but it cannot be denied that it is a case in point, and a striking illustration. Besides the bad appearance and want of dignity in such noisy and riotous proceedings, injustice is often done to individuals.

It may even be, in some cases, an insuperable obstacle to the making of men, who, but for this most formidable ordeal, would rise and distinguish themselves in the state; but being modest and sensitive, they have not the moral courage to encounter and bear down such an onset. But with all its evils, it may be questionable, at least, whether it is not

preferable to that great waste of time, which speeches, made for newspapers and for constituents, cost a nation.

It will not be understood that the above specimen is a common mode of putting down a speaker. That was outrageous—barbarous. The usual methods are—general uneasiness; moving; coughing; going out; calling for the “question;” and if these hints are not sufficient, an increase of tumult, amid cries of “order,” &c., until the voice of the speaker is drowned, and he is obliged to stop. If there is a general disposition to put him down, he might as well speak against an ocean tempest.

Audible expressions, either of approbation or disapprobation, are rarely heard in American legislative assemblies during their debates. Public opinion is against it. They sometimes occur at popular meetings of a political character; but never at the gravest deliberations. In England they are heard at all meetings of a deliberative kind: in Parliament, at the hustings, at public dinners, and even at the anniversaries of benevolent and religious societies—everywhere, and on all occasions open for public discussion. Hear! hear! yes! yes! no! no! shame! shame! clapping; stamping; scraping; hissing, and antagonist cheering; groans; and all manner of modes to express satisfaction or dislike. It is the spontaneous expression of the feelings of the moment. The hearers take part with the speaker, and persons in a remote part of a large assembly will not unfrequently cry out, and give utterance to some short sentence, with which there may, or may not, be the manifestation of a general sympathy. When the speaker is universally and loudly cheered, he must pause till it dies away; if he is generally rebuked, he may be obliged to sit down.

All this is witnessed in Parliament, especially in the House of Commons. The House of Lords is a more grave assembly, and it seldom goes beyond monosyllabic expressions, and those not often in a general cry. But cheering and rebuking speakers in deliberative assemblies are the habit of the nation, and are as sure to occur as a man gets up to make a speech. Sometimes it is not very befitting. I once witnessed it when it was absolutely shocking. It was at a meeting of the friends of Sunday Schools at Exeter Hall, when a speaker very properly and eloquently ascribed the prosperity of the institution to the blessing of God, and took occasion to express a high degree of emotion, which he appeared to feel in unison with this idea, by quoting a passage of Scripture, big with the sublimest sentiments of devotion in a proper doxology—“Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but to thy name be all the glory!” and instantly the whole assembly burst into a loud shout of applause! and that, too, when it was evident the

speaker had not concluded. It was, I suppose, an involuntary echo of the sentiment expressed; but few, I think, would be prepared to say, it was very suitable.

In the House of Commons I have heard long-continued and most deafening cheers, when every voice appeared to join, with all its powers. In such cases of universal and powerful sympathy, uttered in such a manner, the effect is very thrilling and intoxicating. It is the voice of acclamation, "like the sound of many waters." I question whether there is another assembly in the world where this expression is given so powerfully as in the British House of Commons. And I hardly need say, after the example quoted above, from the scene enacted on that occasion, that they are no less accomplished in doing discordances, and administering most ungracious incivilities on each other, when they happen to be in the humour of it.

When the Lord Chancellor enters the House of Lords to open the sitting, he is preceded by the bearer of the seals and mace, who lays them down when his lordship has arrived at the woolsack, and the chaplain reads prayers. In the same manner the mace ("that bawble," as Cromwell called it, when he entered that chamber with his troops, and said, "Take away *that bawble*,") is borne before the Speaker of the Commons, and laid upon the table, as the signal for the chaplain to commence his duty. Like the two houses of the American Congress, the British Parliament, for the most part, contrive to dispense with the prayers, and come in afterward.

"The woolsack?"—is the moderator's seat. The Lord Chancellor is *ex officio* president of the House of Lords. His seat, I presume, was originally a *sack of wool*; and, for aught I know, it may be so now. An American may have some idea of it, by having his attention directed to a bag of cotton. It is not so large, but very like it; and is laid across the room in front of the throne, being covered with scarlet cloth, like the other furniture of the room. As moderator of the house the Lord Chancellor occupies this place; in his judicial capacity he sits in a chair. Among the many representations of Lord Chancellor Brougham exposed in the picture-shops, was a cheap one, exhibiting him in this chair, leaning forward, with his spectacles in one hand, and saying very characteristically to a counsellor, whose argument might often be cut short to the profit of all concerned, "Yes, I see, sir—I see—it comes to this."

By general consent in both houses, the ministers and their supporters occupy the side of the house on the right of the speaker, and the opposition on his left. Of course, when there is a change of government, by the ascendancy of the opposition to power, the two great parties change

sides—the party out, being by the change constituted the opposition, go over to the left of the speaker, and the party intrusted with the government, to the right. The ministers take the front seat, which for this reason is called the “Treasury Bench.”

“The Right Reverend Bench” does not change with the change of ministry; but always remains on the speaker’s right—over his shoulder, behind the treasury bench. Why it remains stationary there in the ups and downs of parties, I do not know—unless, being “ministers of peace,” they are supposed to be of no party. Until the Reform government was created, they had generally been ranked politically on the side of the ministry, and of course were in the *right*, in two senses at least: first, being on the speaker’s right; and next, in their own society. In a reformed Parliament, assuming that they think with the opposition on political questions, as they generally do—they are, notwithstanding, and however paradoxical it may seem, both on the *right* and *wrong* side, in the view of Reformers.

When a boy at school, I used often to recite that favourite speech of Chatham—with me a favourite—in which, pleading the cause of the North American colonists against the employment of the Indians in the war, he turns and says, “I appeal to that Right Reverend Bench—those holy ministers of our religion;” and I imagined they had some exalted place by themselves. When I first entered the House of Lords in session, I looked for “that Right Reverend Bench.” There could be no mistake; and yet it was not *exalted*, as I had imagined, but down upon the same level with all the rest. The white robes and sacerdotal lawn are an indubitable mark to the stranger of the place of the lords bishops. Other members, except the Lord Chancellor and the clerks, appear in their usual every-day and out-of-door garb, and sit with their hats on or off, as they please. With this exception in regard to hats, if it must be reckoned one, the dignity of the House of Lords, so far as I am a witness, or am otherwise acquainted, is well sustained. This cannot always be said of the House of Commons.

The composition, or elements of the two Houses of Parliament, are as follows:—

There are five classes of peers in Great Britain: 1. Peers of England; 2. Peers of Scotland; 3. Peers of Ireland; 4. Peers of the United Kingdom; and, 5. Peers of the Episcopal Bench. All Peers of England are entitled to seats in the House of Lords; so also those of the United Kingdom, though their locality be Irish or Scotch. Every peerage, it should be remarked, has a locality, though the possessor of the dignity may belong to another part of the empire. There is a sort of double peerage—that is, Peers of England sometimes hold an equal or superior rank in the peerages of Scotland

and Ireland. If superior, courtesy addresses them by the higher dignity, but they hold their seats in the House of Lords as Peers of England, or under title of the inferior rank. The peerages of Ireland and Scotland are entitled to a place in the House of Lords only by representation, which is limited—for Ireland to twenty-eight; for Scotland to sixteen. The representatives of the Irish peerages are chosen for life; those of the Scotch for the duration of the Parliament. The two archbishops and the twenty-four bishops of England are peers in right of certain ancient baronies which they are supposed to hold under the king. The Bishop of Sodor and Man has no seat in Parliament. One of the archbishops and three of the bishops of the Irish Protestant Church sit in the House of Lords in annual rotation. The rights of peers by creation do not descend to their posterity, unless so specified in the patent: this belongs only to the ancient peerages.

The composition of the House of Lords, at the beginning of 1834, stood thus:—

Princes of the blood royal (all dukes)	4
Other dukes	21
Marquesses	19
Earls	110
Viscounts	18
Barons	180
Peers of Scotland	16
Peers of Ireland	28
English Bishops	26
Irish Bishops	4
Total,	426

The number of lay lords may be increased by creation at the will of the king.

The number of the House of Commons is the same under the Reform Act as before, viz. 658; but the constituency has been very essentially extended. Before the passage of the Reform Bill, this branch of the legislature was constituted as follows:—

For 40 Counties in England	80 knights
25 Cities	50 citizens
167 Boroughs	334 burgesses
5 do. one each	5 do.
2 Universities, Oxford and Cambridge	4 do.
8 Cinque Ports	16 barons
12 Counties in Wales	12 knights
12 Boroughs in Wales	12 burgesses
12 Counties in Scotland	30 knights

12 Boroughs in do.	15 burgesses
32 Counties in Ireland	64 knights
12 Boroughs in do.	36 burgesses

Total,	658
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The House of Commons, under the Reform Act, is constituted as follows :—

English County Members	143
Universities	4
Cities and Boroughs	324
Welch County Members	15
Welch Cities and Boroughs	14
Scotch County Members	30
Scotch Cities and Boroughs	23
Irish County Members	64
Irish University of Dublin	2
Irish Cities and Boroughs	39

Total,	658
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Of the House of Commons, as it stood at the beginning of 1834, the members were of the following classes :—

Holding Commissions in the Army	64
“ do. in the Navy	19
Lawyers	71
Persons in Trade	82
Literary Men	6
Of no Profession	416

Total,	658
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The radical change in the principles of the elective franchise, and the consequent extension of the constituency to comprehend the middle classes of the community, and leaving them free to choose whom they will from whatever rank in society, brought into the reformed House of Commons, to a great extent, very different elements from those which composed it under the old regime. It is more democratic. Notwithstanding, however, such is the influence of the aristocracy of the country, that 186 of the members of the House of Commons in 1834, that is, in the last Parliament, were immediately connected with the peers. The component parts of the House of Commons are liable to frequent change from death, promotion, and the various fluctuations of society with which they are connected; and the places vacated are filled by new elections.

The House of Lords opens as a court of appeals in the

morning, at such hour as the Lord Chancellor appoints, and the business is done principally by him. Five o'clock in the afternoon is the usual hour of assembling for legislative business, and they adjourn at such time of night as may be convenient. When interesting and important debates occur, they are apt to sit late—sometimes till morning.

The House of Commons used formerly to meet at four P. M., and be prepared for business and for the admission of strangers at five; but in 1833 they established a new regulation, to meet and do the lighter business of the house from twelve to three; to assemble again at five, and adjourn as might be convenient. They more frequently sit late than the House of Lords—the average hour of adjournment is perhaps not far from twelve o'clock; often at *one* and *two*; sometimes they debate all night. There are eating and coffee rooms connected with the house in adjoining apartments, to which members and strangers can retire at any time for refreshments; and as appears by the extract from a London paper, page 137, there is a *smoking-room* too. It may seem to a stranger in the gallery of the House of Commons, when debate is dull, and no important vote immediately pending, that the members are nearly all absent; but the moment a clever speaker is up, or a vote of importance is about to be called for, a rush is made from the various adjacent apartments, and in five minutes the house is full.

THE MONARCHY AND ARISTOCRACY.

The principal and contröling elements of English society—A European Monarchist and an American Republican—British Law above the King—History of the British Monarchy—Its social influence in connexion with the Court—Courts corrupt—They corrupt Society—Expense of the British Monarchy—List of the Royal Family—The Aristocracy.

I AM satisfied, that the state of society in Great Britain cannot be understood by foreigners, without the process of analysis and composition. It is very obvious that the monarchy stands first in the list of the principal elements. I was going to say, that every Briton is a monarchist; but I remember, that a Scotchman once told me in London, with a very significant and positive air, "Sir, we are republicans in Scotland." I suppose, however, that he meant to say, The reformers of Scotland are republicans; alias, radicals. If we might judge from the developments of a dinner given to Lord Durham at Glasgow, in 1834, they would seem to be a confirmation of the latter proposition, if not of the former; and many think there is no great distance between

them. Certainly, British radicals are generally believed by their opponents to be republicans; and since Lord Durham has taken rank among them, they have lost some five sixths or nine tenths of their want of respectability; and he, at least, is an undoubted lover of monarchy. A little more leaven of this kind will give to that party no mean importance; and if the Conservatives do not conduct themselves very prudently, some man like Lord Durham, or his lordship himself, will not unlikely, ere long, be at the head of the government, and Daniel O'Connell among them for the pacification of Ireland.

As a general truth, Britons are stanch monarchists, and are likely to remain so for an indefinite period, if having a chief magistrate under the name of king entitles them to that appellation, and so long as the royal prerogatives are under such popular control, and can be kept in such check, as the present state of the British constitution admits. The King of Great Britain has not at this moment so much power as the President of the United States.

There are, however, features and prerogatives of the British monarchy of a truly regal character, important to be considered, as an element of society, and without a knowledge of which we cannot understand the state of society in Great Britain.

Next in importance to the monarchy, or as a collateral and co-ordinate element, is the aristocracy. They are both indispensable to each other; they are both primary and capital; they are the oldest, highest, and yet the most influential elements of the British constitution, notwithstanding their power has been recently abridged; they are at the foundation and at the top; they are the great and principal timbers of the fabric; they constitute the imposing features of its architecture; they are the rich and splendid furniture of the house; they are, in a word, those parts, without which British society would no longer be British.

The hierarchy and the church, as established by the state, are as old as the monarchy—yes, older; as venerable as the aristocracy, and, I had almost said, the parent and protector of both. But the reformation from Popery reduced that mighty and colossal spiritual power, which had been accustomed to set its foot on the necks of kings—which forced all earthly princes to do it reverence, and to acknowledge their dependance. But still the Church of England, in her hierarchy, if not the protectress of the monarchy, is its spouse—is wedded to the throne. She gives counsel in the ear of majesty; she superintends the entire pupillage of the princes and princesses of the blood, and has the formation of their character; she has her chaplains in every noble family; her bishops are lords, and *ex officio* legislators; her clergy are magistrates; she has control of the universities;

she imposes numerous practical and important civil disabilities on all dissentients from her creed; and withal, she is endowed with great wealth. English society could never be understood, leaving out of view this spiritual and influential element.

The Commons of Great Britain, nominally the third estate of the realm, their modes of organization and their power in connexion with the people, their recent ascendancy and prospective influence, are interesting and important to be considered.

The religion of Great Britain—of the established Church of England and Ireland; of the Kirk of Scotland; of the dissenting sects in south and north Britain; of the Roman Church; and of their separate action and combined influence on the popular mind;—all these are matters of great practical importance in the constitution of British society. And next in importance to religion is education in the formation of national character.

The unequal division of property, with its causes and influence; the vast amount of poverty and wretchedness, and the causes of them; the commercial spirit and trading character of Great Britain; her political importance and national pride; her wealth, apparent and real; her social influence in the world; customs and manners at court, among the nobility and gentry, among the common people, and many other things that might be named—all have to do in the constitution of society.

A subject of any other of the monarchies of Europe, on visiting England, and examining the machinery of society as it exists there, in that part of his inquiries which respects government, has only to compare the monarchy he has left behind with the one he is now looking at, or the latter with such as he may happen to be acquainted with, and to estimate the difference. He will not unlikely be amazed that a monarchy can be so mild, and the subjects of it enjoy so much liberty, as in England. There he will find the utmost liberty of speech and of the press; security of person and property against the encroachments of arbitrary power; a right to do what a man pleases, if he does not violate the rights of his neighbour, as fixed and defined by law for common good. No one is afraid of the king—not even the poorest. If he has done wrong, he may be afraid of the law; if he has a good conscience, he knows the law stands between him and the king, and will be his protection.

For example: In 1708, a Russian ambassador, then resident at the court of Queen Anne, was arrested in a street of London, and taken out of his coach into custody of the Sheriff of Middlesex, for the sum of £50, which he owed to a tradesman. The czar demanded of the queen, as an

atonement for this insult to his ambassador, that the sheriff and all concerned in this arrest should be put to instant death. To which the queen replied—"That she could inflict no punishment on the meanest of her subjects, unless warranted by the law of the land." It was owing to this incident that an act of parliament was passed to exempt foreign ministers and their servants from arrests, a copy of which, elegantly engrossed and illuminated, was sent to Moscow by the hand of an extraordinary ambassador, as the only satisfaction that could be rendered. A century and a quarter from that time has only increased the influence and protection of law in Great Britain.

But, while the stranger from the continent is surprised at the liberty and privileges enjoyed by the subjects of the British monarchy, the American wonders that Britons should be contented with any monarchy at all. These two individuals approach the same subject from different quarters, and with views and feelings totally different. The European sees the faults got rid of, while the American looks at those which remain. The former wonders how so much of the natural sternness and severity of monarchy could be melted down into such comparative mildness; while the latter imagines, that behind the external symbols and pomp of royalty there lurks some awful power, that may, peradventure, do mischief. At least the American "*calculates*" that these things are unnecessary; especially, that the annual cost of £1,428,571, or 6,857,140 dollars, which was the average amount of the civil list from the beginning of the reign of George III. to the end of that of George IV., a period of seventy years, is "*pretty considerable*" in comparison of the 25,000 dollars, or £5,200, which is annually the cost of supporting the President of the United States; and other expenses of the two nations in like proportion. If it is indeed true, that the American republican magnifies the undesirable attributes of the British monarchy, and thinks he sees some that have no existence; it is equally true that the European advocate of monarchy is blind to many of the evils even of the government of Great Britain, and makes too little account of those he actually discerns.

The British monarchy was founded by William the Conqueror, in 1066. The other two estates of peers and commons were afterward formed, and successively confirmed in their influence, by the resistance of the nobles and people to the power of the monarch, and by their united claims for concession. The stamp which William the Conqueror gave to society in Great Britain, as the effect of that monarchical influence which he established—and which in him, and in some of his successors, was the power of an absolute despot—remains to this hour in certain of its essential forms and prerogatives. The monarchy has indeed received vari-

ous modifications in the shapes of limitation and constitutional restraint; the king himself has been made the subject of constitutional law; but the original features of monarchy, bating a despotic and absolute sway, are as distinct and visible as is the artificial tracery on any of the relics of antiquity to be found in those isles. With Britons, for the most part, this is no objection—but rather the object of their complacency.

“It was the excessive power of the king,” says De Lolme, “that made England free”—a singular doctrine, but no less true. And he gives his reason—“because it was this very excess that gave rise to the spirit of union, and of concerted resistance.” It may be added—It was this very excess which made the United States of North America free and independent—independent of that very monarchy, the praises of which De Lolme had sung before this event occurred. It appears that England could inflict such injustice on her American colonies, notwithstanding that her constitution was so corrected and so guarded against the encroachments and use of arbitrary power. In England the march of freedom, of which De Lolme speaks, had gone no farther than to effect a union between the nobility and the people for the purpose of checking and limiting the powers of the monarch at home; and De Lolme imagined he found—more properly *affected** to have found—the consummation of liberty and of all desirable privileges in the British Constitution, as established and confirmed in the three estates of the realm, king, lords, and commons, in their reciprocal action and popular bearings.

After what has recently been done—and as is thought with good reason—to amend the British Constitution, I need not undertake to expose its defects. I have in view only to notice the influence of the British monarchy as a chief and elementary power on British society; and this is immense.

First, by its constitutional bearings. What is a body without a head? It is like the British Constitution lopped of the monarchy. As the head of the body is above all, sees for all, and guides all, so the British monarchy rests on the shoulders of the body politic, and by its vested authority gives counsel and executes law for the whole frame of society. It is the represented majesty of the nation; it is a co-ordinate in the office of legislation, with the additional power of the Veto; and it holds all law in its hand. Under constitutional limitations, however, its authority is vested

* *Affected* to have found. De Lolme wrote his “Constitution of England” to secure patronage in high quarters, and his praise is excessive and unqualified. He wrote to *support* a theory, and not to *deduce* one. With a knowledge of these facts, and with this abatement, he is worthy of as much praise for his discriminating, thorough, and philosophic observations on the British Constitution, as he has bestowed on that instrument.

and responsible, not independent or absolute. The doctrine that the king can do no wrong is a fiction; practically, however, except in the choice of his advisers, the responsibility of government rests on them, and not on him.

The court is at the head of society, itself a society of prescriptive rights and exclusive privileges, enjoying munificent provisions at the public expense, and devoting itself to an uninterrupted round of pleasure corresponding with those vast expenditures, which are appropriated for the maintenance of royalty. It is a splendid pageant, always in a glitter within its own circle, making occasional public demonstrations merely for stage effect on the popular mind.

The chief influence of the court is, that it is the pattern of manners, and naturally the fountain of morals. The reverence for monarchy, which has so long obtained in Great Britain; the intimate connexions of all parts of the empire with the metropolis; the ascendancy of the court over the latter; the wealth and independence of a numerous nobility, and other privileged classes, planted in every part of the United Kingdom, and exerting a supremacy of influence in their respective spheres, which comprehend all and every thing; the nobility themselves, in various ways and by many ties connected with the court and bound to the throne; all looking with the greatest respect to what is allowed to be the highest region of society in the empire, and forming their manners by the models which are there set up, it cannot be otherwise than that the court and its circles should be a pattern for all. London is the centre of the British empire, domestic and foreign; in society the court is the centre of London; and all that is imitable there in manners and customs is most assiduously and obsequiously copied among all ranks. In some things the manners of the court may be very good; in others they are certainly inconvenient; in many things extravagant, not simply in regard to expense, but propriety; they are often unnatural, and alike unfriendly to health and morals; many are ridiculous;—but there is no resisting their influence.

I will give an example of the inconvenient and the ridiculous, that becomes so in common society. Fêtes or entertainments at the table are necessarily so frequent at court and among the higher ranks, and dinners so extravagant and ceremonious, that in process of time—I know not when—the *déjeuné à la fourchette*, alias a breakfast with meat, alias an apology for a dinner, came into fashion to save the trouble of a regular dinner. When lo! through all ranks of English society public breakfasts are, perhaps, the most common social entertainments! With the nobility and gentry, who have no demands of business to occupy them, it is a convenience, and much better, no doubt, than to have what is called a dinner. It is with them in fact a dinner, though at

an earlier hour of the day ; but with common people it is not ; it is taken at the hour of breakfast, and is a breakfast. It has always seemed to me an inconvenient and ridiculous aping of a custom in the higher ranks. The custom, however, is established, and appears to be liked. The copy and the original are so unlike, that people who never inquire into such things probably have no idea of their relation to each other.

Manners and customs, in which people pride themselves, *descend* ; and if they are bad, vice goes with them, begetting an innumerable offspring. With the English the authority of example in such matters is Gospel. "High life below stairs" is an English proverb, at least in form ; and it may be taken as a figure to illustrate the history of English manners in all the grades of descent from the court down through the various ranks of the nobility, the gentry, and commonalty, to those who are actually "below stairs" in the houses of tradesmen. Every one is studious, not to say conscientious (for sensibility on this subject is almost as tender and quick as conscience), in avoiding the peculiarities of those who are below him ; and there is no interruption in the scale of this connexion and influence from the menials of the lower menials to the menials of him who occupies the throne.

In many particulars the manners of high life in England are exemplary and worthy of imitation. In the higher circles of English society, when it happens to be pure—and it is pleasant to know that this is extensively the case—there is nothing on earth more pure. The order of a well-regulated English family in the higher ranks, where wealth has afforded every opportunity of intellectual and moral culture, and where religion presides over the scene, and purifies the atmosphere, presents one of the finest spectacles of the social state which this world can furnish. The refinements of civilization in England, take them all in all as the civilization of Christianity, have undoubtedly afforded finer specimens of human society, and on a larger scale, than any other nation ancient or modern.

But the peculiar temptations to which the sons of the noble and the wealthy are exposed, by some grand defects in society which as yet have found no remedy, and the corrupt manners of the metropolis, and of a pleasure-hunting and venal court, too often bring a dark cloud over the prospects of families, and of extensive circles of connexions, which otherwise gave promise of social happiness, that might indeed seem enviable for an earthly state. But notwithstanding these disadvantages, and the consequent subtractions from the greatest beauty and happiness of society, civilization in England, under the benign influences of Christianity, has been gradually urging its advances, till all that is most desirable on earth would seem to be brought within

reach of the hand of man, and the cup of the highest earthly felicity raised to his lips only to be dashed from the grasp of fruition for want of that pure state of public morals, which is indispensable to such an attainment in general society.

The courts of kings have ever been corrupt, and they are still corrupt. The manners and morals of courts are fatal to domestic happiness, and consequently to the happiness of society. How can it be otherwise, so long as they are provisioned by the state only to pursue a perpetual round of pleasure? George IV. of England claimed to be the first gentleman, and earned the credit of the greatest libertine, in Europe. And notwithstanding his supposed accomplishments in the first of these characters, it has been said and is believed, that the allied sovereigns and their suites, while on a visit to England after the overthrow of Napoleon, made themselves sport with the manners of the King of England; and that the wags of their train called him a clown. The natural sons of William IV. have been raised to the dignities of the peerage, and have officiated in high stations of the royal household! And one of them, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, accompanied the Queen of England to Germany in the summer of 1834, as the chief and immediate attendant on her person! I was in one of the boats that accompanied the queen to the mouth of the river Thames, and saw him in the discharge of these duties during the day. What must be the state of morals at a court, that would not blush at this! What the sense of morals with a government, that would so exalt and dignify these individuals, and make them so conspicuous before the public! What the sense of morals in a community, that would not raise one loud and long note of remonstrance, till it should be heard and make an impression to answer its design! Indeed, it is not unlike the proclamation of a bounty on crime! Such, undoubtedly, is its influence. The public reception of these doings shows, that what originates in a court and is tolerated there, though it be a scandal, is too apt to be tolerated in general society.

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But grown too oft familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

But if vice be offered to a people by the example of the highest authority in the community, with a premium to boot, alas! it is not the only evil, immense and incalculable as it is in such a matter, that the design of society to present motives to virtue is reversed; but vice, in its nakedness and under its own proper name, is placed in the ascendant—is enthroned, while virtue lies dishonoured, maimed, and bleeding under its feet! In such a case vice is not “a monster;”

it has no "frightful mien;" it will not be "hated at the sight;" but it is decked with charms; it is legalized; it is recommended by authority, and by that authority to which all men look for example! There is a high family now before the British community, and a married daughter of that family, envied of her sex for her charms, as report proclaims, has been deserted by her husband, who has taken in her place the widow of his wife's father, and appears habitually with her in public! But this is only an instance.

"The numerous adulteries committed in the higher circles of fashionable life," says an *appeal to the bishops and dignitaries of the Church of England, on the state of religion, morals, and manners, in the British metropolis*, published in 1831, "would lead one to suspect, that matrimony among peers was either a mere matter of money, or of political interest; or else, that this holy relationship was considered by them as a state of legal concubinage, from which the parties, connected by no principle of affection and honour, might free themselves without the least apprehension of shame or disgrace. What the state of morals is among the nobility may fairly be determined by the number of divorce-bills founded upon the *crim. con.* transactions of this privileged order of society."

Can it be imagined, that the known licentiousness of George IV. and of his court, that the example of the late Duke of Clarence, now William IV., and the promotion of his natural sons to the highest dignities, have had no influence in subtracting from the disgrace of like practices among the nobility, and in authorizing these offences against decency; these crimes against the state?—or, that the same vices do not descend, with accumulating force, from the higher ranks of society to the lowest?

"The prodigality and dissipation of the court," says the authority above quoted, "have frequently had a very fatal influence both on the fortunes and the morals of an important branch of the community, by producing a general dissoluteness of manners among the nobility. Nor has it stopped there: since the expensive habits of the great have communicated to those whose opulence would allow them to imitate their fashionable extravagances, a vitiosity of taste and habits, that has not only led to an open contempt for the sacred duties of religion, but, in too many instances, to a direct violation of the common decencies of civilized life. The licentious manners of the court of Charles II. corrupted the morals of the metropolis to a most alarming extent, and spread such a torrent of impiety and dissoluteness of principles through the country, as to threaten the total extinction of the public ordinances and worship of God. At a more recent period, if we may judge from the ingenious dialogues of a shrewd and temporizing prelate, the court has

exhibited the libertine features of an infidel character. In one of Dr. Hurd's dialogues, where Cowley and Sprat are the speakers, Mr. Cowley observes: 'My situation was such, that I came to have a familiarity with greatness. Yet shall I confess my inmost sentiments of this gilded life to you? I found it empty, fallacious, and even disgusting. The outside indeed was fair; but to me, who had an opportunity of looking it through, nothing could be more deformed and hateful. All was ambition, intrigue, and falsehood. Every one intent on his own schemes, frequently wicked, always base and selfish. Great professions of honour, of friendship, and of duty; but all ending in low views and sordid practices.'—'Your idea, then, of a court,' says Sprat, 'is that of a den of thieves, only better dressed and more civilized.' 'That,' said he, 'is the idea under which truth obliges me to represent it.' Such were the Bishop of Worcester's views of what may be termed the *primum mobile* of the empire. And there is too much reason to conclude, that the dissoluteness which characterized the last reign (George IV.'s), helped to promote in no small degree that general depravity of morals, which is so much to be deplored, as destroying the manly virtues of the English nobility, and contaminating the national character of the lower orders of the people."

William IV., however, since he came to the throne, has not given much occasion for fault-finding. As Duke of Clarence he was extremely unpopular; but as king he has generally a new character.

But the court is at the head of the nation; the court is the pattern of manners; and the court is, to a great extent, the fountain of morals. Constituted as society in Great Britain is, it cannot be otherwise. It is, however, undoubtedly true, that the nation is better than the court. If it were not, and if there be any foundation for the above picture, drawn by the hand of a right reverend prelate, who ought to have a good conscience, the nation could not exist. The truth is, since liberty in Great Britain has attained such a footing, and religion, science, literature, commerce, and the arts have had such scope, the nation has risen in spite of these bad influences from high quarters. Since the court and the nobility have failed to reform the people, the people, rising from ages of depression, have undertaken to reform the nobility and court; and it is well known, by this time, that they have done much of this work, and are going on at a hopeful rate. But notwithstanding it does not alter the great truth, that the example and influence of manners and morals in the highest ranks are bad. It is still true, that this effort at reformation is against the tide, and consequently difficult and slow. Still the court maintains its supremacy of influence, and ever must, till the constitution

of society, in other words, till the constitution of the state, shall have been so modified, as to admit of the purification of the fountain. What modification of that grand instrument in form and degree is most expedient, is very difficult to say. Theories are of little value in determining such a question. Neither a republican, nor a monarchist, as such, and independent of a knowledge of the case, would be a competent judge. Without a violent revolution, Great Britain must, for an indefinite time to come, exist as a monarchy; and it is no matter what the government is called, if it can be made to undergo such improvements as the condition of society from time to time may require. That, and that alone, ought to be the criterion. The monarchy has been greatly modified; it has gradually declined in influence and energy, as an antagonist of the popular will; and the same course of change may be carried to any extent, that may be expedient and necessary. In any amendments of the British constitution that may be thought desirable, the greatest difficulty will not be in curtailing the power and privileges of the first estate, that is, of the king; for there is no perpetuity of will to contend with in that, except by a fiction. That may easily be made to bend. Any thing may be made of it that time and circumstances may require. But the grand difficulty will be with the House of Lords. The will of that body is the grand barrier to improvement; it is perpetual, and perpetually the same; it will never bend; it must one day be broken.

The House of Lords is the only body that is interested in maintaining the ancient forms of the monarchy; in other words, in maintaining its corruptions; in keeping up that system of society, which is opposed to the interests of the nation, which is an insuperable bar to improvement, and under which a corrupt court will make a corrupt aristocracy, and a corrupt aristocracy will corrupt the nation.

"There are but two sorts of men," says Bishop Hurd, in his moral and political dialogues, or the bishop makes one of his colloquists to say—"there are but two sorts of men that should think of living in a court: The one is, of those strong and active spirits that are formed for business, and whose capacity fits them for the discharge of its functions. The other sort are what one may properly enough call, if the phrase were not somewhat uncourtly, *the mob of courts*—they who have vanity or avarice without ambition, or ambition without talents. These, by assiduity, good luck, and the help of their vices (for they would scorn to claim advancement if it were to be had by any other practices), may in time succeed to the lower parts of a government; and together make up that showy, servile, and selfish crowd, which we dignify with the name of a court." A sorry

picture, indeed; but since it comes from such authority, it may be worthy of some credit.

The sum of the matter, then, is: That the British monarchy is not only the head of the state, but the head of society; the constitution gives it this position; the habits of the community yield this supremacy; the court, which encircles the monarchy, which is its circumstance and pageant, is the pattern of manners and the natural fountain of morals; the metropolis is the centre and soul of the nation, and the court is the centre and soul of the metropolis; from the court all high powers and influences emanate; on it all eyes are fastened; and with it all branches of society of controlling influence are allied. Consequently, in such a state of things it must follow, that the monarchy is the chief and most influential element of the great social fabric, of which it is a part, and at the head of which it stands, surmounted by a crown, the symbol of its high dignity and social importance.

It may, perhaps, be worth while in this place to make a brief statement of the cost of the British monarchy to the nation. The state provisions for royalty and its appendages in Great Britain are called—*The civil list*—and are at present divided into five classes:—1. The privy purse of the king and queen, or their pocket-money; 2. Salaries of the royal household; 3. Expenses of ditto; 4. Special and secret service; and 5. Pensions to those who have been in the service of the royal family. Formerly, under the reigns of George IV. and his father, the civil list was divided into *nine* classes, *four* of which, in the present reign, have been shifted upon the public in another form, making the civil list nominally less, though not diminishing the burdens of the community. At present it stands thus:—

For their majesties' privy purse	-	-	-	£110,000
Salaries of the household	-	-	-	130,300
Expenses of household	-	-	-	171,500
Special and secret service	-	-	-	23,200
Pensions	-	-	-	75,000
Total,				£510,000

From the accession of George III., in 1760, to the death of George IV., in 1830, comprehending a period of seventy years, the sum total of the civil list, as obtained from tangible public documents, is £92,090,807. The provisions and official emoluments of the royal dukes, from their first entering into public life down to the year 1815, together with various fees and perquisites which they were accustomed to receive, and annuities to the princesses on the Irish civil list, are not included in this statement, for want of specific

vouchers. They are supposed to have been sufficient to make up the round sum, in a grand total, of £100,000,000, for this period; or an average annual expenditure of £1,428,571. In Federal currency the entire sum for seventy years would be \$480,000,000! and the average annual expenditure \$6,857,140! For the same purpose, that is, for the salary of the President, the people of the United States pay for seventy years, \$1,750,000, or £364,583—a small fraction more than *one fourth* of the above estimate for the British nation for a single year! For one year the American people pay for the same object \$25,000, or £5,200—about the average annual expenditure for furnishing the wardrobe of George IV.! Adding the expense of the President's house and its furniture, the secret service money allowed to our government, and a few other trifling items, corresponding with the classes of expenditure comprehended in the civil list of Great Britain—the disproportion of these comparative estimates would then be in a slight degree diminished—but nothing very considerable.

The following are some curious items of the civil list of Great Britain:—

Windsor Castle had cost the nation in 1831, for sundry repairs, £894,500, and the additional estimate for its completion was £190,670, making the sum of £1,085,170, or \$5,208,816, for what some one has called a *Gothic barbarism*. It is, nevertheless, a royal thing. A *cottage* in the great Park of Windsor cost *half a million* sterling. The expense of the Pavilion at Brighton is estimated at £1,000,000. The new palace at Pimlico will have cost about £1,000,000—£70,000 of which have been bestowed on the front enclosure and gateway! The privy purse, or pocket-money of William IV., is annually £60,000, or \$288,000; that of his queen is £50,000, or \$240,000. This is for their own personal use, as the pocket-money of a lad at school, or the pin-money of a lady. If the queen outlives the king, 100 per cent. is to be added to this, with all other needful provisions befitting her state as queen dowager.

The king, however, is poor compared with some of his nobles. The annual income of the Duke of Sutherland is quoted at £360,000; of Northumberland at £300,000; of the Marquis of Westminster at £280,000; of the Duke of Buccleugh at £250,000. There are some others of the English nobility with princely revenues, but the class are relatively and rapidly sinking in point of wealth, and commoners of the empire are rising above them. The king is dependant; his civil list is voted by parliament; and in this sense he lives on charity. How charitable, then, are the British nation!

The expenses of the crown seals are about £20,000, or

\$96,000 annually, all the duties of which might be done by one man and his clerk, and give them time to play the gentleman besides. During the regency of the Prince of Wales, the charge for upholstery for the royal household, only for three quarters of one year, was £46,291; for linen drapery, £64,000; silversmiths, £40,000; wardrobe, £72,000;—total for these four items, £222,241, or \$1,066,756! Burke says, that a plan of retrenchment of expense in the royal household, set on foot by Lord Talbot, was suddenly stopped, because, forsooth, it would endanger the situation of an *honourable* (?) member, who was *turnspit in the kitchen*! The Duke of St. Albans receives an annual salary, conferred by letters patent under the hand of James II., still continued, of £1,372, as grand falconer, or, in more vulgar phrase, as *master of the hawks*! The salary of the Earl of Litchfield, as *master of the dogs*, is £2,000! Both dignified appointments for noblemen! I suppose the *turnspit* was a nobleman. The average annual bill of George IV. for *robes* was £5,000, or \$24,000; his stud of horses, although he scarcely ever rode beyond his pleasure-grounds, amounted to more than 200; and his *old clothes*, after his death, were sold in a heap for £15,000, or \$72,000! His visit to Ireland cost the nation £52,261; ditto to Scotland, £21,439; ditto to Hanover, £13,206;—total, £86,906, or \$417,148 for three journeys! He took with him to Ireland forty-five professional cooks, and not one of them could prepare the first dish he called for, and his steward was obliged to pay an Irish woman for the office! No lady was ever more nice in making her toilet than George IV. He superintended the making of his coronation robes, and when they were done, he caused them to be put upon one of his best-made attendants, and ordered him to walk to and fro before his eyes, examining and adjusting every part till he was satisfied.

When George IV. was Prince of Wales, his debts at the time of his marriage, which Parliament had to cancel, were £642,890, or \$3,085,872! Of this, £40,000 was his farrier's bill for horse-medicine and shoes. The prince gave Jeffreys an order for the marriage jewels of his wife, which amounted to £64,000! a comfortable affair for a wife to think upon. The prince's wife, afterward Queen Caroline, was the daughter of the Duke and Dutchess of Brunswick, her mother being the sister of George III., and she, of course, cousin to her husband. The prince had the credit of having married her to be relieved from his embarrassments, as she was rich. This order for the jewels would seem to be in that line.

"When the reason of old establishments is gone," says Burke, "it is absurd to preserve nothing but the burden of them. This is superstitiously to embalm the carcass, not worth an ounce of the gums that are used to preserve it. It is to burn precious oils in the tomb; it is to offer meat

and drink to the dead—not so much an honour to the deceased as a disgrace to the survivors. Our palaces are vast inhospitable halls: there the bleak winds—‘there Boreas, and Eurus, and Caurus, and Argestes, loud,’ howling through the vacant lobbies, and clattering the doors of the deserted guard-rooms, appal the imagination, and conjure up the grim spectres of departed tyrants—the Saxon, the Norman, and the Dane—the stern Edwards and fierce Henries—who stalk from desolation to desolation through the dreary vacuity and melancholy succession of chill and comfortless chambers.”

William IV., King of Great Britain and Ireland, late Duke of Clarence, and third son of George III., was born August 21st, 1765; married July 11th, 1818, her Serene Highness Amelia-Adelaide-Louise-Therese-Caroline-Wilhelmina, Princess of Saxe-Meiningen (what a name!), eldest daughter of George-Frederick-Charles, reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen; and has had two daughters—one died the day of birth, and the other lived a little less than three months. There being no issue living by the king, the Princess Victoria, daughter and only child of the Duke of Kent, her father being dead, is heir presumptive to the British throne. She was born May 24th, 1819, and is now (July, 1835) in her 17th year. Her mother, the Dutchess of Kent, is living, and, in connexion with the appointed state guardians, has charge of her daughter's education. The Dutchess of Kent is a highly accomplished woman, has personal charms, and is popular. She is the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg-Saalfeld.

The terms *heir apparent* and *presumptive* to the throne will be obvious, as appropriated—the former to designate a son or daughter of the reigning monarch, if one be living; and the latter to point out the nearest akin, according to the established law for the descent of the crown, when the king has no heir of his own body.

The brothers of William IV. living are the Duke of Cumberland, Duke of Sussex, and Duke of Cambridge—the latter viceroy of Hanover. The king's sisters living are the Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, Sophia, and Amelia. Elizabeth and Mary are widows, the former of the Prince of Hesse-Hombourg, who died in 1829; the latter of the late Duke of Gloucester. The other three princesses are unmarried. George III. had *fifteen* children, of whom *nine* are living. The princes and princesses of the blood royal are distinguished by the title of Royal Highness.

William IV. being in his seventieth year, and his constitution somewhat invaded by leading causes of mortality,

a *demise of the crown*, as it is technically called, may soon be expected; in which case the British nation is likely to have a youthful queen. If the Princess Victoria should be taken before her great uncle, the crown will fall on the Duke of Cumberland and his family, who has a son, Prince George of Cumberland, born May 27th, 1819. Next is the Duke of Sussex, whose children cannot succeed, his marriage having been dissolved by parliament, as illegal. Next is the Duke of Cambridge, who has three children, one and the eldest a son—Prince George of Cambridge, born March 26th, 1819. It is expected that the Princess Victoria will marry one of the Georges, her cousins. In case of the failure of heirs legitimate to the British throne, the parliament is competent to make a special settlement of the crown. The house of Brunswick, however, has a large stock, and will probably save the parliament that trouble, if not as long as kings may be wanted, at least for a long time yet to come.

THE ARISTOCRACY.

The orders of nobility in Great Britain are *five*, in rank as follows:—*Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, and Barons*; to which may be added a sixth, the *Archbishops and Bishops*, who, as spiritual lords, are entitled to a seat in the House of Peers, and possess for their lives all the faculties and privileges of the peerage.

In 1824 there were in England 21 Dukes; 19 Marquesses; 110 Earls; 18 Viscounts; 196 Barons; 2 Archbishops, and 24 Bishops. Total of English peerages, 390.

In Scotland at the same time, 8 Dukes; 3 Marquesses; 44 Earls; 6 Viscounts; and 24 Barons. Total of peerages in Scotland, 85.

In Ireland, 1 Duke; 14 Marquesses; 73 Earls; 43 Viscounts; and 70 Barons. The Irish Protestant Bishops are lords spiritual, for aught I know by courtesy, and are represented in Parliament by *four* of their number in rotation. In fact, therefore, 4 of these use all the privileges and enjoy the honours of peers. Total of Irish peerages, 205.

The total number of peerages, therefore, in the United Kingdom, in 1834, was 680. There have been a few creations since; I do not know the number; say 5. The total will then be 685.

But, as a plural number of peerages often vests in one individual—and sometimes two, rarely three—but in no cases of fact more than three—the actual number of peers is only 601. There are 14 peerages belonging to females of their own right—5 Countesses, 1 Viscountess, and 8 Baronesses. Total number of persons in the peerage, 615.

The following are some of the privileges of nobility:—
1. Exemption from arrest for debt. 2. They can be tried

for crime and misdemeanors only by their peers, who give their verdict, not on oath, but on their *honour*. 3. Exemption from scandal by a law subjecting their defamers to an arbitrary fine and imprisonment. 4. A peer may sit in a court of justice uncovered.

Besides many other privileges, secured by ages of legislation originating in themselves, screening their property from taxation, and their persons from insult, the customs of society established and controlled by their own influence, defend them and their families at all points, in an undisputed and unassailable pre-eminence. These privileges are watched and guarded with the most scrupulous conscientiousness from all invasions by commoners. The aristocracy are a world by themselves, so entirely confined to their own society as to be ignorant to a great extent of the character and power of those popular elements, which are gradually undermining their importance and influence. The consequence is, they are constantly surprised by the demonstrations of popular will and the encroachments of popular sway. Born legislators, they know not how to use this function for their own protection in these reforming days. Instead of anticipating the irresistible influence and unavoidable results of popular sway, they yield only as they are compelled, and are consequently menaced with being completely overthrown.

The real and comparative wealth of the nobility is gradually declining, as well as their influence, a few overgrown estates excepted. It will appear, however, from the following table of the different classes of society in England, and their respective annual incomes, that the nobility have yet a substantial revenue in proportion to their numbers in the community.

DESCRIPTION OF PERSONS.	Number of Persons, in- cluding their Families and Domestics.	Total income of each class.
ROYALTY - - - - -	300	510,000 <i>l</i> .
NOBILITY - - - - -	13,620	5,400,000 <i>l</i> .
GENTRY, including baronets, knights, country gentlemen, and others having large incomes - - -	402,535	53,022,590 <i>l</i> .
CLERGY.—Eminent clergymen - - -	9,000	1,080,000 <i>l</i> .
Lesser ditto - - - - -	87,000	3,500,000 <i>l</i> .
Dissenting clergy, including itinerant preachers - - -	20,000	500,000 <i>l</i> .
STATE AND REVENUE, including all per- sons employed under govern- ment - - - - -	114,500	6,830,000 <i>l</i> .
PENSIONERS, including those of Green- wich, Chelsea, and Kilmainham Hospitals - - - - -	92,000	1 050,000 <i>l</i> .

LAW.—	Judges, barristers, attorneys, clerks, &c. - - - - -	95,000	7,600,000 <i>l.</i>
PHYSIC.—	Physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, &c. - - - - -	90,000	5,400,000 <i>l.</i>
AGRICULTURE.—	Freeholders of the better sort - - - - -	385,000	19,250,000 <i>l.</i>
	Lesser Freeholders - - -	1,050,000	21,000,000 <i>l.</i>
	Farmers - - - - -	1,540,000	33,600,000 <i>l.</i>
TRADE.—	Eminent merchants - - -	35,000	9,100,000 <i>l.</i>
	Shopkeepers, and tradesmen retailing goods - - - -	700,000	28,000 000 <i>l.</i>
	Innkeepers and publicans licensed to sell ale, beer, and spirituous liquors - - -	437,000	8,750,000 <i>l.</i>
WORKING CLASSES.—	Agricultural labourers, mechanics, artisans, handicrafts, and all labourers employed in manufactures, mines, and minerals - - -	7,497,531	82,451,547 <i>l.</i>
	Paupers, vagrants, gipsies, rogues, vagabonds, and others supported by criminal delinquency -	1,548,500	9,871,000 <i>l.</i>
Total 14,116,986			
			Total 295,916,137 <i>l.</i>

This table is only for England. The annual revenue of all classes in the United Kingdom, including what is paid by government to the army, navy, and civil functionaries, is stated at £316,000,000, or \$1,516,800,000. The item under the head of royalty is the civil list, as settled by parliament on the accession of William IV. Of the £5,400,000, being the gross annual revenue of the nobility of England, £2,825,846, are the proceeds of taxes and lay impropriations of tithes; the residue is territorial revenue. A large fraction of this £5,400,000 is absorbed by a few of the most wealthy families. Many of the nobility are poor. Of the entire peerage, about 600 families, only 18 are engaged in commercial and other business pursuits. While this class lives on privilege, others in the community are rapidly acquiring wealth; and as wealth rises in influence, in the new order of things, the latter are gaining power in a proportionate degree.

The *Baronets* of Great Britain are a sort of half-way-between order of society. They are not noble, and yet are raised a degree above the commonalty. This, however, is conferred as the reward of distinction in the army and navy, in the learned professions, in science and the useful arts, in wealth and genius, and sundry other accidental modes, by which men force themselves into notice and favour at court. They are in number, as I suppose, at this time about 700. In 1832 they were 658, being somewhat in ex-

cess of the number of peers. There are also various orders of *knights*.

The following list of the order of precedence of men and women, required to be observed at court and on other public occasions, may serve to gratify the curious, and show how they settle such matters in Great Britain by authority:—

A TABLE OF PRECEDENCY OF MEN.

The King.	Speaker of the House of Commons.
Prince of Wales.	
King's Sons.	Treasurer, } of the
King's Grandsons.	Comptroller, } Household.
King's Brothers.	Vice-chamberlain, }
King's Uncles.	Secretary of State, being under
King's Nephews.	the degree of a Baron.
Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord	Viscounts' eldest Sons.
Primate of all England.	Earls' younger Sons.
Lord High Chancellor, or Lord	Barons' eldest Sons.
Keeper, being a Baron.	Knights of the Garter.
Archbishop of York, Primate of	Privy Counsellors.
England.	Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Lord High Treasurer.	Chancellor of the Dutchy of Lan-
Lord President of the Privy	caster.
Council.	Lord Chief Justice of the King's
Lord Privy Seal.	Bench.
Lord Great Chamberlain.	Master of the Rolls.
Lord High Constable.	Vice-chancellor.
Earl Marshal.	Lord Chief Justice of the Common
Lord High Admiral.	Pleas.
Lord Steward of his Majesty's	Lord Chief Baron of the Exche-
Household.	quer.
Lord Chamberlain of his Majes-	Judges of the King's Bench.
ty's Household.	Judges of the Common Pleas.
Dukes according to their Patents.	Barons of the Exchequer.
Eldest Sons of Dukes of the Blood	Bannerets made by the King him-
Royal.	self, in person, under the
Marquesses according to their	royal standard, displayed in
Patents.	an army royal, in open war.
Dukes' eldest Sons.	Viscounts' younger Sons.
Earls according to their Patents.	Barons' younger Sons.
Younger Sons of Dukes of the	Baronets.
Blood Royal.	Bannerets not made by the King
Marquesses' eldest Sons.	himself in person.
Dukes' younger Sons.	Knights of the Thistle.
Viscounts according to their Pat-	Knights Grand Crosses of the
ents.	Bath.
Earls' eldest Sons.	Knights of St. Patrick.
Marquesses' younger Sons.	Knights Commanders of the Bath.
Bishops of London, Durham, Win-	Knights Bachelors.
chester, and all other Bishops	Eldest Sons of the younger Sons
according to their seniority	of Peers.
of Consecration.	Eldest Sons of Knights of the
Barons according to their Patents.	Garter.

Bannerets' eldest Sons.	Esquires by Creation.
Baronets' eldest Sons.	Esquires by Office.
Companions of the Bath.	Younger Sons of Knights of the Garter.
Eldest Sons of Knights of the Thistle and Bath.	Younger Sons of Bannerets.
Knights' eldest Sons.	Younger Sons of Knights of the Bath.
Baronets' younger Sons.	Younger Sons of Knights Bachelors.
Esquires of the King's Body.	Gentlemen.
Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber.	
Esquires of the Knights of the Bath.	

A TABLE OF PRECEDENCY OF WOMEN.

The Queen.	Wives of the younger Sons of Barons.
Princess of Wales.	Baronetesses.
Princesses, Daughters of the King.	Wives of Knights of the Garter.
Princesses and Dutchesses, Wives of the King's Sons.	Wives of Bannerets of each kind.
Wives of the King's Brothers.	Wives of Knights of the Bath.
Wives of the King's Uncles.	Wives of Knights Bachelors.
Wives of the eldest Sons of Dukes of the Blood Royal.	Wives of the eldest Sons of the younger Sons of Peers.
Daughters of Dukes of the Blood Royal.	Wives of the eldest Sons of Baronets.
Wives of the King's Brothers' or Sisters' Sons.	Daughters of Baronets.
Dutchesses.	Wives of the eldest Sons of Knights of the Garter.
Marchionesses.	Daughters of Knights of the Garter.
Wives of the eldest Sons of Dukes.	Wives of the eldest Sons of Bannerets.
Daughters of Dukes.	Daughters of Bannerets.
Countesses.	Wives of the eldest Sons of Knights of the Bath.
Wives of the eldest Sons of Marquesses.	Daughters of Knights of the Bath.
Daughters of Marquesses.	Wives of the eldest Sons of Knights Bachelors.
Wives of the younger Sons of Dukes.	Daughters of Knights Bachelors.
Viscountesses.	Wives of the younger Sons of Baronets.
Wives of the eldest Sons of Earls.	Daughters of Knights.
Daughters of Earls.	Wives of the Esquires of the King's Body.
Wives of the younger Sons of Marquesses.	Wives of the Esquires of the Knights of the Bath.
Baronesses.	Wives of Esquires by Creation.
Wives of the eldest Sons of Viscounts.	Wives of Esquires by Office.
Daughters of Viscounts.	Wives of the younger Sons of Knights of the Garter.
Wives of the younger Sons of Earls.	Wives of the younger Sons of Bannerets.
Wives of the eldest Sons of Barons.	
Daughters of Barons.	
Maids of Honour.	
Wives of the younger Sons of Viscounts.	

Wives of the younger Sons of	Wives of Gentlemen.
Knights of the Bath.	Daughters of Esquires.
Wives of the younger Sons of	Daughters of Gentlemen.
Knights Bachelors.	

We might extend this list to special grants of precedence; but this is enough.

So sacred is the order of precedence in society, as held in Great Britain, that it always requires to be settled by authority; and when determined, it is maintained with the greatest scrupulousness, each rank asserting and defending its own rights. This spirit descends from the higher ranks to the lower, and pervades the wide community, not excepting the menials "below stairs," and the common grooms of the stable.

CHAPEL ROYAL OF ST. JAMES.

I ARRIVED at the palace at half past eleven A. M., half an hour before the service commenced. It was fixed at twelve o'clock, for the purpose, I believe, of having a supply of choristers and musicians from Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, where service begins at ten o'clock. Certainly it is not to be presumed that the king is obliged to wait and be served last; but twelve o'clock in such a matter is a more courtly hour.

I perceived that many strangers, like myself, were in the passages to the chapel at the same time. The two persons immediately before me in the door were turned back, because they had no tickets of admission. Perceiving by this encounter what was requisite, and not being myself furnished with a ticket, I took my own card, laid a shilling on the face of it, and whispered to the porter—"I am a foreigner." Whether he was influenced more by courtesy than by the silver key, I cannot say, but he took the money, and let me pass.

N. B. It is unlawful in England to take money for admission to places of public worship when they are opened for divine service; so at least it was once decided by a London magistrate. And yet the Roman Catholics in London always exact money of strangers—a shilling, or one-and-sixpence, according to the part of the church that one wishes to go into. The authorities of a place of worship are liable to be fined for such offence, as I have understood, and very properly. Suppose I were to make suit before the Lord Mayor of London, or before the highest magisterial author-

ity of Westminster, and cause a writ to be served on the King of Great Britain to appear and answer for allowing the doorkeepers of his chapel to take money of those who go in to worship there. For aught I can see, the king is actually liable to be thus arraigned; and it would be a curious fact in history, if it should be done, and he should be fined. It would be still more interesting, if, in paying his fine, he should say—This is as it should be, the king subject to the laws.

The Chapel Royal of St. James is very small. Not more than three hundred persons can crowd into it, sitting and standing; and by far the greater part of this number will be obliged to stand. I was on my feet from the time I left home till I returned—three hours and a half. The chapel and its furniture are very plain. I could but remark the difference between this and the one in the palace of Versailles. The former is a little oldfashioned English box: the latter corresponds in all respects with the magnificence, the gorgeousness, and extravagance of that prince's reign, under whose fiat it came into being, as one of the many equally remarkable features of that splendid monument of despotism, which cost the people of France more than £40,000,000, or \$192,000,000.

I challenged the attention of a friend, an Englishman, to this comparison. "Ay," said he, "you see the difference between liberty and despotism!" The Englishman boasts of his liberty compared with other parts and periods of the world; and the American looks at the expense of the British monarchy, and says, "See what an unnecessary burden!"

Precisely at twelve o'clock the king and queen appeared in front of the box, or pew, assigned them. What is commonly called the front gallery of a church or chapel—and where there is no other gallery—is here appropriated to the king and royal family. The central part is occupied by the king and queen, who, when standing, are exposed to the view of all persons in a position to look that way. On their right and left are seated other members of the royal household who happen to be there. In the present instance the Princess Augusta and one of the young princes were in these places. Several persons in waiting were in the retired parts of this gallery, and among the rest two dignitaries of the church, deputy clerks of the closet, whose office on this occasion was to come in before service, and so arrange the *marking-strings* of the prayer-books of the king, queen, princesses, and princes, that they might be able to find their places in the lessons of the day, and other parts of the service; and also to stand behind, to render any information, or give any hints that might be needed in the progress of Divine worship. When I saw these clergymen in full robes, tumbling over and arranging the prayer-books

before the service had commenced, I concluded that they themselves were to officiate from that place ; not imagining that the king and queen, and other members of the royal family, had *need* of such assistance, as the finding of their places in the liturgy, or that the said office was of sufficient importance to employ high church dignitaries in their robes. Such, however, seems to have been the fact. I could but think that it would have been a more economical arrangement, if those reverend gentlemen had been sent out somewhere to preach the Gospel to hungry souls—for they seemed to have nothing to do there but to find places in the prayer-book ! Cannot a king find his own place ?

As the king and queen entered, and were visible to the assembly, all the congregation rose. I could not find fault with this, unless I were to censure the practice in our colleges and universities, where the general custom, I believe, is to pay this respect to the presiding officer, when he enters the assembly, even on the occasion of Divine worship. I must confess, however, it has always struck me as unsuitable. It is no more nor less, in either case, than the worship of man, in the place and at the time of Divine worship. I do not mean that the worship in each case is of the same kind ; but it is homage—it is worship. It seems to me, in spite of all reasoning, incompatible with that undivided respect which is due to God on occasions of public worship.

The service immediately commenced. There was nothing remarkable in any part of it to those who have attended cathedral service. It was for the most part chanted by separate groups of choristers, men and boys, and often in full chorus. There was an anthem after the sermon, as usual at the royal chapel and at cathedrals. “The bidding,” as it is called, is a sort of bill, or public notice, read by the preacher after sermon, prescribing, commanding, and ordering to the congregation present, for *whom* and for *what* they are to pray, beginning “Pray ye,” &c., being itself of the twofold character of a prayer, and a commendation what to pray for. On the present occasion it appeared to be a *new* bill, adapted to the state of public affairs. Inasmuch as it is itself a prayer, apparently so, I was struck with the occurrence of the following expression :—“Especially for our two *famous* universities of Oxford and Cambridge.” “*Famous*” in a prayer ! “We pray unto thee, O Lord, for our *famous* universities.”

These “biddings” are very specific. You may hear them at Oxford and Cambridge—at Oxford, certainly, and I presume at Cambridge—even at this day, “bidding” the congregation to pray for the departed souls of such and such patrons and benefactors of the university, mentioning their names !!!

The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. ——. His

introduction, or exordium, was *apologetic* for himself, as not knowing how to address such an assembly, he being a country clergyman. He did not appear, however, in any wise to be embarrassed. I do not think, on the whole, he was much inclined to be affected in that way. I think he must have been fresh from the university, and from the chymical laboratory. For, having found occasion to employ the somewhat homely phrase—"to set people a thinking," and to repeat it a third or fourth time, lest his hearers should not understand it, or lest they should fail to feel the force of it, he gave it to us in the less vulgar form of—"to strain through the alembic of our own brains." In the progress of the sermon we were served with a great variety of *style* in an abundance of tropes and figures—some things remarkably clever, and some remarkably stupid. I shall be pardoned, perhaps, on account of this variety, for suspecting,—as the custom is tolerated, and even sanctioned by high authority in England—that the sermon was not got up at the expense and trouble of this preacher's having been "set a thinking;" that it was not "strained through the alembic of *his own* brains;" nor yet, indeed, that it was produced by *one* other man, but by *many*; that it was a somewhat elaborate *compilation*, suited for the *début* of a country clergyman, in the Royal Chapel, who, perhaps, was a candidate for place.

During the last prayer, offered by a Right Rev. Bishop at the altar, the king seemed to have become tired of the service, and leaned forward resting carelessly on his elbows, looking down on the congregation, and appeared as if he were counting them, and making a close inspection of each—one by one;—and his examination was not arrested, even while the bishop was praying for "our most gracious sovereign and lord, King William." His majesty still kept counting, or making his observations on this, that, and the other of the assembly. He looked at me.

But I was affected, and could have wept, at the manner of the queen, as the bishop in his prayer came to the clause, "Our most gracious Queen Adelaide." So much are we influenced by appearances. I shall never forget it. If I were a painter, I could describe it exactly. If I were to attempt it by the pen, it would be thought sentimental; and I will therefore let it alone. But I love to think of it. It was an agreeable sight. Yet it cannot be appreciated without a consideration of the *morale* in its public and social relations. To think of a whole nation praying at the same moment for a single individual—"Our most gracious Queen Adelaide;" and there she is! you see her! She rests her elbow on the cushion, her head upon her hand, and seems to be in tears! She is overwhelmed with gratitude, at the thought of so many united and sincere prayers going up to heaven in her

behalf. Her name is at the same moment on a thousand tongues, and the kindest affections of ten thousand hearts, throughout the kingdom, mingle in the orisons, and sweeten the incense!

THE TEMPLE OF BUDDHA.

ON a time, as I was emerging from Green Park into Piccadilly, I saw an attractive human figure turn a corner, and pass off into another direction from that in which I was going. One does not like to be arrested, nor to turn aside at every new or strange thing that presents itself in London—we are so often made fools of by it. And yet there was something very peculiar in this personage. I could not tell whether it was man or woman, the dress had such a mixture of what might be supposed to belong to either sex. It was rich also. The movements of the individual, who seemed to me at the moment a mysterious being, were graceful and dignified, as he turned his back upon me, showing at the instant an interesting profile of a dark, and almost African countenance. He glided away, and in another moment became invisible by the intervention between himself and me, of the massy walls of those stately mansions of Piccadilly, which look out upon the park. Every individual, man, woman, child, and, I might say, the very *horses* stopped, like myself, and turned to gaze at the stranger. Do not let me lose credit for saying *horses*—because those who drove and rode after them were so curious. It was altogether an unwonted vision, even for London. I had seen, as I supposed, all manner of costumes, from all parts of the world, in that great mart of the nations; but this was strange among them all. A rich shawl—the richest of the east—occupied the place of the woman's petticoat on the person of this individual, but wrapped so close as apparently to embarrass the motion of the limbs, and constrain the shortest steps, but not the less graceful. A mantle of the richest and finest wool, with its large and manifold volumes, hung over and pendent from the shoulders. A head of thick-set, long, black, and well-oiled hair, was done up, after the manner of women, and secured by one of the most expensive and finely-wrought combs. On the top of the head, as a crown, rested a rich woollen cap, set with care on the side of the head, tapering off, and hanging a tassel behind the ear, which fell nearly on the shoulder. I was struck with the apparently conscious and yet careless dignity, the lofty mien and entire self-possession, with which this strange

being made his entrance and his exit so suddenly, and so much like an unearthly vision, before me. There was evidently too much importance in the personage, whether man or woman, to allow of vulgar approach and vulgar gaze. And no crowd, strange as the apparition was, presumed to follow its footsteps. It was present—it was gone. And myself and many more that saw it, were left wrapped in wonder. I spoke of it afterward, and inquired for explanation, but nobody could solve the mystery.

Some few days subsequent to this strange apparition, I went, not to worship, but to see the temple of the Indian god *Buddha*, then exhibiting at Exeter Hall. It was in all respects complete, and a perfect model. Nay, it was not a model, but a very original, once consecrated, and actually used in India (Ceylon) for all the common purposes of religious and divine worship. It had every part and parcel of a Buddhist temple, and by some stealth and sacrilege, I know not how, had been taken down, brought from India, and set up in London for show and money-making. The public authorities in London and in India, and also a Wesleyan missionary from India, then in London, certified to its genuineness and completeness, which was very satisfactory. We knew that in seeing this we certainly had thus far an exact pattern of Indian idolatry—as much so as if the very tabernacle of Moses were set up before our eyes, to show us the Israelites' temple of the true God in the wilderness.

I have not its exact dimensions, say twenty-five feet by eighteen, and eight feet high, divided into two compartments of equal size; the farther one being what might be called the *sanctum sanctorum*, where was exhibited the colossal image of the god *Buddha*, recumbent on his right side, his head resting on a pillow, his right hand lying under his cheek, though not touching it, the left stretched full length, and lying on the body. The image, or god, was eighteen feet long, and the whole form in proportion in all its parts, equally gigantic, and fully exposed, except that it seemed to be laid out in rich and costly vestments, the whole being a carved work from wood, and gorgeously, though somewhat fantastically, painted in divers colours. The form and features, and every thing, were African—the colour only excepted—with black and woolly hair on the head. As a whole, it was far from being a captivating picture. It was even ugly. The art of carving in the east must be in its infancy. At the head and foot stood two devotees, Brahmins of distinction, large as life, engaged in the worship of their god. There were several other carved statues in the temple, ugly enough, two or three having four arms each, after the manner of the east. The walls and ceilings were filled and crowded with paintings, to represent the mysteries of the religion after death, and the various and successive

conditions of existence through which the good and the wicked pass, from age to age, and from one cycle of eternity to another. They comprehend the study of a man's life, and at the end of it he would get but a little way. The representations were all gross, those of hell extremely so, where the sufferers were plunged into a lake of fire, hewing each other with hatchets, streaming in torrents of blood, themselves of the ugliest and most frightful shapes, gnashing their teeth, and exhibiting every sign of extreme agony.

On the contrary, the happy did not seem very happy, nor their condition very desirable. Such is the religion of 200,000,000 of the human family. As we were informed in the glossary of this exhibition, Buddha, the god, ceased to exist on earth 450 years before Christ, at the eightieth year of his age. This temple, as a whole, was a fantastic exhibition, and interesting principally and only, as we were assured, that it was an exact pattern of every other public temple of this deity in India. There it stood: a very temple of the Buddhists, and perfect in all its parts, having been actually consecrated.

Along with this was exhibited, on a large table, a toy-like scene of a great and principal religious procession, at the city of Kandy, Island of Ceylon, carrying the sacred relics of Buddha. Also an army of masks, used for amusements at public fêtes, &c.

The interpreter of this exhibition was no other than that strange personage whom I had seen, as above narrated, passing from Piccadilly into one of the streets of the West End, in the same habit in every particular, except that his mantle was laid aside; and it was he that gave chief interest to the whole concern. He was one of the handsomest men, and of the most perfect symmetry in form, that I ever saw—in colour, a dark bronze. Bishop Heber has said, if I mistake not, that one attribute of the greatest beauty of the human countenance is a bronze colour, to be found nowhere but in India. Since I have seen this man, I say so too. He was perhaps twenty-five years of age; his form, profile, and features were every thing that one could wish—his manners the perfection of grace and dignity—his mind evidently of the highest order, imparting its character to all his deportment; and while he was there, the temple and all its supposed holy things had little attraction. He is a Christian, and spoke English with great purity. I found that the attention of all the company, like my own, was directed principally to him. I only felt sorry, as he appeared to be a man of extreme modesty and delicacy of feeling, that he was obliged to encounter so many inquiries about his personal history.

EXTORTIONS OF MENIALS.

AT Surrey Sessions, Kingston, Oct. 15th, 1834, Mr. Jeffery introduced a motion "for a committee to take into consideration the legality of a *custom*, prevailing in this country, whereby the crier of the court of quarter and adjourned sessions demands of persons charged with misdemeanors (being out on bail) certain fees on their acquittal."

"The chairman observed that the fees were not demanded under any order of the court."

"Mr. Jeffery observed that, in the county of *Middlesex*, the same had been exacted," &c., and, on being considered, "had been declared illegal."

"Mr. Hawes, M. P., wished to know if the demand for the fees was legal."

"Mr. Lawson, the clerk of the peace, said the fees had been demanded between forty and fifty years, and were sanctioned by immemorial usages" (hear, hear).

"Mr. Hawes inquired if there were any means of recovering the fees if refused."

"Mr. Lawson said—*certainly*."

This record is a suitable text for a remark or two, on the countless and gross impositions and exactions practised in Great Britain on strangers and her own citizens, under cover of law. After having been persecuted some two or three hours by an obtrusive and officious personage at the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, when I desired to be alone, that I might enjoy unmolested the perfection and magnificence of God's own work; and being unable by any hints, or art, or authority, to be quit of my annoying and vexatious companion, he had the modesty at the end of the scene to prefer a demand of *six shillings*, adding, when I seemed a little disposed to question the claim—"we have agreed upon it among ourselves; it is *customary*."

On entering the pleasure-grounds of Studley Park, Rippon, Yorkshire, the visitors are requested by a card suspended at the gate (so it was in 1832), not to give the guide more than *half a crown*, a modest way of saying—"Don't give him less." And the demand in this case is very reasonable for the distance travelled before one has made the circuit to Fountain's Abbey and back again. But the pleasant feature of it is, that such an expedient should be adopted to secure an adequate compensation for services. In cases where the services are slender and brief, no specification of fees stares the visiter in the face. All the trav-

elling world, I am sure, would vote for the formation of a special code, done in *conscience*, to determine the fees of porters, waiters, and all manner of servants, throughout the British empire, that they might know them at sight, and be saved the pain of encountering the insolence of menial stations, and the most studied exactions on their generous feelings at every corner.

At Northumberland Castle the stranger will be very contented to pay his *half crown* to a principal servant for being shown the home and furnished apartments of a British nobleman, whose annual income is £300,000.

But there is no uniformity. Custom at one place does not determine the law at another. The contrivances of menials to get money from visitors are infinitely diversified, and at every successive place will take the stranger by surprise. They are indeed founded on a general principle, viz. :—to deliver over the visiter to as many hands as there are servants in the establishment, if he wishes to see the whole; each one, at the end of his office, bowing and lifting out of the stranger's pocket, under the eye of the servant from whom he parts, and of the one to whom he is delivered, all that his generosity and his sense of dependance at the moment, and in the circumstances, may extort from him.

At Warwick Castle, having been shown the state rooms, which can easily be passed through in ten or fifteen minutes, I dropped into the hand of the attendant a *half crown* for *myself*, although in company with other visitors not personally known to me, having understood that this was the consideration expected for seeing *all*; but had the mortification to find that every servant, into whose hands I passed, employed the customary modes of exaction.

Oxford, with its university and colleges, is peculiarly attractive. My principal visit there was during the autumnal dispersion; and I availed myself only in part of the civilities that were offered to show me the remarkable things. I had the curiosity, which is not one of the least of the place, to reckon up what might very conveniently be expended there, in satisfying all the servants of the university, colleges, and other lions of the town, into whose hands a visiter would naturally fall, in exploring the various objects worthy of a stranger's attention, and looking into the detail of the economy of that great institution; and it is within limits to say—that, independent of civilities, he might easily dispose of some *four or five guineas*, equal to *twenty or twenty-five dollars*! There are many places where a half crown is expected; and no servant, however trifling the office rendered, will return an articulate and hearty "thank you" for less than a shilling. I happened in one case to turn into the jurisdiction of an old woman, and at

the first glance of her mysteries, not being particularly attracted by them, I turned upon my heel, leaving in her hand a sixpence for the imposition she had practised by inviting me in. I occupied her attention in all perhaps sixty seconds. "Gentlemens gives me a shilling, sir." I gave her the shilling, with a blush over all my feelings, that I had run such a hazard to save a sixpence.

One cannot get out of the Tower of London, and see all, at a less expense than *half a guinea*. Why not order, that the guide who takes up the stranger at the gate should show him the whole, and dismiss him at a fair price, which certainly ought not to exceed *half a crown*? Why should not the authorities of the University of Oxford commission a sufficient number of valets de place, to open every gate and door that is proper to be opened to a visiter, that he may see all he wishes to see, for a guinea or half a guinea, or whatever may be suitable to order, without his being obliged to encounter the annoyances of the present system?

The only place in Great Britain, worthy of a stranger's attention, that is free to all, so far as I know, is the British Museum in London; and there, for the custody of an umbrella, which can never be dispensed with six months in the year, one must draw out the smallest silver coin he may happen to have, if his habits of improvidence, or unwillingness to be encumbered with the bulk and weight thereof, has left him without copper. Indeed, take it all in all, the tax of satisfying the various orders of servants, porters, and guides in England, if a stranger would go wherever it is desirable, and see all that he wishes, is enormous; but the worst of all is the hidden and untraceable expedients adopted to entrap and impose upon the stranger. He sees not his position till it is too late to defend himself, or obtain a remedy. In spite of all his experience, by the time he has escaped from one cheat, he falls into the hands of another. His vexation is sometimes partly relieved by admiring the ingenuity and laughing at the mode by which he has been deceived.

Being at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, in the summer of 1834, I had engaged with some friends to go round the island in one of the steamboats, which statedly make that trip during the visiting season. The steamer lay at anchor a cable's length from the end of the pier, while we were waiting near the time. Small boats were constantly going off with passengers; and we at last jumped into one of them. It is usual to stow them full, as was the case with ours. When we arrived alongside the vessel, we found ourselves dashing against it by every wave, coming in contact with the paddle, splashed with the water, and threatened being sunk, till we were obliged to push off for comfort and safety; and there wait for another steamer, which in the meantime

had approached the other side, to discharge on board of our vessel the passengers it had brought from the pier. This second steamer was employed by our captain to bring out his company; but we and many others, innocent creatures, not being aware of these arrangements for our convenience, had fallen into the hands of the rapacious watermen, who demanded of us *threepence* a head, first for deceiving us, and next for exposing us to be drowned. The ladies were frightened, and some got wet.

I was once swamped in the sea, on the north shore of Ireland, in company with a fellow-passenger, as we were being put ashore from a vessel in rough weather, by the filling of the boat, in consequence of its having been dashed against the side of the packet. The people on shore gazed at the scene with much apparent anxiety. When at last we got safe on land, thoroughly drenched, luggage and all, many feet were running, and many hands were offered to our assistance. One picked up one thing, another a second, and a third picked up a drowned hat from the sea. We seemed to want nothing of sympathy for our peril, or of help in our need. It turned out, however, that every one who had lifted a finger for our assistance, and apparently every one who had deigned to look on in our distress, demanded to be paid for it. The intense feeling of gratitude to God for our deliverance—for all supposed we must be lost—mingled with the pain of meeting these numerous claims to pecuniary reward for acts of humanity, was a conflict of emotion rarely to be encountered. It seemed even more painful to be in such society, than to be in the sea before we were rescued. In the *mêlée* of this swarm of applicants for compensation, one of them contrived to abstract my umbrella.

But to return to the motion in the court of Surrey Sessions. A man, forsooth, is arraigned for a misdemeanor; he is tried; he is acquitted; but the moment he is pronounced innocent by his jury, and apparently dismissed from the grasp of the law, turning from the bar to go to his house, and meet the congratulations of his friends, if he has any—if not, so much the worse—he meets the crier of the court: "Pay me that thou owest"—*ten shillings and sixpence*. "For what?"—"For not being guilty."—"This is very strange."—"But it is *custom*. 'We have agreed to it among ourselves.' It has been the practice here between forty and fifty years. It is my prescriptive right."

The unfortunate man, it may be, has not a sixpence—not a copper—in the world. He turns to the court for protection. It is true the court have pronounced him innocent; but they have nothing to do with a matter of this kind; they cannot help him; and he is thrown into prison until he shall pay the debt! It actually happened in the sessions of Clerkenwell, Middlesex, that a prisoner, on being acquitted,

prayed the court that he might be brought in guilty, as he had no money to pay the fees ; expecting, from the nature of the offence of which he had been accused, that if condemned to suffer its penalty in prison, his chance of getting out would be much better than to go in for the fees !

“ Is it law ? ” said Mr. Hawes, M. P.

Mr. Dawson, the clerk of the peace, said, “ It is immemorial usage.” (Hear, hear.) “ Hear ! hear ! ” This is genuine English feeling. “ Custom is Gospel,” no matter how absurd ; no matter how unjust or cruel. I do not mean by this to impeach the character of the community. No. It is real, substantial English virtue that keeps things steady ; so that you may know what to depend upon ; and it operates generally for public good. “ Immemorial usage,” in any civilized country, if it concerns everybody, and relates to practical, every-day interests, is generally right, and may be presumed so. Hence, if an English custom, being called in question before an English court, social or authoritative, be proved “ immemorial,”—“ Hear ! hear ! ”—and it will be hard to get it changed.

But if a custom be very limited in its application, as in the present instance, it is not of course to be presumed right.

“ Can this fee be recovered ? ” said Mr. Hawes. “ Certainly,” said Mr. Lawson. It was therefore agreed to appoint a committee “ to take into consideration the legality of the custom,” &c. ; and they will no doubt come to the proper decision, as in Middlesex. But the custom is law *prescriptive*, until annulled by the proper authority. It is forty or fifty years old ; and the principle that makes it valid is the same with the argument of Sir Robert Peel for the inviolability of church property, namely, “ that it is even three hundred years ” since another church was *robbed* of the wherewithal to endow the present Established Church of England, if, indeed, it be *robbery* for the state to touch it now.

If we inquire into the reasons of this said fee of ten shillings and sixpence, extorted from an innocent man, for the crime of being innocent, in addition to his injury by the loss of time and character in having been arraigned, and thus rendered suspicious—an injury not easily repaired—it will open one of the hidden secrets of corruption in society. It was doubtless founded on the helpless condition of the unfortunate ! A poor and innocent man has been frightened by the grasp of law, and so far threatened to be ruined. On examination, however, he is acquitted. In the flutter of his excited and wild pulsations, when reason and self-possession have lost their seat, grateful to be rescued on any terms, this cormorant of justice—justice miscalled—this unfeeling wretch, is permitted to add insult to misfortune, and approach this unmanned man with the inexorable demand

—"Sir, you cannot go hence till you have paid me ten shillings and sixpence!" And he must pay it, or be committed to prison! He is too poor, and has too little influence to make an appeal to society; and for forty or fifty years this practice has *prevailed* in British courts of justice!—a practice first introduced to add to the perquisites of an official menial, and afterward becoming the permanent right of the station; so that it cannot be taken away without furnishing an equivalent. It was foreseen, that ninety-nine times in a hundred, if not nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand, the poor man, or his friends, would contrive to pay the demand, however difficult it might be, without remonstrance. "I have lived too long," said a great and good man, "to wonder at any thing."

STONEHENGE.

STONEHENGE is about eight miles from Salisbury, situated in the heart of Salisbury Plain, and standing isolated in all the grandeur of its mysterious and hitherto unexplained history. It is a truly sublime object—sublime in itself, as filling the mind with wonder, where the stones came from, how they could have been brought there, and placed in their relative positions! The heaviest columns are rated at seventy tons—the whole number being ninety-four, as near as can be ascertained, although the present confusion of the assemblage renders it difficult to count them. It is supposed to have been a Druidical temple, where human sacrifices were offered—a superstition as sublime as it was diabolical, as mysterious as cruel! The rude grandeur of the work demonstrates the rudeness and barbarity of the age. There are no indications that this place of sacrifice was ever enclosed by walls, or covered by a roof. It is encircled indeed by the traces of a ditch and a corresponding embankment, and the columnar ranges of stones were set up in circular lines, at greater distance from each other than the spaces occupied. About half an acre is enclosed by the circumvallation, and a quarter of an acre occupied by the temple itself. The only junction of the structure, if structure it can be called, appears to have been the resting of the amazing cross and horizontal slabs on the largest columns, about twenty feet high and fifteen asunder, most of which have fallen, some are inclined, and a few only stand erect. Tenons were left on the top of the perpendicular columns, entering grooves of the horizontal pieces laid upon them. It would indeed be easy enough for the mechanical powers of this age to set up an edifice like this; but the rudeness

of the work does not naturally suggest the knowledge and application of such powers at the time of its creation. Hence the wonder.

It is said by some, that the same material is not to be found in the island. It is incredible, however, that these immense rocks should have been shipped; and almost equally incredible, that they should have been transported by land any considerable distance; yet they were never found in this vicinity. Many of them are reduced to nearly right angles, but more exhibit a smooth, or properly plane surface. There is nothing like the skill of masonry bestowed upon them. They were, perhaps, purposely left in this rude state, as emblematic of the stern and inexorable rites which they were set up to witness. The supposed altar-piece lies in the centre, imbedded in the earth, and directly behind it two of the largest columns once supported the heaviest cross-beam—but the columns have inclined and dropped their burden.

There are other relics of the kind in the island, but none so stupendous. All the parts of a similar temple have been transferred at great expense from the Island of Jersey, and set up on the estate of a private gentleman at Henley-on-Thames, now the property of Mr. Maitland. I stumbled upon it in rambling over the grounds with a friend, and found it perched on a hill some four or five hundred feet above the bed of the Thames. It was brought over by a former governor of the island, Gen. Conway, who then owned Park Place, on which it now stands. It is of course a small chapel, compared with *Stonehenge* on Salisbury Plain—but many of the stones are of several tons weight. They are rude and shapeless.

There are numerous marks of ancient military fortifications scattered over Salisbury Plain; and tumuli of the ancient dead, such as are to be found in the western regions of our own country, lift up their heads in various quarters, and sometimes in groups.

My sensations in visiting Stonehenge were the result of a singular combination of the grateful recollections of Mrs. More's Shepherd and his family, and of the actual scenes before me. "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" was continually ringing in my ear, and all his history passing in review before me, as I rode over these undulating, naked, and apparently boundless fields, among the tumuli and traces of ancient fortifications, and came at last to gaze upon and admire this wonder-exciting and unaccountable relic of a barbarous age and bloody superstition. What a demonstration of man's susceptibilities of religious affections, of a sense of guilt, of his need of atonement, and of the dreadful errors into which he may be plunged without the guidance of Divine revelation!

TRAGICAL DEATH OF COLONEL BRERETON.

LONDON, Jan. 16, 1832.—The Bristol tragedy has presented another sad development. Col. Brereton, the commandant of the troops stationed at Bristol at the time of the riot, being on trial before a court-martial, under charge of defect of duty on that occasion, anticipating the judgment of this tribunal, has suddenly made his appeal to the tribunal of his God, and compelled his prosecutors and judges here to a solemn and awful pause. On Friday morning last, at 3 o'clock, he shot himself through the heart, by his own pistol, in his bedchamber. The announcement of this intelligence has, if possible, shed a deeper gloom over the public mind, than the outrages and massacres out of which it has grown—and awakened sympathy of a different kind indeed, but not less than that which was divided and wasted over a whole community. It is individual misfortune, after all, which chains our attention, provokes our tears, and makes us feel the weakness of those who have suffered, and suffer with them. Col. Brereton's fate is absolutely and in the highest degree tragical. "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

A weak, irresolute, inefficient magistracy—not made for such a time as the Bristol riots—when the scene was all over, feeling themselves oppressed by the public reprobation concentrating upon them from all quarters, had found it necessary to defend themselves by sacrificing one of their fellow-beings. And how could an individual withstand such a host, before such a tribunal, and in such circumstances, confronted by witnesses who were at least deeply interested, by a common sympathy, in the condemnation of the accused? Admitting the exact verity of every several allegation—(of which there were eleven of formidable show,) yet had the prisoner done otherwise—had he pursued the course directly opposite, it would probably have been a certain and quicker ruin to himself personally, and brought down upon him the rage of those who now coolly sought his destruction, under the name of justice. What could a man in such a situation have done? The exigencies of the Bristol riots could not have been anticipated. It is easy enough, indeed, since the scene has become a subject of review, to tell what might have been done to avert the calamity. Who could not do this? But in the midst of the confusion and general consternation of that fearful and threatening hour, when the magistrates themselves retired to their chambers and barri-

caded their doors for fear of what should come ; when the military could not act decisively without orders from the municipal authorities, themselves undecided and knowing not what to do ; when an exasperated mob of thirty thousand pressed from all quarters upon the little band of seventy or eighty men, this being all the force under Col. Brereton's command ; when the vulgar hatred towards the military was known and felt, and the first determined charge was likely to provoke the immense and intoxicated rabble to a general and desperate conflict, to overwhelm and annihilate the troops—what could be done ? As has since been proved at Lyons, there was every probability that the mob in extremities would prove victorious. Who would assume the sole discretion, the whole responsibility of a desperate encounter in such circumstances ? If the colonel had acted without being authorized from the magistracy, and saved the city, it doubtless would have ruined him personally ; because the magistrates would have been able to show—the present history out of existence—that it was unnecessary for him to assume such responsibility ; and when the authority did come, it came too late. Because Col. Brereton did not work miracles—because he did not save the city, when the magistrates would not let him save it, in spite of themselves—the only atonement which they could render to the world for their delinquencies—was the ruin of this man.

Commissions are demanded and issued, the tribunal is created, and the colonel is brought a prisoner to its bar, to answer and defend himself against charges and witnesses got up to defend the magistracy and town of Bristol, and to vindicate their character before the world. His fate is evident at the first glance, to himself as well as to all others. He must fall. He must be cashiered, disgraced, his name covered with infamy, and himself, after thirty-three years of service in the army, in various parts of the world, without reproach, and to the establishment of his credit as a gallant officer, thrown upon the world, with two helpless and dependant babes, without any qualifications to enter upon a new course of life. His habits were only those of a soldier, and all his sympathies confined to those circles in society in which a soldier is accustomed to move. * * * * *

No sooner had the smoke of the Bristol burnings passed off, than a dark and menacing cloud came over the colonel's prospects of future life. And every day it grew thicker and darker. His trial came, but no relief. A darker and still more threatening cloud filled the whole sky before him. And in a sad and desperate hour he resolves to cut short the investigation, and throw himself beyond the decisions of an earthly tribunal. It was the anniversary of the death of a beloved wife, three years deceased—or not unlikely supposed by him to be so, although he had erred in his

reckoning by one day. In the Bible, by which the Jury of Inquest were sworn, was found this record, by the colonel's own hand:—"14th of January, 1829, 3 o'clock in the morning, my beloved wife Olivia died at my house in Clifton-wood." On the 13th instant, precisely at 3 o'clock A. M., the fatal catastrophe occurred. And it is not unlikely that it had some connexion with the death of his wife, by that romantic, and partly superstitious character, which is apt to characterize men of his profession. Surely he could hardly fail to think of her, when he had her children with him, and was about to leave them unprotected on the world—when himself had resolved to follow her, unbidden of his Maker, into the same eternity, and hoped, perhaps, to meet her there. In the wildness and hurry of his thoughts, he had probably mistaken the date by one day, and supposed he had chosen the anniversary of her departure. He certainly selected the very hour, 3 o'clock in the morning.

It is not difficult to imagine the general character of the reasonings in Col. Brereton's mind, which suggested and framed the dreadful purpose. He anticipated his degradation, and he had not the courage to brave the consequences. He knew what *this* world was, but he had not taken care to think duly of the next. His religion was, peradventure, the honour of his profession, and the comfortable emoluments of that profession its reward. Take away these, and existence to him is no longer valuable—life is intolerable—he resolves, in the phrensy of his disappointment, to put an everlasting extinguisher upon both—or at least to plunge himself into the regions of "that untried being," which will certainly terminate the troubles of the present, and which, not unlikely, from the nature of his education and the habits of his life, wears little but the aspects of romance; or which, perhaps, in his creed, is stricken for ever from the records of a conscious existence. There are indeed strong pleadings of nature, the feelings of a father to hold him back; but these very feelings, in his madness, urge him on. He will not stay to witness the consequences of his own degradation upon his offspring. When he returns to his habitation in the evening, resolved upon his purpose, he will not visit the nursery, as usual, to see those children. He refuses to go and kiss his babes, lest he should still find a charm to bind him to this world. Their innocent prattle and affectionate mien might shake his purpose. They might run into his arms, and say, "Father, what is the matter? Don't be sorry, father." They might rehearse to him their nursery adventures of the day, and demand in return a like rehearsal of what had befallen their father; and he would be obliged to feel, that whatever else was lost, all was not lost—that if he could not count upon the honours of the world, he might rely upon the affections of his children.

Or he might have found them asleep, and, as he knelt to give them a last embrace, he would not unlikely have seen the image of their mother resting on their faces, and he might seem to hear her voice of rebuke from the invisible world, as conscious of his purpose, saying to him, "I left these babes in charge with thee; and wilt thou, rashly and uncalled by heaven, desert them, and leave them on the cruel mercies of an unfeeling world?" But he would not encounter such a trial. "On Thursday night," said the housekeeper, in her testimony before the inquest, "he did not go into the nursery to kiss and bid good-night to his children—a thing which he had never failed to do before."

Poor and rash man! It is likely he had never learned, that religion has a consolation and a healing balm for such a wounded spirit even as his! He had moved in a circle of this world which could never appreciate either the importance or the power of religion in such a day of trial. Blind and deaf to the future—to his after being—he felt only the present. He consulted not his conscience in relation to God—he thought only of his honour in relation to man, and of honour measured by a false estimate in every particular. What a fearful change of being has he made! What a plunge! We will not—we dare not follow him to that tribunal to which he has made his last appeal. It were a relief to think that madness had unsettled his mind, and diminished the responsibilities of the wild scene of that dreadful night. To flee from man, he ushers himself, uncalled, forbidden, into the presence of his God, and leaves his children orphans.*

FUNERAL OF CLEMENTI.

I stood on the orchestra, by the side of the organ, in Westminster Abbey. Every thing beneath, around, and above, whether we regard the *moral* or the *artificial*, was grand—sublime. That ancient and magnificent Gothic edifice was my canopy and enclosure—the whole internal of which, including the long ranges of lofty and massive columns, through the line of the nave and of the arms of the transept, and back to the altar, and over the altar to the Chapel of Henry VII., was all within the scope of a *coup d'œil*. The columns, so lofty and grand, and running in the lines of a sort of endless perspective, seemed to support the arches of heaven. The illusion is the easiest possible. The

* Two daughters—one three, and the other six years old.

mind is at once at sea, and swimming in it without effort and in ecstasy.

Around, clustering in all directions, and of various forms, on the pavement, on the walls, and some borne aloft on wings of sculptured marble, are the monuments of England's renowned and mighty dead—of her heroes, her statesmen, her nobles, her saints, her poets, her musicians, her literati. It is the sanctuary of religion too—the holy place where man for ages has lifted his thoughts from earth to heaven, and held communion with his God. For ages holy men have worshipped there; holy men lie in quiet slumber there, awaiting the resurrection of the just. Beneath those pavements, under those walls, and without under the soil, on which the building rests, are entombed a vast congregation of the good and the bad, who shall rise together for judgment at the last day.

Perched on the organ-loft, in the midst of such a scene, thus canopied, thus walled in, surrounded by objects of such grave meditation, and in the midst of a living throng of human beings, assembled for the most solemn and affecting of all services, the burial of the dead—I stood with a friend to see what might be seen, and hear what might be heard.

From the choir, the west screen of which was directly under our feet, were drawn two ranges of white-robed choristers, stretching through the length of the nave to the great western door, with an open space between them, pressed on all sides by the dense and expecting throng.

At last the two folds of the massive door were thrown open, and the funeral train of Clementi entered in solemn procession, preceded by a black and waving forest of plumes.

“Lofty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty sorrow nods on every plume.”

It seemed to say, “give place to the dead, and be still.” Immediately the organ answered to the sympathies of the hour, first with its soft and careful expressions, and then with its loud and thundering peal; and the mingling voices of the choristers below, turning and moving towards the altar, sustained and filled the swelling notes, till every arch seemed vocal with living harmony. Well did it become him, who had devoted the years of his long life to fill these lower spheres with music, to be sung so sweetly to his grave, to his rest, to his heaven—if charity might hope he had gone to heaven. Of that, I know not, ask not. Every note of this service was enough to make death sweet, the grave an enviable doom, and all beyond a bright and hopeful condition. What is this art of man, which can so melt down the soul and transport it into ecstasy? And if the anthems of earth are such, what must those of heaven be?

And they all marched (the white-robed singers exhibiting

a striking contrast to the dark procession in rear),—with a slow and solemn pace, scarcely moving, through the nave into the choir, singing as they came, till the dead was placed before the altar. The choristers in their stations still kept up the anthem—now soft, now loud—now a part, and now in chorus full—at one time, as in distant, angel whispers, and then as if all heaven had burst upon our ears its joyous welcome of a saint arrived. The predominant and pervading characteristic of the music, seemed to be deeply, most pathetically, and indescribably plaintive, as expressive of the troubles of life's troublous scenes, and above all, of the conflict and pains of life's end, as involving the agonies of dissolution and the affliction of survivors;—and all along, mingled with these sentiments, the sweet and heavenly harmonies seemed to give earnest of a sweet and heavenly rest. Christianity has taught man how to sing his troubles, and in the same voice to sing his triumphs—in the same anthem to deplore his present calamities and anticipate his succeeding and everlasting joys.

The entire burial service was performed by the choir, with the exception of a little reading of the Scriptures. When the procession moved to the place of interment in the cloisters on the south side of the Abbey, they still kept up the music as they went, and literally sung the great musician into his grave. Would that thy heaven, Clementi, might be as sweet as thy burial anthem!

One of my numerous reflections on this occasion was: that man, who knows his own feelings in joy and grief, give him time and opportunity, will learn how to express them by the admirable works of his own art. The deepest, the most religious, and the most awful passions of his soul are not beyond his reach, nor beyond the power of his representation. In nature, or in art, he will find a type—some shape, or sound, or some combination of things foreign to himself, that shall show himself, speak to his inmost soul, and challenge all his possible sympathies. And if so much can be effected in the present imperfect state of society, while men are no better—what may not be expected when all men shall be good?—If the arts of unholy men can so ape and feign goodness—can so frame the *beau ideal* of moral excellences, and so combine their images, as to claim the fellowship and promote the edification of the best feelings—what may not be expected of human art, when its own masters shall be pure as itself!

It is doubtful, perhaps, whether the moral power vested in the finer and nobler arts of man, as an auxiliary for the attainment of the most exalted and the holiest of human society, is duly appreciated. The nature of man is always susceptible of the power of music, poetry, painting, and other kindred arts;—and for this reason, that God, having

filled the world and the universe with these qualities, has adapted the nature of man to enjoy them. And there is no place so full of music, so natural to song, or so attractive in its beautiful forms, as heaven itself.

EXCURSION IN SCOTLAND.

First impressions on entering Scotland—Scotch national character—Holyrood House—Charles X.—Duke de Bordeaux—Dutchess de Berri—Queen Mary—Edinburgh—Stirling—Castle Campbell—Rumbling Bridge and Devil's Mill—Affecting Death of a Brother and Sister—Perth—Dunsinane Hill and Birnam Wood—Dunkeld—Grampian Hills—The Highlanders—Bagpipes—Inverness—Caledonian Canal—Neptune's Staircase—Ben Nevis—Staffa and Fingal's Cave, &c.

I REMARKED on my first entrance into the territories north of the Tweed, that the countenance and character of man in that region made impressions upon my mind indicating another race than the English. And the physical features of North Britain are as diverse from those of the South, as is the character of the men to be found there—wild, stern, and hoary. A people born and bred among such hills and vales, familiar with such mountains and lakes, challenging the stronger emotions of the soul, and the bolder flights of fancy, ought to be extraordinary. I never looked out upon the face of that country, but my mind was quickened—equally by what strikes the eye, and by historical associations. Scotland would be venerable in her naked majesty, in the eye of a seraph spirit, who on wings should make survey of her face, spread out to the heavens, even in desolate loneliness—if that spirit might be supposed to have any thing of a taste akin to man for the beauties of nature. But she is venerable for the projects which have been conceived by the mind of man, and for the scenes in which man has enacted a part. She has been the cradle of warrior chieftains, whose exploits in heathen story would have given them rank among the gods—and even as it is, they are famed as more than mortal. The wild and romantic rhapsodies of Ossian had their natural occasions and just provocations in the *physical* and *moral* of the regions where they were conceived. They were not the mere creatures of fancy. Human beings, tenantry such a part of the world, must be bold and aspiring—must be men of high endeavour, and sometimes of mighty achievements. When war was the fashion, they must have been heroic in arms. When Christianity addressed itself to their hearts, they felt its power. When poetry has moved them, they have sung

wild and sweetly, and being themselves charmed, have charmed the world. When chastened learning and sober science have challenged their attention, they have claimed to lead the rest of mankind—at least they will not be led. They are a people that go by themselves. They have a character of their own, and must have. They respect themselves, and are respected. Look at her warriors of times gone by, but not to be forgotten—look to her poets, her men of science, her metaphysicians, her theologians, and her universities—look to her arts and cities—and say, if Scotland has not a character of her own? She is not stamped by the rest of the world, nor by any part of it, even though, for want of a political importance, the world is not stamped by her. And it is not a little remarkable, it is an illustrious fact—I speak of it as a matter of fact, without deciding the question of its moral influence as good or bad—yet it is a fact, that the genius of a single man has consecrated those wide regions as modern classic ground, and the history of that country as a classic legend. Italy and Greece have at this moment, if possible, less interest in the eye of travellers for their classic associations than the land which gave birth to Walter Scott.

As notable as Scotland has made herself, it is also remarkable that her population should still be quoted at only 2,365,807. The truth is, that her national and political importance having been long merged in what is courteously called a union with England, under the title of North Britain, but what is in fact a *subjection* to the English crown, the still unsubdued spirit and enterprise of her sons have sought and found scope for action and eminence as rivals *among* the Southrons, and for a well-earned distinction over the widespread regions of British empire, on which the sun never sets. They fought for national independence till they could fight no longer; since which, they have held on the race for pre-eminence over their neighbours of another kind. In intellectual greatness, in moral virtue, in commercial tact—in literature and science—in the pulpit, in the forum, in parliament, and on the bench—in the drudgery of common life, in affairs of state—at home and abroad—on the sea and on the field—whenever brought into competition with the English in any of these pursuits and in all others, they have generally excelled and carried off the palm.

Once the Scotchman loved his home—and still he loves it, however far away, in the undying affections that are garnered up in the recollections of what he has left behind—in the physical beauties of his native regions, in the endearments of the domestic relations, in the romantic history and poetry of his country, in the religion and patriotism of his ancestors—in all that imagination, and philosophy, and filial piety have made him heir to. In every region of the

globe, and among all shades of national and individual character—he is a Scotchman still and true. But so it is: “an Englishman is never happy till he gets in trouble; an Irishman is never in peace till he gets fighting; and the Scotchman is never at home till he gets abroad.” Does this seeming paradox need an explanation? He who finds the Scotchman everywhere, has it; the Irish character is too well known to require it; and the characteristic fortitude of the English, which best develops their patience when they have got to a *ne plus ultra* of difficulty, may answer for them.

HOLYROOD HOUSE.

“Will you wait and see the Duke de Bordeaux?” said the porter, as I asked his services to show me the Palace of Holyrood in August, 1832.

“How soon will he be out?”

“Immediately. His carriage is waiting, as you see.”

“How old is the duke?”

“Twelve—past.”

We met, not only within the gates, but in the very court of the palace. The few who happened to be standing there, uncovered, as the young duke approached, supported by two gentlemen, who assisted him into the carriage, and took seats with him, and the carriage drove off.

Charles X. was not in. I was told, “If you meet a tall man with a long nose, he is the ex-king of France.” I have met several men answering to this description since, but I am not sure that either of them was he.

The Dutchess de Berri, mother of the Duke de Bordeaux—*alias* of Henry V. of France—*alias* of that little boy, was said to be at that time in London, on her way to the repose of Holyrood, after having endured the fatigues and anxieties of her invasion of France, and of her attempt to dethrone Louis Philip, and place upon the head of her son the crown of the Capets. Poor woman! The French are said to be a fanciful and romantic people, and the Dutchess de Berri is frightfully ugly. They were not charmed. I suppose she had been advised by Chateaubriand’s letter, in which he says to her, “The Dutchess de Berri will find neither a throne nor a grave in France. She will be made prisoner, condemned, and pardoned. Judge, madam, whether this will be agreeable.” And so the Dutchess de Berri was expected every day at Holyrood. She did not, however, make her appearance, as her errors have since developed.

By the generous hospitality of the King and Parliament of Great Britain, Holyrood House has been made a refuge for the exiled kings of the French branch of the Bourbons. And there the family were residing in dignified retirement, when I visited the place, expecting (poor things) by that

same infatuation which lost them their throne, to return and occupy it again. And even that, peradventure, is possible; for who can tell what shall come next in France?

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Holyrood House is especially interesting, as having been occupied by the unfortunate Queen Mary, and as the scene of the Rizzio tragedy. The palace lies on the east of Edinburgh, directly between Calton Hill on the north, and Salisbury Crag on the south, down in the lowest bosom of the city, just without the meanest and filthiest part of it. It is built on three sides of a square, the west side or line towards the city being a wall and gate. Within this square of course is an open court, the inner fronts and each side at each story being run with spacious and convenient corridors, giving free access *from* and *to* every part of the palace within the court, without exposure to the weather. The building has nothing remarkable in its external features, being in all respects inferior in the style of its architecture to hundreds of houses in the new town of Edinburgh. At the northeast angle without, are the ruins of the ancient chapel, quite picturesque and romantic, the walls only standing.

Having seen the little fellow, Master the Duke, drive off from the gate of the palace, I pursued my way to see what might be seen within. Of course, the apartments appropriated to the use of the ex-king of France and his family were not open to visitors. The gallery of ancient paintings and the apartments of Queen Mary—the *very* apartments which she occupied, and the *very* furniture which she used, and the *very* work of her own fingers, *all in statu quo*, as she used and left them—(as nearly so as possible, making allowance for such changes in arrangement as might be convenient for the purposes of keeping and of exhibition)—these, as might well be imagined, were the things most attractive.

And there, suspended on the walls of the picture-gallery, large as life, were the portraits of the Scottish monarchs. There was Robert Bruce in his armour, whose eye, fired with purpose of revenge, seemed to be fixed on the distant camp of the Southrons. And there was Mary, in most unfit society for such a woman—the tender among the rude. Would that her feminine virtues, associated with the charms of her person and the subduing grace of her manners, could be seen apart from her offences. Alas! while we weep at her fate, too cruel for such delicacy, we weep also at her weaknesses. She was a woman—in the midst of temptation.

Royal state rooms of the 19th century must not be thought of when we enter the state rooms of three centuries ago. And yet such comparison is quite necessary to enable us to estimate the difference between the two. It is by this that

our amazement swells big as the vanity of the age in which we live. And really—is it possible, that Queen Mary could have been proud of such chairs and of such tables?—or contented with such a bed and with such furniture? It makes one think of the coarse woollen stockings that Queen Elizabeth wore at court, and of her quilted petticoat, the roughness of which would make one shudder to think of, as would the filing of a saw. And the needlework, too, done by the fingers of Queen Mary, would make a fair subject of a downright scolding lecture from a common school-mistress, if one of her ragged and untaught girls should bring her such a sample. And the wicker-basket, once used as the depository of the linen of the infant babe, afterward James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, *but*, that it is a precious relic of such a time and circumstance, might as well be sold for the use of the fishmonger women of Edinburgh. Have ye ever seen a great-great-grandfather's chair, ready to tumble down if ye sit upon it?—or his desk, as inconvenient as the rusty iron buckles of his shoes?—Have ye seen a great-great-grandmother's high-post bed, with all its tasselled, quilted, and various-coloured furniture—the reposing frame of which was not so lofty that persons of high stature must have had a ladder to get upon it, as in these days—but so humble that a dwarf must stoop to find it? Have ye seen any specimens of antiquated tapestry, the devices of which would make a clown laugh outright, that its figures were all done so badly? Have ye seen any old garret full of rusty knight's armour, with boots and spurs, any one suit of which might well be supposed to make a horse groan under its burden? Add to all this every kind of goods and chattels necessary to a princely mansion, correspondent in quality and shapes with all these—and then allow that I have amused myself here with a small degree of colouring—it must also be allowed, that I have been well provoked to it by the actual exhibition of things, which have furnished occasion for this account. And did the royal Mary, Queen of the Scots, live there? Were these her conveniences and comforts? Was that double chair, not a bad pattern of which may be found in an old lumber-wagon in the back woods of America, made at her order, in which herself and stolen husband were to be crowned? Is that the mirror, twelve inches by six, before which she was accustomed to make her toilet? It is true, there is some gold wrought in all this furniture—and not a little waste of uncultivated fancy, in the profusion of homely and rude ornaments by which it was once adorned. But such as it is—and for the reasons that it is as it is, I had rather look upon it than upon all the costly show of the present state apartments of the castle of William IV. at Windsor. I am sure that Queen Mary once tenanted those apartments—that she slept upon

that bed—that she sat in that chair—that she worked that piece of embroidery by her own hands—that there she entertained her guests, alas! not always lawful.

And there in that little corner, scarce twelve feet square, was she surprised by Darnley and Ruthven, who, with their murderous train, came upon her by a private passage, now open to inspection, and seized upon her favourite, David Rizzio, sitting in her company and at her table: and, in spite of the interposition of her authority, in violation of the sacredness of her character, against all the tenderness of her womanhood and the peculiar delicacy of her condition, and her beseeching remonstrances, plunged the fatal dagger in his bosom before her eyes, while he hung upon the skirts of her garments for protection; and then, dragging him into an adjoining apartment, left him weltering in the blood which flowed from the wounds inflicted by their ruthless vengeance! The stains of the vital current are now visible on the floor. Surely it is no marvel, that her son, born some four months after this tragical event, always shuddered and hid his face at the sight of a drawn sword. Those were rude times in which the unfortunate Mary lived; and that was a rude day which lost her head, that had worn a crown in a sea of troubles—of troubles which in no small part her own imprudence brought upon her. While her fate will for ever claim and receive the sympathy of those who read her story, her faults shall not remain unwept.

EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH is indebted for not a little of its imposing character to the very rare physical features of its site—to the hills and mountains, near and remote, with which it is surrounded—and to that sweet vision, the Frith of Forth, which runs up and hides itself among the hills, and descending spreads out its floods wider and wider, till they are lost in the North Sea. There are extraordinary natural and geographical features *in* this town and all *around* it, almost without number, any one of which would make a city remarkable. The town itself lies upon three remarkable and lofty ridges, running east and west, and of course must have in its bosom two corresponding, deep, and precipitous ravines—or ravines that once were—but now most usefully and thoroughly appropriated. The stranger, passing from the new town, and crossing a stone bridge to the old, looks down upon his right, expecting to see the bosom of a river, and lo! instead, a neat, well-provided, and bustling market. On the left, instead of shipping, he looks over the tops of a sea of houses, at the farther extremity of which, on the same low ground, and directly under the brow of a perpendicular and lofty crag, lies Holyrood Palace. Advancing over the middle ridge, through the heart

of the old town, and past the university, in the distance of a quarter of a mile, he comes to another bridge, and looking down to see a river and shipping, he sees instead a paved street lined with shops, the stories of which are as far below as they are above him, and all exhibiting the most active bustle of trade—and he exclaims: Is it possible there is a town *beneath* this town—and another race of beings down yonder? For what have they to do with those above, and how can they get up?

Back again to the new town (although we have not got half through the old one yet), and there is Calton Hill at the east end of the first street, and but a few rods from the bridge—lifting up its head in mountain pride—on the summit of which is an observatory and camera-obscura—a lofty monument to Nelson, one to Playfair, one to Burns, and one to the folly of the nation—because, being begun, it is likely never to be finished. From this pinnacle, one may peep down into the court and apartments of Holyrood, which lie directly under the feet, survey the city in all its extent and undulations—Leith, with all the villages along the Frith; look over the waters to the hills and mountains on the north far away—and so to the west and south. Over Holyrood, just without and impending the city, is a mountain crag—almost exactly such another thing as East Rock, near New-Haven, Connecticut, but twice as high, and much more bold in the form and knitting of its brow. Very near the crag, and over it directly, is *Arthur's Seat*, 800 feet high, and very exactly after the pattern of *Mount Tom*, near Northampton, Massachusetts. On the central ridge, in the middle of the city, the castle, like the mighty elephant of the east standing under his armed tower full of armed men, erects its huge dimensions and lofty battlements, overawing the town and all the region round, itself familiar with the clouds, by reason of the camel-bunch prominence on which it rests, and which lifts it up on high. There too are the Pentland Hills on the south, in all their variegated profile—and the beautiful and regularly inclined plane, supporting the new town, and stretching out to the Frith on the north. Everywhere, *in* and *about* Edinburgh, there are commanding and interesting views, by reason of the irregularities of the face of the country.

The City of Edinburgh is built of stone throughout. This material gives to the city an air of fitness to endure for everlasting ages. The new town, as it is called, and as it is in fact, lies on the north of the principal ravine, and is altogether admirable for architectural magnificence, for the spaciousness of its streets, and for the extent of its public squares, or gardens, as they are termed. The ground of the new town swells up from the ravine between itself and Castle Ridge for the distance of fifty rods perhaps, and then,

forming a graceful curve, on which is built a principal street running east and west in a line with the ridge, it declines on an easy and beautiful plain to the north, from any part of which and in any street, except a wall intervene, the wide plain below, the shores and bosom of the Frith two to three miles distant, the country, hills, and mountains far beyond—all come directly under the eye. In every street running north and south, and at every door and window on those streets, some very extended rural and mountainous, mingled with a water prospect, may be enjoyed. Indeed, there is scarcely any part of Edinburgh, old town or new, where some peep may not be had at a distant or elevated object, at some commanding eminence, or enchanting prospect. If one is walking in the very bed of its lowest grounds, there is the castle or Calton Hill, or the Crag, or Arthur's Seat, or all together; there, too, is the piling up of house upon house, upon the sides of which may be counted at least ten stories. There are also public edifices of various sorts—steeple, spires, and monuments in honour of the illustrious dead.

The style of building at Edinburgh is generally a pattern of good taste; one does not wish it to be otherwise. I of course speak of those parts where taste has been attempted; and they are not few. There is not a single principal street in the new town—a section large enough, I should think, for 50,000 inhabitants—which does not astonish a stranger in walking through, on account of the uninterrupted line of superior and imposing forms of architecture, which everywhere command his attention. *This* is a palace; *that* is a palace; every house seems a palace. "Edinburgh is a city of palaces."

Steeple and spires in Edinburgh are not frequent, and none of them very remarkable. St. George's is the St. Paul's of Edinburgh. St. Andrew's is a fine steeple. Lord Melville's monument is not less conspicuous, and little less elevated. St. Giles, the cathedral, is not worth mentioning. St. Stephen's, at the bottom of Frederick-street, is a perfection of architectural beauty, for a thing of such small expense.

Churches named after *saints* in Presbyterian Scotland—and in connexion with the Presbyterian Kirk! Surely they must have degenerated since the days of John Knox. The Presbyterian is the established religion of Scotland, and the King of Great Britain is a dissenter in his own dominions when he gets north of the Tweed. It is curious to see how intolerance is doomed to encounter intolerance. The Church of Rome excommunicates all the world, and in turn by all the world is excommunicated. The Church of England unchurches her legitimate daughter, the Episcopal Church of the United States. The Kirk of Scotland does

the same to the American Presbyterian Church, although the same reasons cannot exist, except that we have proved recreant in divorcing ourselves from the state. American Episcopalians cannot preach in England, nor can American Presbyterians preach in the Kirk of Scotland. England unchurches Scotland, and Scotland England; and both shut out the United States. And in the United States the same spirit is manifested under various names. *O Pudor!* Shame upon us all, and upon all the world.

STIRLING.

The sail up the Frith of Forth is exceedingly picturesque, and far more advantageous, I should judge, for interesting views, and to obtain a knowledge of the district, than a ride by land. Several beautiful towns and villages show themselves on the shores, or are displayed in retreat upon the plains and hills. A number of castles and gentlemen's seats are offered successively to the eye as the boat advances. Indeed, there is not a mile in the whole distance from Edinburgh to Stirling, some 50 miles by water, but the attention is claimed by several conflicting and attractive objects at the same time. And there is not a little of shipping upon the Forth, enlivening the scene, and connected with the different port-towns, as far up as *Alloa*,—which is seven miles below Stirling by land, and 21 by the serpentine course of the river. Hills and mountains are visible everywhere in Scotland, as a matter of course. In ascending the Forth, the constantly and rapidly changing features of this description, some receding and others rushing on the sight, are no small part of the moving panorama. We passed several ships of war of the largest class, lying at anchor in the river, dismantled, and floating up and down on the bosom of the ebbing and returning tide.

The town of Stirling contains about 8,000 inhabitants, and lies almost exactly in the same relation to the Castle, as the old town of Edinburgh to Edinburgh Castle: the south, west, and north of the castles, in either case, make the bold and inaccessible promontories. In both cases also the east makes a gradual descent into the respective towns, and constitutes the only possible way of ingress and egress. One is a twin of the other in all respects, and they have both the same appropriation. From Edinburgh Castle, however, you look down upon a great and magnificent city, spread out from under your feet in all directions; and beyond the city, there is the wide and widening bosom of the Frith—plains, hills, and mountains, in every direction, except that of the North Sea. But from the summit of Stirling's pride, one forgets there is a little town below. *There* are the actual regions of nature's own creation, beginning at our feet, and spreading out the long, wide, and fruitful valley of the Forth,

to the east and west, improved in the highest perfection by the hand of man; and every way rising in the distance is some mountain profile, lodged in the clouds—all to chain and enchant the soul, and make it drink in pleasure, as it throws out its affections on the bosom of such a scene. The hills and mountains on the north and south are apparently so near, that the spectator, looking out from the castle heights, imagines, in the springtide and buoyancy of his feelings, that he might leap out upon them with the greatest ease. In the west there are mountains so remote as scarcely to be defined, and so high that their heads are often lost in the clouds. But the sweet vales below and the meanderings of the Forth—there is nothing like it! Did ye ever see the ingenious and active child, smoothing over the face of the sand, and then marking with his finger, or a stick, the most crooked tracery imaginable—more crooked than the serpent, even in his folds, because more various—now running this way, now that, but always in a curvilinear form? These fantastic tricks of children are not more wild than the windings of the Forth between Stirling and Alloa. And large portions of this strath, or interval ground, when I happened to be there, were checkered into whitened harvest-fields, in many of which might be seen fifty, and in some a hundred women in one line, sweeping with the sickle a whole farm at a single bout; and here and there a man following behind, and binding the sheaves.

BANKS OF THE DEVON.

And I said, “John” (*John Stewart* was the name of the lad, 14 years of age, who led me up the banks of the Devon, from the village of Dollar, to show me the Caldron Linn, the Rumbling Bridge, and the Devil’s Mill), “John,” said I, “do you know any thing of Burns’s *Banks of the clear-winding Devon*?”

“O yes—I’ve got it at home.”

And when he returned, I said, “John, bring me the *Banks of the clear-winding Devon*, will you?” John ran below, and in a moment returned with a book of select Scottish poesy, all smoked and blurred, each cover and the title-page lost, and the corners of every leaf rolled and fumbled, as if it had been used to the hands and fingers of unwashed colliers for an age or two, and putting his finger on the place, said—“Here it is:”—

The Banks of Devon.

“How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
 With green spreading bushes and flowers blooming fair!
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon,
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew,

And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

“O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose—
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.”

John was a sensible, clever lad, of genuine Scotch honesty, and soon stole a place and an interest in my affections—as the Scotch are wont to do. Like the Indians of our country, when found in their native simplicity, the Scotch have a peculiar manner of speech, so kind and affectionate, that it always makes way to the heart. Its moral power is irresistible. I know not how to define it, except in the language of the schools: that their speech never makes a *cadence*. When the qualities of their voice will allow, it is soft and mellifluous, the most natural expression of kind feeling; and whenever they rest, or have done for the time, it is by a singular suspension of voice, the opposite of a cadence, seeming to make an appeal to and a challenge of the best affections of those with whom they converse. I know not the philosophy of it. It is a manifest violation of all the rules of the art of elocution—and yet there is nothing equal to its power. They are not aware of it themselves. It is a peculiarity of the people, and a universal characteristic. It is kindness—and it begets kindness. It is an expression, a manner of speech, which leans upon the good feeling of others, and is sure to gain it. I imagine it has been cradled in the nursery, and reigned in the sanctuary of the domestic circle, where the best feelings are always in play—and by the power of habit has become a national characteristic. Of the fact, all foreigners must be witnesses. There is a great secret of morals in it, worthy of being developed. I have long had my eye upon it, and can never forget it. It makes one feel at home with a people who have so much kindness in their every word.

At the end of three miles, trudging along in the rain, as it poured down in most generous showers, after passing through the premises of a gentleman's well-improved estate, and at the termination of the wall of his garden, we came abruptly upon an impassable chasm, made by a fall of the Devon, eighty-eight feet—which is called most appropriately the *Caldron Linn*. *Linn*, in Scotch, means a basin, made by a waterfall in a stream or river—it being worn out, spacious and deep, by the force of a cataract. Such places are ordinarily called *fishing-linns*. The term *Caldron* I need not explain. The features of Caldron Linn are most extra-

ordinary. The river here, when not swollen, is a small brook—and yet by the boldness of the mountain regions, in which its sources lie, it often presents a magnificent spectacle in a copious and sudden flood. Originally at this spot, it would appear to have been a perpendicular cataract, plunging over a bridge of sharp and projecting rocks. But by the wear and tear of many cycles of ages, it has cut out a chasm some thirty to forty yards in length, and in this distance the plunging of the river in its swollen tides, making the entire fall by degrees in the course of the above number of yards, has created the most rare exhibition of the kind. All persons, who have witnessed such falls at low water, have had occasion to observe the formation of capacious and circular vessels in the rock, supposed to be made by the violent action of stones, forced round and round by the water. But here the immense capacity of these formations is truly amazing. There is one twenty-two feet in diameter, as perfect as a work of art, and on one side not less than thirty feet deep to the surface of the water: and how deep the water was I could not tell. Immediately by the side of this is another, one fourth as large, opening into it, but divided at top by a rim, nearly worn off at the centre. There is still another, farther up, almost a twin to the largest. In the length of the chasm there are a multitude of formations of this description, more or less regular, and all presenting a smooth surface. The *tout ensemble* exhibits to the eye, as it were, the skeleton shapes of some huge monster, groaning and dying for ever, but never dead—for still and for ever his hollow moanings and expiring groans send up their voice on high, seeming to challenge the sympathy of every spectator, and of all inanimate creation around. It seems a very thing of life, now trying to live, and now labouring in vain to die. For onward still the mad torrent dashes, and plunges, and foams, and every caldron, through which it passes, boils, as if all the fires of the globe's centre were acting on its lower surface.

What is marvellously singular, the last emission of these waters, having passed the successive caldrons, great and small, when it makes a final plunge into the linn below, is through an aperture, as exactly in the form of a lyre as art itself could have made. The dimensions of this figure are about 10 feet by 3. The spectator, looking up from below on this easy emission, as from the mouth of a pitcher, of the moaning and groaning floods from their painful constraint and long retention above, is relieved from the demand that was made on his sympathies when stooping over the awful chasm, and begins to persuade himself, in view of this symbol, that he is listening to the music of the spheres. For there is the *lyre* suspended aloft, and there are not wanting sounds and various notes—the music of the waters.

A mile farther up the beautiful "*banks of the clear-winding Devon*" is the *Rumbling Bridge*, and the everlasting clatter of the *Devil's Mill*. It was quite natural for a superstitious people to ascribe to such agency a mysterious, time-keeping, and uninterrupted clatter, coming up from a dark, unseen, and inaccessible cavern in the bowels of the earth. It was no other, however, than the perpetual action of the waters of the Devon on a loose rock, which was made to impinge by regular strokes the face of another rock, far down in one of those inaccessible fissures, worn out by this river in the bosom of those deep and sombre glens. But this mill is now silenced by the recent fall of a rock, weighing not less than a thousand tons, which, in the age that gave name to this place, would probably have been ascribed to the same agency. The Devon, at the place of the Devil's Mill, plunges through deep, narrow, and winding passages, a glimpse of which can be got here and there with great pains and not a little peril. In the distance of a quarter of a mile the river makes a descent perhaps of 150 feet, having in the course of time cut its thread path in the rock so deep, that in some places its precipitous sides are more than a hundred feet high. A few rods below the Devil's Mill a bridge is thrown across, of 22 feet span and 120 feet above the bed of the river, which, from the noise of the waters in the deep and narrow chasm below, has obtained the name of the *Rumbling bridge*. So exceedingly compressed is the chasm made by the river here, that, in very many places, a man, if he could get access, could bestride the river with ease, standing on the rocks jutting from either side, and see the torrent foaming and dashing between his legs below him.

CASTLE CAMPBELL.

Suffers at first view by reason of its situation at a low point, on the side of the stupendous Ochil range. Itself and all its circumstances look mean, when the eye, looking upon it from below, is obliged to take in such a pile of hills, rising and towering above it into the clouds, and stretching to the right and left in an interminable line. One must rise and be perched like itself on its proud eminence, turning his back on the hills above, and forgetting they are there. He must look down on the vale and the windings of the Devon—over the ridge which lies between the Devon and the Forth, into the vale of the latter; and on Stirling's lofty heights and bristling battlements; he must look at the ultimate and far off range of hills, which bound his vision on the right and on the south; he must gaze on Ben Lomond's cloud-piercing peak, and count the clusters of his sons which lie at his feet; and see all that lies between these remote and exalted things. Then he must see where now he stands, on a little hill enthroned among the hills—a marvellous pyramid of nature.

He must look down on the dark and impassable glens which lie under his feet, and hear the waters on his right and left, which he cannot see, "roaring and grumbling, and leaping and tumbling," wondering how he got where he is, and how he shall ever get away. He must survey the entire (and there is little enough of it) of this singular *lusus naturæ*, fearfully precipitous in every approach, except by a little bridge from the mountain side above. And then he will not wonder that the wealthy chieftain of a Scottish clan, in ancient days, chose to nestle there. There was a natural defence from every foe on every side. There he might rest, or riot secure, in the very face of his enemies. They might crowd the vale below, they might swarm upon the hills, and frown and menace with hatchet mailed upon the hip, and quiver full of arrows on the shoulder, and the proud and sullen chieftain might walk at ease upon his tower, and bid the world defiance.

The reason why this castle is so small, is, that it is equal to its foundation. Its natural advantages were too obvious not to dispense with wider premises. And there it stands, a rare monument of Scottish antiquities. Its age is not counted. "In 1465 it was the property of the family of Argyll. And in this gloomy solitude the arch reformer, John Knox, passed some time with the fourth Earl of Argyll, who was the first of the Scottish nobility that publicly renounced the doctrines of the Church of Rome." The chapel in which John Knox officiated, and dispensed the sacraments, rested on the front brow of the prominence, the entrance door of which is now standing.

And was there ever rich furniture in these apartments? and abundant stores in these strongholds? Has beauty ever smiled and flourished here, and the delicate child, growing into womanhood, reposed her affections, void of care, on the bosom of a noble father? Have all the scenes of a princely household, and of such life and manners as characterize nobility, been enacted in this nest among the mountain glens? Has the noise of festivity and the gladness of mirth rung in these halls, from age to age, and times without number? Have the buddings of young and aspiring affections blossomed and been matured here, and plots of state devised and resolved on? Has the germe of youthful love and of war alike been cradled in this mansion? And have all the trappings and splendours of wealth shone out from this once bright and cheerful, but now dark and desolate abode? What change do time and human strife work out!

"What, John! is this a stable?" said I; as we entered the castle. "Yes, sir."—"And do they house the cattle here?"—"Yes, sir."

"This way," said John, passing the door where the cows were kept, and bending towards another, which seemed to have been used to human tread.

"And do they keep keys here?" said I. "Does anybody live here?"

At that moment, following my guide, we entered a dark anteroom, strewn with such household furniture as I could hardly persuade myself belonged to human beings—it was so offensive and shocking to every sense. The most filthy beds, as if that moment deserted by the tenants in a fright, a thing or two with some of the shapes of a chair, two old hats bruised and torn lying on the floor, and rags and filth enough to breed the worst of diseases—all by the side of the stable! John bolted through, as if at home, called to somebody in the next apartment, and announced a visiter. For myself, I halted, and queried what this could be! My first impression was:—I have stumbled on the cholera! And the reason of this confusion, if this can possibly be the habitation of man, must be, that a case of cholera has suddenly come on them, and in the next room I must be prepared to meet with a dead man!

"Come in! come in!" cried a voice from the inner apartment—"I'll give you a book to look at, which will tell you a' about it, and wait on you soon."

"But I have not time, good woman, to read that book," said I to a being, whom, on the whole, I took for a woman, and who at this instant came out and offered a big old rusty volume.

"Han't you? Weel, then, I'll show you,"—and brushing by, she began to lead the way.

I stood for a moment motionless and speechless, staring with no little amazement at this strange apparition, the forms, and dress, and manners of which I will not attempt to describe—there were so many things neither desirable to see nor to be told of. She was evidently the self-complacent mistress of the ceremonies. She passed by the stable, and introduced us to the hayloft, which she said was the great hall. The rest was easily shown, for the building being in ruins, there is not much left. Pointing the way to the top of the tower, she dismissed herself, till I might be satisfied with my surveys of the wide regions to be seen from that station. This done, and being in haste, lest the coach should drop me behind, I proposed taking leave.

"But," said the old woman, "you must gang down there," pointing to the place of the chapel. "There Johnny Knox made the ordinances."

"But I am in haste, good woman."

"But you *meest* gang there. That is the *only* thing for you to see." Yielding to her resolute officiousness, I went, and saw a wondrous passage, blasted out of the rock, leading down into the dark glen below.

All the wonders of Castle Campbell were eclipsed in the wonders excited by the appearance and manners of this old

woman, and the extraordinary character of the furniture and keeping of the lodgments, tenanted by herself and household. I had *heard* of brutes and men herding together in the same apartments—but I never expected to see it in a baronial castle. Verily, it was a sight not to be coveted. And to think, too, of the change from the ancient state and splendour of this abode, to its present condition! “What a fall was there!”

AFFECTING DEATH OF A BROTHER AND SISTER.

“Have you heard of the distressing death of the young gentleman and his sister at ———, last week?” said a fellow-passenger in a stagecoach, while we were passing from Stirling to Perth, in the summer of 1832.

“Yes, I happened to be at the very inn yesterday, without any knowledge of these facts; and the little which I saw was well calculated to confirm the common rumour.”

A young English gentleman of rank and fortune, being an invalid, was advised to spend some weeks in the highlands of Scotland for the benefit of his health. An affectionate sister would not let him go alone, but accompanied him from England, and attended him in all his excursions in Scotland with those anxious assiduities, which characterize the female character, that has been refined by education, and trained from earliest years in the bestowment of sisterly affections and offices on the appropriate objects of their regard.

He had just taken lodgings in those wild regions of the highlands, which are hired out by their proprietors in the sporting season to English noblemen and gentry, who have wealth and leisure to devote themselves to the invigorating exercises of shooting fowl and pursuing the deer. Of the latter there is not so much game as formerly; but the grouse, or heath-cock, is still in great abundance.

This young gentleman was accustomed to take airings in his gig with his sister, whose affectionate duty to him had imposed a corresponding obligation not to neglect her happiness. Indeed, they were as devoted to each other, and as happy in each other's society, as brother and sister could be. The sports of the heathy hills were nothing to him, compared with the soothing companionship of one he had so much reason to love. His game he pursued at his doctor's bidding; his sister he attended from the affection he bore to her.

He said to her one morning:—“Come, let us drive to-day to the Rumbling Bridge and the Devil's Mill. It is but twenty miles, or a little more; and we can return in the evening.” Having arrived at the place, he left his horse at the nearest inn, and ordered refreshments against their return from a view of the objects before them. The fatigues

of the day, or some other cause, proved too much for the young man; and, instead of being able to return to his lodgings that night, his anxious sister was obliged to send for a physician. The cholera had just invaded Scotland, and spread a universal panic; and the doctor in his wisdom saw fit, and perhaps thought he had reason, to pronounce this attack a hopeless case of that frightful and inexorable scourge, and retired from the scene. It was a wretched house, kept by a wretched drunken family, without a comfort in its desolate, inhospitable walls. Panic-stricken by the declaration of the doctor, no human being could be persuaded to attend on the sufferer, or answer to the calls of the sister. In a few hours he expired in her arms.

It was said and believed, when all was over, that it was not malignant, but common cholera, by which the brother was overtaken; and that suitable attentions might have saved him. It was also believed, that the sister died of grief, of desolation, of a broken heart; for both were found sleeping the sleep of death in the same apartment, and hurried away, unconfined, to the same grave!

Can affection, can wealth, can friends save us?

WILD SPORTS OF SCOTLAND.

England, which is proverbially a sporting country, annually pours out on the regions of North Britain its thousands, who, for the most part, take their passage in the steamers from London, for a few of those warm and sultry weeks, which brood over the South, and render existence there comparatively dull and grievous to be borne. The steamers at this season, plying between London and the eastern ports of Scotland, are literally crammed with parties going out on these excursions. And they are such migrating groups of men, boys, and dogs, with such implements of war upon the innocent tribes of fowl and quadrupeds of the north, as are to be seen in no other country. A noble lord—perhaps a minister of the crown—is seen walking the deck of a steam-vessel in his thick shoes and hunting-frock; all which, with all other appertenances and accoutrements of such an expedition, he walks, eats, and sleeps in; examines and rubs up his rifle and shot-gun; pats his dogs and talks to them; thinks and speaks of nothing but the wild sports of the north; forgets the cares of government, if he is connected with it; leaves his family out of mind, and gives all other business and pleasure to the winds; and counts by anticipation the braces of grouse, of rabbits, of hares, and of other game, which shall make every returning coach from the mountains groan beneath its burden. Such is the fitting out, and such are the schemes of the cabinet minister, of the member of parliament, of the judge, of the barrister, of the nobleman and gentleman, of the merchant and trades-

man—of all the crowds of sportsmen, who leave London in the south, and go to lodge and bury themselves among the heathery hills, on the bald mountains, and in the romantic glens of the north, till they are as tired of this occupation as they had been of that which they left behind, and which they now hasten back to resume.

One of the principal sources of income to the great proprietors of the highlands in North Britain, is the farming out of prescribed districts to this, that, and the other party of sportsmen from England for the sporting season—the proprietor being under obligation to maintain keepers of the premises so allotted, that one party shall not intrude on the ground of another. Not unfrequently some unpleasant encounters take place in consequence of trespasses committed through ignorance of boundaries, or by the lure of game—and the parties threaten to end the dispute by levelling their rifles, or shot-guns, at one another. Large territories are often taken up by a single party, extending from mountain to mountain, and embracing many deep, wild, and in some instances impassable glens. They range over the hills from day to day, with their pack-horses and servants in attendance, to carry provisions and pick up the game.

The following graphic description of a deer-hunt, as executed in 1618, although not perhaps applicable to the present state of things in all its minutiae, yet having been done, as a notice of things transacted on these very grounds, it may serve better than any thing I can do, not having been a witness of these sports:—

“I thank my good Lord Erskine,” says honest John Taylor, “forasmuch as hee commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging—the kitchen being always on the side of a banke, many kettles of pots boyling, and many spits turning and winding with a great variety of cheere—as venison bak’d, sodden, rost and stewed beefe, mutton, goates, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, moor-coots, heath-cocks, caperkellies, and termagants; good ale, sack, white and claret, tent and most potent *aquivite*. All these, and more than these, we had continually in superfluous abundance, caught by falconers, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my lord’s (Mar’s) tenants and purveyors, to victual our camps, which consisted of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of hunting is this: Five or six hundred men doe rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways; and for seven, eight, or ten miles compasse, they doe bring, or chase in the deer in many herds (two, three, or four hundred in a herd) to such or such a place, as the noblemen shall appoint them. Then, when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies doe ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to their middles

through bourns and rivers. And thus, they being come to the place, doe lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called *Tincknell*, doe bring down the deer. But as the proverb says of a bad cooke, so these *Tincknell* men doe lick their own fingers. For besides their bowes and arrows, which they carry with them, wee can hear now and then a harquebuse, or a musket goe off, which they doe seldom discharge in vain. Then, after we had stayed three hours or thereabouts, wee might see the deer appear on the hills round about us (their heads making a show like a wood), which, being followed close by the *Tincknell*, are chased down into the valley where we lay; and all the valley on each side being laid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are let loose, as occasion serves, upon the herde of deere—so that with dogs, guns, arrowes, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, four score of fat deer were slain, which after are disposed of, some one way and some another, twenty or thirty milēs, and more than enough for us to make merry withal at our rendezvous. Being come to our lodgings, there was such baking, boyl-ing, roasting, and stewing, as if Cook Ruffian had been there," &c.

PERTH.

The coach from Stirling to Perth, by the way of Dollar and Milnathort, passes in full view of Loch Leven, that placid sheet of water, in the midst of which are the island and ruins of the castle where Queen Mary was incarcerated, and from which she made her escape with Douglass, May 2d, 1568.

Ten miles before reaching Perth, we run down the long and romantic Glen Fargue, into the spacious and incomparable Strath of Earne—an extensive and rich valley, under the best cultivation, through which the river Earne wends its way, and mingles its floods with the Tay, about four miles below Perth. From Strathearn, or the Strath of Earne—Strath being synonymous with interval grounds on a river—we came over a hill, from the summit of which the extensive valley of the Tay, waving with the harvest and filled with reapers—the reapers being women—opens its spacious bosom, and presents in its centre, on the banks of the river, the beautiful town, or royal borough of Perth, containing 22,000 inhabitants. Perth is the head of navigation on the Tay.

From the brow of a rocky crag, overhanging the Tay, 400 feet high, and one mile east of Perth, on the opposite side of the river, is one of the richest and finest views that can be imagined—especially at that enchanting season of the year, when every corn (grain) field is white to the harvest. The whole of Strathearn, over the hill—the conflu-

ence of the Earne and Tay below—the meanderings of the latter stream for many miles, and the shipping lying upon its glassy bosom, reflecting all their proper shapes from the mirror on which they rest—the borough of Perth—Scone, once the residence of the Scottish monarchs, Dunsinane Hill of Macbeth memory—and the highlands, bounding the vale of the Tay, and far in the west the Grampian Hills lifting up their heads—these all, and all that they comprehend of hill and dale and wide-spread fruitful plains, lie directly under the eye, as one turns round on this high seat of observation.

HIGH DUNSINANE HILL

Lies a few miles northeast of Perth, and Birnam Forest bears northwest of Dunsinane about twelve miles, and is near Dunkeld.

“Be lion-mettled—proud—and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;
Macbeth shall never vanquish’d be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.”

“That will never be.
Who can impress the forest? bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise.”

Sequel.

“As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look’d towards Birnam, and anon, methought
The wood began to move.”

“And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense—
That keep the word of promise to the ear,
And break it to our hope.”

From Birnam’s lofty crag I looked down upon the face of Dunsinane Hill. There are only two trees left of the Birnam Wood that *was*, and that is, made so notorious: one is a sycamore and the other an oak, both large and stately, standing near the bank of the Tay at the foot of the hill.

DUNKELD.

Dunkeld is a small village, situate in the entrance to the highlands, on the Tay, by the road from Perth to Inverness, 15 miles distant from the former place. It was the seat of a bishopric, and the ancient cathedral is now standing in ruins—the choir, however, being kept in repair for the Kirk of Scotland. It is a venerable old building, which, together with the compact village, a bridge of fine architecture over the Tay, and the Duke of Atholl’s seat and pleasure-grounds, presents a most picturesque scene down in this vale, surrounded and overtopped as these objects are by the multi-

form and variegated hills, which lie in heaps on all sides, and bury their summits in the clouds.

Generally all hills and mountains in Great Britain are perfectly bald, and make fine pastures for flocks and herds. "On the Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks." And there they are, naked, and covered with flocks. Immediately in the vicinity of Dunkeld, however, the glens and the hills to their tops are covered with trees, which have been planted by the Duke of Atholl, whose estate is immensely large—running in one direction more than seventy miles. The western border of the Duke of Atholl's estate is the eastern line of Lord Breadalbane's, which extends to the sea on the west, and measures 110 miles in its greatest length—being the largest territory in Great Britain belonging to a single man, though not perhaps the most productive in revenue, a great portion of it being waste highlands, or hills of little use except for game.

The present Duke of Atholl has been in a lunatic asylum of London these thirty years or more. The late duke his father had begun in his lifetime one of the most magnificent palaces in the kingdom. It is said, that in the estimate of the cost of this edifice, the single item of raising the walls and putting on the roof, together with the materials, would have been *one hundred thousand pounds*. The Baronial Hall, in the plan, is 150 feet by 36, larger, and to be finished in a more magnificent style, than St. George's Banqueting Hall at Windsor Castle. The walls are only partly raised, the death of the duke having arrested the work. It is situated on low ground, not far from the bank of the river.

The best place for the palace, and for any imposing building, is a natural terrace of a few acres, south of the village, and about one hundred feet above the river—overlooking the entire grounds below—and which happens to be the freehold of a private gentleman, who in the spirit of rivalry had erected a house, which was likely to detract attention from any thing the duke could create below with all his wealth. As the duke could not eject this man, nor buy him out, and being in possession of the land up to the brow of the hill in front of this gentleman's mansion and premises, he generously set himself to work and planted forest-trees of the largest growth, which in a few years will entirely shut out from view in all directions his envied and hitherto boasting, but now mortified, rival. "All this availeth me nothing, so long as Mordecai the Jew sitteth at the king's gate." But the duke is dead, and will never see the end of his purpose in this particular. His plan, however, is fast in the progress of attainment, and every time the doctor walks upon his terrace he sees these trees bristling and rising before him to shut him in and shut him out. This doctor was a surgeon in the British army, and was in the battle of the 8th of January, 1815, before New-Orleans.

The most common tree upon the duke's estate is a species of fir, from the Tyrol mountains, beyond the Alps—called the *larche*. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the forest which it makes. It seems amazing, that these deep and extended glens, and these lofty mountains, from their base to their tops, stretching for many miles in every direction, should be covered with heavy, dark, and waving forests, the seeds of which were first sown in the beds of a nursery, like garden vegetables; then transplanted in the same grounds of the nursery, in more remote relations to each other, and carefully kept till they are fit to be removed to the hills; a second time every plant is taken up by the hand, and set in its forest station. This is the way the forests of Scotland are created. There is scarcely any natural growth of timber. The *larche* is a staple production, sown and raised with horticultural care and pains from the beginning to the end.

The history of the *larche*, which is getting to be much cultivated in Great Britain, is this :—In 1737, two or three slips of this tree were brought from the Tyrol by the Atholl family in flower-pots, and set in the greenhouse, merely as a greenhouse plant, no one anticipating that it would endure the rigours of the climate. From these plants have sprung these immense forests, of the most profitable timber that can be raised—and they are fast extending over the kingdom by cultivation. Two of the original trees, which were brought from the continent in 1737, are now standing, and make a gigantic pine, or fir. One of them measures fourteen feet in circumference two feet from the ground—the other nearly the same—and both, I should judge, a hundred feet high. The large nurseries where the different forest-trees are sown in regular beds, and then thinned out by transplanting, are a curiosity—especially to an American, who had never dreamed that forests were to be planted by the hand of man.

The finest and most extended view from the mountains in the vicinity of Dunkeld, is from the summit of the renowned Birnam. Here the Strath of the Tay, on the plain of which and at its southern extremity lies the town of Perth, spreads out its fair and fruitful bosom, checkered in autumn with the whitened harvest-fields and every variety of agricultural aspect, fifteen miles in length, and nearly the same in breadth, bounded on all sides by beautiful hills of every shape, and rising in the distance into mountains, some of them lofty and magnificent—especially on the right;—and the Tay lies wending its serpentine course through the heart of the scene. On the east lie the smaller Grampians, heaps upon heaps. On the north and north-west the Grampians rise into loftier and more irregular piles, sublime and awful—and one of them (the Schihallion,

I believe) shoots its sharp point solitary into the clouds. At the foot of Birnam on the east, the Tay, springing out from the hills, steals along the deep glen with its black current, deepened still in its shades by the extended forests of the dark green *larche*, which hang and wave over its bosom, until it emerges into the Strath. The village of Dunkeld, the bridge, the Cathedral (we must not whisper how small a thing it is), its adjunct ancient ruin, the extended pleasure-grounds of the duke, and the doctor's mansion overtopping the whole—these are all snugly laid in close and harmonious society, down far below from Birnam's heights, and seem to be cradled among the hills.

On the Duke of Atholl's estate are thirty-six miles of private road for a carriage, all under key—and in addition sixty miles of well-made walks—which are being extended every year. These roads and paths, being made for pleasure, are all laid through the most picturesque and romantic scenery—along the river's bank, up the glens, cut in the steep sides of the mountains and over their tops, and along the margin of precipitous cliffs—now merged in forest gloom—now opening on a boundless prospect, or some sweet vale—now bursting on a waterfall, and next along the side of a murmuring brook.

“Take your left yonder, and then your right,” said my guide, as we were walking up the rushing and rumbling Braan, a branch of the Tay,—“and I will be before you;”—and immediately he darted into the thicket on the right and disappeared.

What means this, thought I? This is a dark place, and looks like dark business. However, I had some faith, and obeyed my directions, but not without a little misgiving. In a moment or two the roaring of a waterfall broke upon my ear as I advanced. This surely is a strange freak, thought I again, to leave me thus alone in this dubious retreat, and with such a token: “I'll be before you.” And what reception am I likely to get? Whatever was his scheme, he doubtless knew how to bring it about. Nor could I disappoint him. I therefore kept on, till the ground vibrated under my feet by the concussions of a hidden cataract. I soon came to the right-hand path, and mounting a bank, saw my guide at the door of a rustic temple, which he threw open on my approach, and introduced me to a circular mansion about twelve feet in diameter, neatly finished, and lighted in the top of the dome.

“This,” said he, “is Ossian's Hall.” Then pointing to a painting on the farther side, he began to explain:—“That, as you see, is Ossian, singing to his two greyhounds and the maidens that stand before him.” I saw the listeners were alike enraptured, the dogs no less than the maids, and

Ossian lost in the inspirations of his song. And while I myself began to sympathize with the group, and stood gazing on the venerable countenance, the heaven-directed eye, and flowing locks of the bard, on a sudden, in the twinkling of an eye, by some invisible machinery, the painting was withdrawn—it was not to be found! The space occasioned by it opened into a splendid, though small saloon, the farther end of which again opened directly on a cataract, forty feet distant, and of forty feet descent, which came foaming and rushing down the rocks, heightened in its powers by the full light of a blazing sun, and by the rocky bed and sides of the Braan, overhung by the thick-set trees, all stooping and bending to look upon the scene. It was grand and overpowering. My first emotions were those of a shock. The whole vision was thrown upon me so unexpectedly—the painting on which I was gazing had been withdrawn so miraculously, that I had almost fallen back on the floor with surprise. But the recovery into unqualified transport was as quick and irresistible as the emotions immediately preceding. It is an interesting device. The cataract itself, in its own natural forms, is worth seeing. It is made to spring upon you like a lion pouncing upon his prey. It seems actually to jump and leap towards you—and it takes a second long moment to be convinced that you are not lost, overwhelmed, and borne away.

What gives additional, and partly a frightful interest to this scene, is a large reflecting mirror laid upon the ceiling above, which unavoidably attracts the gaze; and there you behold again the entire flood, with all its terrors impending, and it seems impossible to escape it. It is a most imposing spectacle.

“Walk in, walk in,” said my guide, stepping himself before me into the saloon, as if to convince me it was safe notwithstanding, as he saw me rapt in amazement. I followed, and behold! I saw myself thrown full length from the walls on the right and left, presenting my front and rear, and both my sides, with every form and shape I wore, from every point of the compass. I turned, and saw myself turning in a thousand shapes. I looked up, and there saw myself looking down upon myself, and standing on my feet against the heavens. I moved onward, and which ever way I went, saw myself moving in various directions—in one place slowly, in another quickly, in another quicker still, and in another darting forward at a fearful rate. He that has not philosophy enough to find out this secret, may ask me another time.

There is another *rumbling bridge*, or *brig*, as they call it here in the highlands, thrown over the Braan, about a mile above the scene just described, where the river—

“ Comes roaring and grumbling,
 And leaping and tumbling,
 And hopping and skipping,
 And foaming and dripping,
 And struggling and toiling,
 And bubbling and boiling,
 And beating and jumping,
 And bellowing and thumping,”

and making a fall of 70 feet in a few rods, differing principally from the thing which bears the same name upon the Devon, as being a larger stream, and having one single pinching, or choking-place, directly under the bridge, where the rock from either side inclines to meet, and nearly kisses its neighbour at several points from the bridge downward for 20 yards. In a flood it often fills up the chasm above the throat, and exhibits a marvellous scene as it presses through the crevice from its top to the bottom.

FALLS OF BRUAR.

“ Here foaming down the shelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin;
 There high my boiling-torrent smokes,
 While roaring o’er a linn.
 Enjoying large each spring and well,
 As nature gave them me,
 I am, although I say’t mysel,
 Worth going a mile to see.”

THE GRAMPIAN HILLS.

On leaving the improved parts of the Duke of Atholl’s territories, we began to find ourselves buried among the bleak and desolate Grampians—for desolate and bleak they are, notwithstanding that romance and song have made them lovely, and consecrated them as the most desirable regions of the earth. All the mountains of Scotland—and Scotland is nearly all mountains—are bald as a man’s hand, so far as the growth of timber is concerned, excepting the little patches here and there that have been planted by man. The little vegetation that is to be found of spontaneous growth on the hills, is slender in size and sickly in its hues. The *heath* (or, as the Scotch call it, *hether*) is everywhere found, and gives to the face of every hill and mountain a russet, or red brown aspect. On a nearer approach, and where it is thick, it has the exact likeness of fields of red clover in fresh and full blossom—most agreeable and captivating to the eye, but of little worth. One would suppose, in looking at these mountains, and passing through them, that they must afford but a poor sustenance even for sheep and goats. But the range is immense, in proportion to the number of flocks. The most productive use of the highlands is—farming them out to sportsmen. But it is not the value of the game—it is the sport that brings the money. Scotland is

generally a poor country, so far as its soil is concerned, with here and there a rich spot, like the oasis of the desert.

THE HIGHLANDERS.

As the hills are poor, the people who live among them are also poor. They are ignorant and degraded—not a few of them but a little remove from the most besotted barbarism. I have travelled a hundred miles in one line and a hundred in another, among the hills of Scotland, and everywhere is to be seen the miserable hovel—and that the principal and most frequent tenement of man, a mere sod wall and sod roof, cut up from the earth by the spade—without floor, without a chimney, without a partition, the fire in the centre, and the smoke, after rolling about this confined and damp den, escaping by a little hole left in the top, and may often be seen pouring out its columns by the apology for a door. I entered one of these huts, not more than 30 feet by 15, where the family occupied one end, and the cow, pigs, and poultry the other, with no other partition wall than a sort of low rail fence—all apparently contented and happy—the children singing, or crying—a little of both—and the mother busy in keeping order. It is true, that some of these sod houses are better than others—but the best of them may well be supposed cheap enough. They are supported by ribs of unhewn mountain birch, the only tree indigenous to the soil, and when finished are exactly in the form of a new-made grave, as was most befitting, the tenants being literally buried alive.

One would imagine that the highland race must have greatly degenerated, when found in such conditions, as scores of thousands, not to say hundreds of thousands, may be found, planted and scattered along the lower regions of these mountain glens. The traveller would scarcely discern these huts as he approaches them, even when grouped in small villages, as they sometimes are, except by the smoke which they emit from the hole in the top—so much like molehills are they. With the shepherd race among the Grampians, I do not remember to have seen the smallest agricultural, or even horticultural improvement. What wild beings verily they must be! and how few their wants! Here and there some better houses appear, with some marks of civilization; and occasionally, in the vicinity of some strath or interval ground upon a river, may be found a village of decent cottages. But even there the ground is ordinarily the floor, and other things equal.

THE BAGPIPES.

Yet from these very regions, and from these very huts, pipers will go out into the plains and towns below, strutting in their gaiters, dangling in their kilts, with their plaid frock,

sashed tightly about the loins, their bonnets bristling with feathers from a pheasant's tail, and walking so lightly that their feet seem scarcely to touch the ground—the peculiar, the inimitable air of those who have been accustomed to bound over the rocks of the mountains—making such music as almost to arrest the current of the river, and bend the trees to listen from the tops of the hills. As I sat at my breakfast one morning at Dunkeld, I heard the music of the bagpipe entering the village, with unusual power and sweetness. I jumped, as every one would—as no one could help—and ran to the window, and by that time every window and every door in the street was full of heads; everybody in the street, horses and all, stopped, and others came pouring in from adjoining streets. The music passed. There were two pipes. I had often heard the bagpipe before, but never—never with a power to be compared with this instance. And who and what were they? It was a pleasant Monday morning, and two one-horse carts, loaded with reapers (females of course), with the frills of their white caps flying in the wind, each horse led by the hand of a man, all passing through the village of Dunkeld, on their way to the harvest-field. The pipers were two men, sitting in front of the first cart, as it rolled over the pavements—no great improvement to the music—their company apparently unconscious of the power they exercised over the villagers. And this is the music which they carry with them to the field of laborious toil, to entertain the vacant hour—this the music with which the shepherd of the Grampian Hills enraptures his wife and bairns, when his fleecy tribe are asleep around him for the night—the same with which he entertains the rocks in the daytime, and makes the reposing hour of noon sweet and welcome to his flocks. There is a subduing plaintiveness in the bagpipes, skilfully played, which few hearts can easily resist. That these untutored Highlanders should be so apt upon this instrument, proves how accomplished man may be in any one thing to which he devotes all his skill, and how rude in every thing else. There is a world of poetry, and the deepest soul of song, in the best music of the bagpipes. They tell you a story all along, challenging your every sympathy—a story that you cannot help but feel—and yet a story, the deep mysteries of which need interpretation. You would fain ask the wanderer, what strong passions agitate his inmost soul, and while he secures and enchains your interest, he passes by without gratifying your curiosity. You give him your whole heart, but he renders not in return the secret of his charm. He passes from the scene, enveloped in all the strangeness of his dubious emotions. He has displayed to you the very wildness of Ossian, and all the lofty independence of Ossian's heroes, while his light foot seemed

bounding over the rocks and skipping on the tops of the mountains—and anon he is far away. Certainly there is character—and not a little of character, in the rude people inhabiting such a rugged region of the globe. It is not difficult to believe that they have done such exploits as are ascribed to them in the historical legends of that classic ground. Yet no native of other and kindred climes would covet the place of their abode, or the circumstances of their earthly existence. To them it is home, and a much-loved home, for they know no other.

Those naked, yet wild mountains, on the face of which a man, or a sheep, or a goat may be seen from the bottom to the tops even of the highest, are a strange show to him who has been accustomed to see such mountain scenery covered and waving with the thickest and heaviest forests of the wilderness. His inference is, and not unjust, that it is the barrenness of the soil, and the decrepitude of age, that have stripped these magnificent prominences of our earth of their most natural, most glorious robes.

As we rolled along the vale of the Spey, with the Grampian Hills running into the clouds on all sides, under the most irregular and grotesque forms, I asked the guard of the coach—"These high posts, about twelve feet above the ground, stuck up apparently at certain measured intervals on the side of the road, I suppose are to mark distances, are they not?"—"O no, they are to point out the road to the traveller in the snows of winter. The snow often buries them out of sight." At this reply I saw at once the not improbable verity of the accounts we have sometimes had, of the sudden storms of winter sweeping over these mountains, and burying both the shepherd and his flock before he could bring them home. A single glance of the surrounding scenery is enough to convince any one that such disasters must sometimes occur among such hills, in the latitude of 57 degrees.

We passed the residence of Mr. Macpherson, son of the translator of Ossian, and looked upon the grave of his father, in the beautiful valley of Strath-Spey—beautiful rather, as being a contrast to the desolate regions of nearly forty miles, from which we had just emerged. The old gentleman is strongly suspected of having been himself Ossian, and that his translation is the original; at any rate, he collected the fragments of the story from the current traditions in the mouths of the shepherd bards of his day, unless it still be true that he invented it. People may have which they will to be the fact.

Take it all in all, the road from Perth to Inverness, across the highlands, opens a new and strange world even to imagination, with all the strangeness of its expectations. Imagination itself is surprised, and for this good reason, that its

own creations are always false. But in this particular instance imagination is outstripped by the changing visions of the reality successively laid before the eye.

INVERNESS.

Inverness, as will appear from the map, is quite in the north of Scotland, in latitude $57^{\circ} 30'$, it being a port-town of no inconsiderable importance before the execution of the Caledonian Canal; but since the projection of that enterprise, and the opening of its advantages, it is fast springing into a consequence, the prospective extent of which is perhaps somewhat problematical. It lies at the head of navigation of the principal indenture of the North Sea into the northeast coast of Scotland, terminating in the Moray Frith, at the entrance of the waters of Loch Ness. It is also now at the head of the Caledonian Canal; a stupendous work, which runs through the heart of Scotland, connecting the North Sea with the waters which lie between Great Britain and Ireland, and is walled on either side in its whole line by the highest mountains of this mountainous region of the empire. The population of Inverness is 14,000. It is well built, and makes a decent show.

CALEDONIAN CANAL.

The Caledonian Canal was first opened for navigation on the 22d of October, 1822, after having occupied twenty years in building. The original estimate of the cost was £20,000. The actual expenditure was £986,924. The entire length is $58\frac{1}{2}$ miles, but the excavated part is only $21\frac{1}{2}$ —the remainder of the distance being composed of the three lochs, or lakes—Ness, Oich, and Lochy. The summit level is $96\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the level of the Western Ocean. The work would not seem to be very stupendous, except by the depth and breadth of the cuttings, and the very great capacity of the locks, being extended to admit and pass large ships. Steamboats of the largest class may run this canal without difficulty. The locks are 20 feet deep, 172 long, and 40 broad. The canal is 20 feet deep, 52 wide at bottom, and 122 at top, and admits frigates of 32 guns, and merchantships of a thousand tons burden. From Neptune's Staircase, the western extremity, Loch Linnhe is a mere arm of the sea, a natural continuation of the same inland navigation for forty miles to Oban—making the whole distance from Inverness to the open sea 100 miles, in a straight line from northeast to southwest. It is quite remarkable that this beautiful natural glen should have been laid in such a direct line across this island, as if for the very purpose of this communication. It is a mere furrow of nature the whole distance, bounded on either side by hills rising abruptly from 1,500 to 3,000 feet, and Ben Nevis 4,380 feet. Nothing can exceed the beauty and the grandeur of this passage.

From Inverness, after lifting the locks and shooting through the canal eight miles by steam, lined on either side by enchanting lowland scenery, we rushed without impediment, or even a gate, into Loch Ness, twenty-four miles long and from one to two in breadth, where the mountains immediately begin their stupendous uninterrupted lines. The soundings of Loch Ness are from 116 to 120 fathoms; and its extreme depth 135. Its subterranean sympathies are evidently very extensive, as it was materially affected by the earthquake at Lisbon in 1775.

About fifteen miles up this loch we came to the Falls of Foyers, a small river rushing down the mountain side into the lake, and in the distance of a few rods making a descent of about 500 feet. The greatest single leap of the river is 207 feet. It is well worth seeing. The chasm is far more awful than the fall itself in the ordinary height of water. It is said of a gentleman who, being intoxicated, spurred his horse across a bridge thrown over this fall, in a snowy and slippery night, when he went the next day, and saw by the track of his horse the danger he had escaped, fell sick and died at the very thought of his own rashness.

“Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Foyers pours his mossy floods,
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where through a shapeless breach his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear astonished rends :
Dim seen through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
The hoary cavern wide resounding lowers ;
Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid caldron boils.”

Opposite the Falls of Foyers, on the west side of the loch, is the beautiful glen of Urquhart, which threw back upon us from the whitened bosom of its harvest-fields the effulgence of a morning sun. No wonder that the people born there love to live there—as they are reported. It is a sweet, enchanting vale. On the bold and jutting shore of the lake stand the ruins of Urquhart Castle, the monument of memorable things. On the line of the canal are the ruins of two other castles, Invergarry and Inverlochy—the former situate on the western shore of Loch Oich, and the latter lying at the foot of Ben Nevis. They are both interesting and remarkable. Besides Fort William, at the head of Loch Linnhe on this route, there is Fort Augustus at the west end of Loch Ness, both in repair, and in the keeping of a garrison.

During the whole distance on the canal, we had alternate shinings of the sun and showers of rain to diversify the scene. Often, especially on the decline of the sun

towards the western horizon, when it rained in some places, and the sun poured his dazzling light upon other hills and clouds simultaneously, the effect was grand beyond description. From the long and deep glens, shaded by the mountains on their western margin, and overhung by a fleecy cloud, reflecting the full blaze of the sun, the very blackness of darkness stared upon us—and there, in retired and awful majesty, the lightnings sprung their dreadful magazines in quick and tremendous succession. A painter, doing justice to the scene, would for ever be disbelieved.

NEPTUNE'S STAIRCASE.

A thirty-two gun frigate mounting these locks—eight of which make one uninterrupted rise, the other three being a mile below at the mouth of the canal—to make her way through the hills to the North Sea, might well claim to inscribe upon the place of her ascent the triumphs of Neptune over the land, as ever before he has asserted dominion over the deep. I am quite sure that nothing could be more appropriately named. It is indeed *Neptune's Staircase*. And here he is supposed to mount with his trident, shaking from his hoary locks the ocean wave, to walk over land, taking a peep at the hills of Caledonia, at the Falls of Foyers, &c., and then again, with gladness and the voice of triumph, plunging into his own element at the Moray Frith, as delighting more in “the profound eternal base of the ocean anthem,” than in the shrill piping of the mountain blast.

BEN NEVIS.

I could wish, that before I had ascended this mountain I had happened to meet with the following advice inscribed in a window of my hotel :—

“Stranger, if o'er this pane of glass perchance
Thy roving eye should cast a casual glance;
If taste for grandeur and the dread sublime,
Prompt thee Ben Nevis' dreadful height to climb;
Here gaze attentive, nor with scorn refuse
The friendly rhyming of my humble muse.
For thee that muse this rude inscription plann'd,
Prompted for thee her humble poet's hand.
Heed thou the poet :—he thy steps shall lead
Safe o'er yon towering hill's aspiring head.
Attentive then to this informing lay,
Read how he dictates, as he points the way.
Trust not at first a quick adventurous pace,
Seven miles its top points gradual from the base;
Up the high rise with panting haste I pass'd,
And gain'd the long, laborious steep at last.
More prudent thou, when once you pass the deep,
With measured pace and slow, ascend the steep.
Oft stay thy steps, oft taste the cordial drop,
And rest, Oh rest! long, long upon the top.
Inhale the breezes, nor with toilsome haste,
Down the rough slope thy precious vigour waste.

So shall thy wondering sight at once survey
 Vales, lakes, woods, mountains, islands, rocks, and sea ;
 Huge hills, that heap'd in crowded order stand,
 Through north and south, through west and eastern land—
 Vast lumpy groups—while Ben, who often shrouds
 His lofty summit in a veil of clouds,
 High o'er the rest displays superior state,
 In grand pre-eminence supremely great.
 One side, all awful to the astonish'd eye,
 Presents a steep three hundred fathoms high.
 The scene tremendous, shocks the startled sense,
 In all the pomp of dread magnificence.
 All these, and more, shalt thou transported see,
 And own a faithful monitor in me."

And had I been thus advised, I should have been more cautious not

"To trust at first a quick adventurous pace."

I was too ambitious—too confident of my own powers—and for my urgency, had wellnigh been obliged to return without reaching the top. At last, however, we came to a bank of snow—in August—which might serve for water with food, and there refreshed and ate our lunch with most voracious appetite. Then took a sweet nap in the face of the sun. Next, rising, we pushed our way, and soon attained the loftiest summit of Britain's Isle. The day was fine: it could not have been more so; and the scene there brought under the eye cannot be better described than as above:—

"Vales, lakes, woods, mountains, islands, rocks, and sea,
 Huge hills, that heap'd in crowded order stand,
 Vast lumpy groups—while Ben, who often shrouds
 His lofty summit in a veil of clouds,
 High o'er the rest displays superior state."

And although it cannot be said of Ben Nevis as Byron said of Mont Blanc,

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains!
 They crown'd him long ago,
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
 With a diadem of snow.
 Around his waist are forests braced,
 The avalanche in his hand;"

Yet is it true, that Ben Nevis is sole monarch of these realms; that he wears for ever a diadem of snow; and that he clothes himself with the clouds, whenever any are afloat on which to lay his hands. From the top of Ben Nevis, the whole of Scotland, all the Hebrides, and a vast extent of open sea, are under the eye. One is astonished to find what a world of hills and lochs the said North Britain is; and their shapes are so broken, so irregular, so fantastic; some of them as perfect cones, apparently, as could have been laid out by trigonometry. Whether these are volcanic formations, I am not geologist enough to decide, I can only say, that directly

at the foot of Ben Nevis is a conical hill 1,500 feet high, with an apparent sealed crater on the top, the entire margin of which, being some 300 feet in circumference, is composed of stone in various degrees of vitrification—some of it is pure glass. It all has the appearance of having been thoroughly exposed to the emission of volcanic heats. There are other phenomena of this description in different parts of Scotland, commonly called *vitrified forts*; but the reason here implied is by no means satisfactory.

In ascending Ben Nevis, at the height of about 1,800 feet, all vegetation disappears, except as an occasional oasis of a few feet square presents itself to the eye. Laborious as is the toil of ascent, the vision realized there in a clear day is a rich reward. But how vexatious to those who, after having gained the summit, find themselves enveloped in a cloud, as is not unfrequently the case, and then are obliged to descend without a glance at the world below.

The northern side of nearly all these hills is broken and precipitous. The southern is ordinarily an accessible declivity. The whole northern line of Ben Nevis is a perpendicular cliff, or crag, of amazing and giddy altitude—in some places a thousand, in some fifteen hundred, and in others two thousand feet, indented all along by means of projecting points. The amusement of tossing stones down these chasms, to hear their fall and boundings in the lower and distant regions, is no small temptation to linger on the awful brow; especially when one person can stand on a precipice opposite to another, and follow with his eye the stone projected by his fellow, until it is lodged in its final resting-place.

FINGAL'S CAVE

Is a rare beauty, I may say wonder of nature, in the Island of Staffa, on the west of Scotland.

“The entrance to this great cave, which is about 117 feet high and 53 wide, resembles a Gothic arch. The stupendous columns which bound the interior sides of the cave are perpendicular, and being frequently broken and grouped in a variety of ways, produce a highly picturesque effect. The roof, in some places, is formed of rock, and in others of the broken ends of pillars, from the interstices of which have exuded stalactites, producing a variety of beautiful tints, with a fine effect—the whole resembling mosaic-work. As the sea never ebbs entirely out, the only floor of this cave is the beautiful green water, reflecting from its bosom those beautiful green tints, which vary and harmonize with the darkest hues of the rock. The appearance of Fingal's Cave most strongly excites the wonder and admiration of the beholder, and overpowers by the magnificence of the scene. The broken range of columns, forming the exterior causeway, is continued on each side within the cave. This irregular pavement is most perfect on the eastern side, and admits of access nearly to the extremity of the cave. The entrance to the cave is a defined object, and gives relief to the view, while the eye seeks repose in the vast recess.

	feet	in.
"Length of the cave from the rock without	371	6
From the pitch of the arch	250	0
Breadth at the mouth	53	7
Do. at the farther end	20	0
Height of the arch at the mouth	117	0
Do. at the farther end	70	0
Do. of an outside pillar	39	6
Do. of a pillar at the northwest corner	54	0
Depth of the water at the mouth	18	0
Do. of the water at the farther end	9	0

"The average diameter of the basaltic columns is about two feet, but they often extend to four. Their figures are different, and the number of their sides vary from three to nine; but the prevalent forms are the pentagon and hexagon.

"This island is extremely interesting in a geological point of view, and different theorists have endeavoured to account for the phenomenon of basaltes, and other columnar rocks. According to the Huttonian system, they have been protruded from below in a ductile state, having either been fused, or rendered soft by being near to other bodies, such as granite in a state of fusion, and acquired their prismatic forms in the process of cooling. According to the Wernerian theory, they are crystallized deposits of matter, held in solution by the chaotic fluid.

"It is a singular fact, that this island, though one of the greatest curiosities of nature, should have remained until little more than the last half century, unnoticed, and almost unknown."

Iona, or Ilcolm kill, is supposed to have been once a religious retreat of the Druids. It was assumed by St. Columba in 565, according to Bede, and made a seat of religious establishments for Christianity. A cathedral built in the latter end of the eleventh century is still in keeping there; but most of the ancient edifices are in ruins.

"Iona was the usual cemetery of the Scottish kings. King Duncan's body was

" " ————carried to Colm's kill,
The sacred storehouse of his ancestors,
And guardian of their bones."

"So great was the reputation of Iona, as a receptacle of the renowned and royal dead, it is said, that besides many kings of Scotland, four kings of Ireland, eight Norwegian kings, and one king of France, repose there. There, it is affirmed, the lords of the Isles were all buried.

"Iona was the principal asylum of learning during the dark period of the middle ages. From this sequestered spot a feeble and doubtful light shone upon benighted Europe; and the vestiges of the edifices to be seen here, connected as they are with the very early periods of Scottish history, impart a venerable character to the present aspects of the island."

BEN LOMOND—LOCH LOMOND—LOCH KATRINE—AND
THE TROSACHS.

We proceeded down the Clyde from Glasgow 12 miles, and there, under the rock and castle of Dunbarton, we turned into the channel and sweet vale of Leven, and passing in a coach the birthplace of Dr. Smollet, and many other remarkable things, soon found ourselves in a steamer, whose home for the season is Loch Lomond. At the lower end of this lake, its shore and the adjacent country are comparatively low, and not a little picturesque, as well as highly cultivated and tastefully improved. Here are castles and gentlemen's seats, &c. more than are convenient to name and describe. In a little time we began to move among the islands, some large and some small, some high and others low.

Soon the mountains in the distance began to approach us, and already Ben Lomond's broad base and towering summit were before us. In fifteen miles we were shooting over the waves which laved his feet, and looked directly up to heaven to gaze upon his hoary locks, so often bathed in the clouds. We bowed to him, *not he to us*, although he was evidently moved at our coming, and continually showed us some new form, some changing feature.

Ben Lomond is 3,262 feet high, rising immediately, and almost precipitously, from the margin of the lake. Those who can make it convenient stop to ascend it. But it occupies a day, and well rewards the toil. As I had been upon *Ben Nevis*, I did not desire to undertake a second labour of the kind so soon.

Ben Lomond seems to be stationed here to introduce the stranger to his own family. For immediately on passing his awful and majestic form, the most rugged and loftiest hills of Scotland line the lake, and wall it in, and shut it up to every thing but heaven. Nothing of the kind could be more imposing, more wild, more picturesque, with here and there a soft, sweet bed, lying at their feet, and at the mouth of a glen, which opens up the steep ascent, to separate one mountain of rocks from another. Imagination has been tasked to give names to these shapeless forms, and in some instances it requires no fancy to find the types of things familiar. There is a *cobbler*, for instance, perched upon one of the loftiest summits, for ever bending to his task, and never done. Whether he works at night is not easily proved, as his seat is inaccessible. And he is not without society, for his wife sits directly before him, with her face turned to his face, and there they hold their fellowship from age to age. It appears moreover, that his wife has turned *Roman Catholic*, and become a *nun*, for she has evidently taken the *veil*. A more exact likeness of such a character could not be drawn.

We sailed to the head of Loch Lomond, passing Rob Roy's Cave, the lake being nearly forty miles long; and there, after gazing a while upon the hills piled on hills, we turned, and five miles below the termination, myself, with a dozen others, left the boat for Loch *Katrine*; and some on foot, and some on poney, we scaled the mountains, and climbed over rocks five miles or more, till we came to the house of the *Lady's Lake*, or of the lake which made the famed retreat of "The Lady of the Lake." And I will venture to say, that never did any tartaned troop of the *Clan Alpine*, or any of the Douglas line, or even Roderick Dhu himself, experience a more winged or swifter flight over this ten-mile water bosom than we. Our light and bounding bark was trimly built, a Highlander was at the helm, another at the sails, and two others yet in waiting, and all jabbering Gaelic—the wind was fair and brisk, and though well loaded, we seemed scarcely to touch the tops of the waves:

"Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
Our barge across Loch Katrine flew."

We brushed by the scenes on the right and left, which seemed to retreat as fast as we advanced, until on the wings of an hour, with no little fear of dipping, we came where,

"High on the south huge Benvenue
Down to the lake his masses threw;
Crag, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world"—

making what are called "*The Trosachs*"—that is, the *bristled territory*; and where the lake,

—————"still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim."

And no one who had been here would say, that poetic license had need to steal its privilege, for want of the sweetest of the sweet, the wildest of the wild, the roughest of the rugged, the most sombre of the dark, the veriest jumbling together of all things, which might well make even crazy *Martin*, the strangest designer of strange things, more crazy still; and of what, having seen, should bring him to his sober wits again, and leave him to say, "I have done now—there is nothing more."

I too have done, except to say, that we ascended the bold and rocky steep of the little island, mantled with every sort of tree and shrub, native of these regions; and there, in that deep, and dark, and solemn retreat, we found the *rustic grotto*, and the relics of ancient armour, and the skins of wild beasts covering the walls and the ceiling, and rustic chairs, and forms, and tables, just as the poet describes; not that he had seen them, but that, by giving the picture, others

have been able to make them according to his pattern. And as I cannot hope to do so well, I here present the original *draught*, every article and every feature of which, with some additional filling up, is actually exhibited *now* in this romantic island:—

“ Here for retreat in dangerous hour
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.
It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device,—
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopp'd of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite ;
While moss, and clay, and leaves combined,
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees, over head,
Their slender length for rafters spread ;
And wither'd heath, and rushes dry,
Supplied a russet canopy.

* * * * *
And all around, the wall to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight and chase :
A target there, a bugle here,
A battleaxe, a hunting-spear,
And broadswords, bows and arrows store,
With the tusk'd trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf, as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide ;
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns.
Pennons and flags, defaced and stain'd,
That blackening streaks of blood retain'd,
And deerskins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur, and seals unite.
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

* * * * *
So wondrous wild, the scene might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.”

Having emerged from this singular chaos just as the shades of night came on, we travelled ten miles to Calendar ; in the morning, before breakfast, sixteen miles to Stirling ; and after breakfast, twenty-eight miles to Glasgow.

And it is enough, perhaps, to say of what we passed that day, that it was the very bosom of the scenes in which the youthful imagination of Walter Scott was cradled.

NEW LANARK—FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

This once, and I shall have done with Scotland. Being obliged to wait at Glasgow a day for a steam-packet to Londonderry, I undertook to discharge *another* duty ; that is, to visit the *Falls of the Clyde*, which not to see, being there, would have been an offence to all taste.

The vale of the Clyde, for 30 miles above Glasgow, presents one of the finest regions of country I have seen in Great Britain, and under the highest cultivation. Aside from the falls, it is well and satisfactory to have seen it. Besides many highly-improved seats of gentlemen, the road to Lanark passes by Lord Douglass' residence and estates, and through the large possessions and by the castle of the Duke of Hamilton. I thought myself in England again, and in its most cultivated parts.

The first fall of the Clyde, in ascending, is *Stonebyres*, two miles this side of the borough of Lanark, and is well described by a comparison with the fall of Genesee river, at Carthage, N.Y. ; it being not a single cataract, but consisting of several leaps in a few rods, in making a descent of 80 feet. The other two falls are *Corra Linn* and *Bonniton Linn* ; the former 84 feet, and the latter 30, half a mile asunder, the upper (Bonniton) being $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles above Lanark. Corra Linn Fall makes its descent by several leaps—Bonniton by one principally. At a high flood they must be grand and awful ; and at any time are highly interesting, for the small scale of the rivers in Great Britain. Genesee river, breaking from the hills at Mount Morris, between its rocky, high, and precipitous bluffs, is not unlike this scene of the Clyde—wanting only the falls. The chasm of the latter, however, at the feet of which the waters leap into the Corra Linn, I think is more worthy to be compared to the chasm which receives Niagara's awful cataract, making allowance for the difference in magnitude. The Clyde is a small stream, and Corra Linn a little basin.

The ruins of Corra Castle stand on the verge of the lofty precipice formed by the Corra Linn Falls ; and the highly-improved estates of Lord Corehouse on the west, and of Lady Mary Ross on the east of the Clyde at this point, lend great enchantment to these wonders of nature. The wild becomes thus intimate with the tame—nature joins fellowship with art ; the latter imparting qualifying grace to the former, while the former loses nothing of its grandeur. The whole region of the Clyde, on either side, in the neighbourhood of Lanark, exhibits bold and majestic features, and contributes to magnify the sportful and resolute plunges of this sinuous current, breaking its passage through the rocks of Bonniton and Corra.

The waters of the Clyde are gathered up below the falls, to give life and activity, though I apprehend not excessive wealth, to the manufacturing village of *New Lanark*, one mile *up* stream, but down hill from the borough. New Lanark is a pattern of a New-England manufacturing establishment, of equal extent, employing about thirteen hundred persons in spinning cotton. It has been nearly ruined by Robert Owen's experiments. Owen began here and run out. He

recommenced in Perthshire, and run out there; and we know what has been the result of his experiment in Ohio. He is now running his career in London. There are yet a few relics of his customs at New Lanark, among which is the *dancing-school*. Dancing is one of the classical exercises of the little ragged, dirty, barefooted children every day, as regularly as their *ab, ib, ub*. In passing through the different school-rooms I was introduced, among the rest, to the exhibitions of the *dancing-class*, and really it was ridiculous enough: two fiddlers, one blind, both sawing, like two *tyros*, who had never learned a note, on a corn-stalk; fifty children, as above described, led by the most awkward fellow imaginable, who might have been taken for a beggar in London; and all coming as near to the perfection of the art, as the worst caricatures ever given of the trainings of our own unpractised militia approach to the perfection of military tactics. Poor Robert Owen, like Fanny Wright, has become a martyr to his benevolence, and done as much good. But we must not persecute him. Positively, considering the promises of Mr. Owen's new theory of society, and regarding the dancing exhibition I saw as growing out of it, the most ingeniously-contrived farce could not possibly have been more ridiculous.

I ought perhaps to say a word of Glasgow. After observing that it is an active and thriving commercial and manufacturing town, nearly equal in population to the city of New-York, there is little to be added which does not belong to an ordinary description of like things. The University is several centuries old, and very respectable, as is sufficiently known. The heart of the city is well built, and exhibits many interesting and attractive features. The Clyde runs through the city, leaving much the larger portion on the north side. The navigation of the river is constantly being improved, by stoning up the banks, in the manner of a canal, and by deepening the channel in the use of the dredge machine. The public spirit and enterprise of Glasgow are pre-eminent. They are a bustling and energetic community, doing with all their might what their hands find to do.

EXCURSION IN IRELAND.

A narrow escape—Dunluce Castle—Giant's Causeway—A Husband's tears—Dublin.

THE wheels of the steamer in which I had taken passage from Glasgow to Londonderry had not stopped, before I was darting down the river in the Queen Adelaide, retracing forty miles of the same track I had just made. The wind had been blowing hard ever since 12 o'clock, and the sea had got to be very rough. Instead of landing at Port Rush, however, as another gentleman was to land at Port Stewart, a little further west, and understanding that I could probably accomplish my object in visiting the Giant's Causeway easier by stopping there, I consented to go ashore with him, not dreaming of the peril that awaited us.

The usual signal being given, a boat appeared off the harbour to receive us, and came alongside about half a mile from land. Those who know any thing of the contact of a small boat and a ship in a heavy swell, while the ship is lying to, need not be told of the difficulty of passing from one to the other. Every swell dashed her against the side of the vessel, and threatened to break or swamp her. We succeeded, however, in getting down by the iron ladder, which was thrown over for the purpose—there being four men to manage the boat, and we two making six. While receiving our luggage, a heavy swell brought the rim of the boat under the end of the ladder, and dipped and filled it as quick as one could fill a teacup in a tub of water. My companion and myself sprung for the ladder, and both of us caught hold of its lower rungs by our hands. The four men, as was quite natural, attached themselves to our legs, the vessel every instant changing its position by the motion of the sea. For the moment, it seemed inevitable that we must all go down together. By a merciful Providence, however, the boat was not entirely filled, and a rope still connected it with the deck of the vessel. The captain and crew of the steamer being prompt, drew upon the rope, and instantly dropped several buckets to the men below, ordering them to bale out the water. The men, seeing the boat did not go down, obeyed the order, and soon changed the aspects of the case. The boat was speedily lightened, and in a few moments principally cleared of water, our luggage in the meantime afloat, all except my portmanteau—which, most fortunately for me, as it contained my most valuable articles, and those most susceptible of injury by wet, was still upon deck. The danger came so suddenly, and was over so quick, that

for myself I hardly had time for a second thought. Why we did not all go down, was as much a wonder as a mercy. If the boat had sunk, as might ordinarily be expected in such a case, the probable result is too obvious; and the only reason why it did not is ascribed to the fact, that we were able to relieve it by hanging upon the ladder suspended from the side of the vessel. We finally got safe ashore—ourselves and luggage drenched in the sea.

The excitement of such an occurrence, when once the danger is past, I felt to be very useful. To have been brought, in an unexpected moment, to the very verge of the eternal world—that one is obliged to feel that he has been there, and that the merciful hand of God has been stretched out to rescue him from the abyss—stirs up all the susceptibilities of the soul, and opens the deep fountains of its feelings, as nothing else can do. I hope never to forget, and always to be thankful for, such a preservation.

In execution of my plan to see the Causeway that day, and take the mail in the evening for Belfast, I proceeded directly in a car to Colerain, four miles,—whence, having put on dry clothes, and ordered my wet luggage to be dried, it being early in the day, I hastened off in the same conveyance for the Giant's Causeway, ten miles from Colerain.

DUNLUCE CASTLE.

“Will you go by Dunluce Castle?” said my driver.

“No, I am tired of castles.”

“It is only one mile farther; and everybody thinks it very worth seeing.”

“Well, let us see it, then.”

The ruins of Dunluce Castle are situated on a rocky promontory, jutting into the sea about three miles west of the Causeway, and elevated perhaps 200 feet above the water. The fortress itself, when in keeping, could be approached only by a drawbridge. The ruins themselves are rather picturesque—but more remarkable on account of the peculiar character of the place. The sea almost entirely surrounds its base, and comes dashing and foaming in over a rocky bed, as if it would wear away the eternal hills. From the west windows of the castle the shore of the sea, stretching for a mile or more, is a precipitous white cliff, exhibiting the most fantastic shapes that can be imagined, as formed by the action of the sea. Larger and smaller columns may be seen all along, standing in the water, and supporting the ends of magnificent arches, of the same material, whose other supports are merged in the cliff. I saw one arch about a mile distant, exactly after the pattern of the heaviest stone bridge—and others which reminded me of the heavy Saxon architecture of Durham Cathedral.

I had heard of a cave under this castle, and to my utter

amazement I found a subterranean passage admitting to and from the sea, giving access to the ocean from the castle, entirely independent of the mainland. An army could march through it, to embark or re-embark, with all necessary ammunition—with artillery even. And the doubt is—whether it was made by the hand of man or of God. If by the former, the task must have been immense. It passes directly under the centre of the fortress, making a channel for the sea, which at flood tide will float boats half the way in. It has an irregular arched roof, and is generally, after one has got into it, thirty feet high and twenty feet broad. As I entered alone, not anticipating such a scene, and received the salutation of the mighty waters, which came rushing, and murmuring, and bellowing into that deep and dark cavern—it was awful.

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

And yet all this was play; it was like the soft music of the Eolian harp, compared to a like exhibition, to which I was introduced an hour afterward in the vicinity of the Giant's Causeway. The most remarkable cave of all, which can be approached only by water, I was compelled to deny myself the gratification of seeing, on account of the heavy sea which made on the shore. But there was yet one 466 feet long, measured from its mouth to its extremity—and a large part of the way forty feet to the point of the arch, and about thirty feet across—running nearly in a direct line, and sunk so low as to receive high water almost to the further end. This cave is accessible on foot through another one, meeting it nearly at right angles, about 300 yards from its mouth, and being a little higher, so as to exclude the sea. Conducted by my guide through this access—sufficiently difficult and dark—I came to the margin of that awful, never-to-be-forgotten scene. Had the ocean been calm, it would have been a solemn, dismal region. From the point we occupied might be seen 150 feet of the cave on our right, ascending gradually, and coming to a point; and 300 feet on our left, opening on nothing but a troubled sea. Every few minutes a swell came rolling in, that would fill up the mouth of the cave, leaving us in total darkness, and rushing forward with most impetuous fury, as if ten thousand times more mad for its confinement—and it seemed impossible to escape it. The next moment it all lay in fleecy whiteness at our feet, shrinking back in haste and modesty, as if asking pardon for such intrusion. No sooner had this retired than another came, and anon another, and so in perpetual succession. Most of my readers may know how wave follows wave on the shore after a storm. So into this dark subterranean cell the agitated ocean from without unceasingly threw the fragments of his lofty heavings, as if in spite for

the obstacles of the high and rock-bound shore, that came in his way. From the position we occupied, although we could see out, yet the somewhat sinuous line of the cave and the irregularity of the arch confined our vision below the horizon, and veiled entirely from the eye the tumult of the sea. Buried 200 feet beneath the surface of the earth, with a massive mountain of rock impending over our heads, and looking out through an aperture of 300 feet in length upon the ocean collecting its forces, heaping up its waves, and rushing in upon us, as if resolved by a single throw to shut us in for ever—was a scene, the sublimity and the awful grandeur of which cannot be easily imagined. The tremendous rush of the waters, thrown in by the tossings of the deep without, and the startling bellowing which preceded their thundering passage—the momentary darkness which the approach of every wave produced, by occupying the mouth of the cave—were enough, as I need not say, to awe the spirit of the beholder, and extort from him irresistible exclamations of astonishment and wonder. One of my guides had brought a pistol to be discharged in the cave, as is common, to entertain visitors with the singular and astounding effect of its impulses on an atmosphere pent up in the bowels of the earth. I have no doubt that in an ordinary time the report would have been remarkable, and even tremendous in its reverberations. But on this particular occasion it was like the mockery of man's inventions in the face of the artillery of the last day, so feeble was the sound in comparison with the tremendous roar of the waters. The pent-up air seemed in agony to be let loose from the distressful constraint under which it laboured, by the narrow limits of the vault above, and the pressure of the sea coming in from without—and the concussion rushed by our ears to find vent through the passage by which we came.

I am informed, that the proprietor of this shore once planted a small piece of artillery in this spot, and caused it to be let off in the face of a coming swell of the ocean; and that the man who served on the occasion was deprived of his hearing by the violence of the concussion. Well for him that these high crags did not bow themselves in their strength for the punishment of such presumption.

After this, which I came not to see, and never thought to see, what is the Giant's Causeway? It is something notwithstanding—it is even a wonder—and still more wonderful, as it suggests the probability, and produces a very thorough conviction, that it holds a submarine connexion with Staffa, one hundred miles distant on the western coast of Scotland. Staffa and the Giant's Causeway exhibit in all respects the same geological phenomena—and we cannot resist the conviction, from the relations and aspects of the

two wonders, that they are parts of one stupendous whole, and that the finny tribes of the sea, as they sport themselves between Ireland and Scotland, are privileged with a nearer access to that which man must for ever and in vain covet to see: a very honeycomb of rocks, paving the foundations of the ocean, and showing to the eye of man only little bits of their extreme points and justled ends, but concealing their more perfect and substantial forms under the ever-rolling sea.

The Giant's Causeway and Fingal's Cave are the same thing—the same, I mean, in *material* and in geological structure. The caves in the neighbourhood of the Giant's Causeway are not to be found among the basaltic columns, as at Staffa. In this particular the caves of Staffa are perhaps more interesting. But the Giant's Causeway, as a whole, in connexion with its adjunct circumstances, I should think, might justly be esteemed a greater wonder of the two.

The remarkable phenomenon in either case is simply this: That immense masses (*regions*, they might be called) of basalt have received erect columnar formations, varying in the number of their sides from *three* to *nine*—the more prevalent forms being the *pentagon* and *hexagon*. The structure of the honeycomb, supposing it to be solid, and its elongated forms erect, is a very fair representation of this *crystallized* basalt. For, although the substance is opaque, it has yet assumed distinct and proper forms of crystallization. These packed columns differ from the honeycomb in wanting exact proportions of sides and angles, in the relations of those of the same column to each other, and of those of one column to those of its neighbours. But each side of every column, whatever may be its proportion to another, or to all other sides of the same column, makes a corresponding side to a neighbour—so that no space is left in the entire mass, which is not occupied by the columnar formation, any more than in a honeycomb. Yet are there no two adjoining columns of equal sides and equal angles—and probably no two in the vast assemblage corresponding in this particular. It is possible, indeed, that accident has made such an agreement—but I presume it has never been ascertained. Suppose a circle to be run in the remotest angles of each column, I should judge, that their diameters would range from nine inches to eighteen—the average perhaps twelve—or midway between these extremes. In this estimate of their relative and average size I speak particularly of the results of my cursory observations, without instruments, of the principal cluster of about 30,000, whose ends are exposed on the margin of the sea, and which seem to have been abruptly broken off at different elevations, so that one may walk over them, up and down, as by stairs, extending one way 725 feet from the cliff, till they dip in

the sea and are lost—and in breadth about half this extent. The sides and angles are perfectly rectilinear, so far as they are exposed, and by presumption universally. And the contact of the whole mass is so intimate, side to side and angle to angle, that not the smallest opening is anywhere discoverable, not even for the admission of water, and probably not of air. Yet the junction is not hermetical—but so far as chymical union is concerned, it is a perfect disjunction. They may all be taken down in perfect form. And what is remarkable, every column has a joint in every ten or twelve inches, composed of a convex and concave surface, perfectly fitted, yet chymically disjunct. The application of a little force, by a sharpened iron bar, would break them up into blocks with the greatest facility. Multitudes of these fragments, thus disturbed, lie scattered over the surface of this interesting and marvellous structure. Notices have been set up by the proprietor, cautioning all visitors against committing any more ravages of this kind. As we descend from the main cliff, or high bank, towards the sea on the tops of these columns compacted in a solid mass, yet each demonstrating its distinct forms by its separate head, being broken off at a different elevation each from every other, they become more and more interesting, till they sink into the ocean, and make us covet earnestly to follow them there.

The position of these columns is generally supposed to be erect, or perpendicular. But this is not always the case. Every undisturbed cluster, or bed of them, however, agrees in this: that all of the same mass, if they vary at all, vary equally in their angle of inclination from the erect position—and that is ordinarily slight, though observable to the eye. They are seen all along for miles lodged in the precipitous face of this shore, composing one of its principal features. One stratum is often seen above another with an unorganized stratum of heterogeneous rock intervening. There is one headland, or promontory, presenting an extended range of perpendicular basaltic columns, sixty feet high—another fifty feet—and others all degrees inferior. What is the length of the columns composing the principal, and what is emphatically called, the Causeway, and which appears most perfectly organized, it is impossible to say, as only the upper extremities are generally visible. Except in one place, they present a precipitous side of thirty feet. While the face of this shore offers to the eye every here and there the most perfect ranges of this columnar basalt, there are also interspersed irregular piles, sufficient to leave the impression of the stupendous ruins of one of nature's palaces. In one place there is a cluster of insulated columns, lifting up their heads, some thirty, some forty feet high, on the point of a promontory, which it is said were taken in the night,

by a part of the Spanish Armada, to be the chimney-tops of Dunluce Castle, and were fiercely battered by their cannon, and not a few of them demolished. I stood upon this promontory, looking down upon these insulated columns—and really they seemed to have as much of the forms of the handiwork of man, as many of the ruins of ancient castles to be found in the British Islands. This whole region seems to be disposed to columnar formations. I saw a distinct and magnificent range in the side of a rocky eminence some two or three miles from the shore.

I only record such impressions, as a run and a jump over these remarkable phenomena left behind. And when I say that I had travelled 250 miles by sea, and 50 by land, in two thirds of 48 hours, in perils on the deep, and in perils among beggars, I may perhaps be excused for the slender and superficial information I am able to give of what I saw in the meantime.

Whoever purposes to visit the Giant's Causeway, if he wishes to enjoy tranquillity in contemplating the scenes around and before him, and retire under the best impressions of what he shall have seen, let him fill his pockets with sixpences and shillings, and be prepared to rain a shower of them on the hordes of beggars that will be sure to flock around him. Or else, being in the same manner furnished in his pocket, let him say to them all, as they come in his way, Now this is the only condition on which I will give you any thing—that you keep entirely away from me until I return. Alas! what meanness of spirit and baseness of conduct does the beggary of a community beget.

In passing in the mailcoach from Colerain to Belfast, I found myself in company with a lady and her maid. There was every thing to interest in her person, mind, and manners, with a single exception: I suspected, and was convinced, that she was under the excitement of some intoxicating drug. It was a singular coincidence, after having been the subject of these mingled and conflicting emotions of respect and diffidence towards a lady of such interesting qualities and commanding powers, that I should have a seat at church with her and her husband the next day in the same pew; and that I should have occasion to observe the expressions of anxiety on the countenance of the husband, as he occasionally cast an affectionate and benevolent glance towards his wife. His eye began to swim; and finding that he could not suppress his emotions, he took his hat and left the church. The reader's conjectures in this case are as good as mine; I only state the facts.

DUBLIN.

The best picture of Dublin is Cook's royal map, on the margins of which are exhibited the Custom-house, Postoffice,

Castle, Four Courts, Trinity College, St. George's Church, Blue Coat Hospital, Castle Chapel and Tower, Royal Exchange, exterior and interior of the Metropolitan Chapel, Corn Exchange, Stamp-office, New Theatre Royal, Holmes' Hotel, College of Surgeons, Royal Dublin Society House, King's Inns, Lying-in Hospital and Rotunda, Linen Hall, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Nelson's Pillar, and the Wellington Testimonial—enclosing a draught of the city, embracing a circle whose diameter is two and a half miles. If one has been somewhat acquainted with large cities, this map of Dublin will leave an impression upon the mind more flattering than an actual survey of the city itself, as is often the influence of pictures. Yet Dublin is a great city, and not without many features of magnificence. The bank is its proudest public edifice. The Custom-house is especially attractive, and well exposed in all its parts. Trinity College is a very extensive pile of buildings, of heavy masonry, sombre features, and for its purposes a proud national monument. The Four Courts is a grand and imposing structure. The Postoffice is not much inferior to the new Post-office of London—the latter built in the reign of George the IV., characteristic of every thing done under his command, not calculated to lighten the burdens of the people. The plan of the metropolitan chapel was for a grand affair, but the poverty of the Catholic church in Ireland affords little promise at present of its being finished. Nelson's Pillar in Sackville-street, in the heart of the city, and the Wellington Testimonial, erected in Phenix Park, were at least expensive, and are thought worthy of the names which they commemorate. Dublin must not be compared either with London or Edinburgh. It must be looked at by itself, and then it will afford materials of much interest and worthy of observation. It is crowded with public edifices, not enumerated above, of various classes, especially of a benevolent and philanthropic character. Its principal and only spacious and grand street is Sackville, in which is the postoffice, itself being the great centre of fashionable resort. Dublin lies low on the river Anna, which divides it in the middle, running from west to east in a channel, which, like the Thames in London, admits shipping nearly to the heart of the town; but unlike the Thames in one important particular, its banks through the entire city being confined and walled by the best masonry, always clean and wholesome, fit for the most agreeable promenades, and showing all along some of the best parts of the town; whereas the Thames, in all its length through the metropolis of England, is excessively muddy and offensive at low water, and its bosom above London bridge, that is, above the harbour for shipping, always covered with coal-barges and other unsightly craft, with a world of lumber; its margins being approached by

little else than coal-wagons and such like vehicles of burden, so that no one is tempted to loiter even upon the bridges to look upon the river, but naturally turns away his eye, and hastens across, intent upon his errand, and desirous of finding more agreeable things to look at. The Thames is an unseemly vision, and the channel of all the filth of that immense metropolis. But the Anna of Dublin is as beautiful as her name, a little channel indeed, but well dressed and comely. And the bridges, thrown across all along from the head of Eden Quay at convenient distances, up to the King's bridge near the park, are generally fine specimens of that kind of architecture.

The harbour of Dublin is not good, and is difficult of access in bad weather. To supply this defect, and to commemorate the visit of George IV. to Ireland, a new town, called Kingstown, in honour of the royal favour vouchsafed in the decree which gave it being, has been commenced on the south of Dublin harbour, six miles from the city, and is now in a rapid state of advancement. An artificial harbour of immense expense is in building at that place by government, and nearly enclosed—enough to be in use; and those steam-packets, which have need to ply independent of tides, are accustomed to enter and go out at Kingstown. On the south of Dublin, some three or four miles, running east and west, is a beautiful range of hills.

Dublin and Ireland seem to be crammed with beggars. Rags, filth, and misery are more conspicuous than any thing else, at least more remarkable, as they are everywhere and at all times to be seen, and cannot fail deeply to impress the feelings of a sensitive mind.

Next in rank to the army of beggars, and to keep them in order—and like the beggars to be seen in all places—are the king's troops, which have made Ireland a land of beggars, and which will keep it so while the occasion of their presence, to enforce the collection of tithes, shall be considered a suitable and sufficient warrant.

LONDON BEGGARS.

I HAD not been long in London before I passed a man, and a little girl perhaps thirteen years of age, on a cold frosty morning, both standing just within Temple Bar, barefoot, in the veriest tatters of garments, and shivering as if they would fall in pieces with the cold, as well I thought they might. Their exposed, half-naked, shivering frames were the only appeal made to the passengers. They said not a word. The first sight of them was to me truly affecting. It seemed like a case of fresh and some unutterable mis-

fortune. But I met him again and again in the same place, and always shivering, himself and the little girl, in the same manner. Not long afterward I met him early on a Sunday morning, before the citizens were moving, on his way with the girl, both still dressed in the same manner, and going to take up his position. As the winter had been a very mild one, with seldom a frost, I frequently passed him, when his shivering appeared affected and forced; and the secret being out, it would rather dispose one to laugh than excite pity. But when the morning happened to be frosty and sharply cold, I could not doubt that whatever money he got was well earned. But he was a professional beggar, and not unlikely a rich man—at least well provided for, if provident.

In the neighbourhood of Covent Garden I was accustomed for months to meet a plump-looking girl, with ruddy cheeks, about eighteen or twenty years old, who, during all this time, if we were to take her own word for it, had never eaten “a bit of bread, nor a mouthful of any thing.” Her importunity excelled any beggar in London. It was next to impossible to get rid of her without giving. I presume she found the benefit of it, and was probably well off.

I was also for a long time habitually molested by another mendicant girl of the same age, in the vicinity of the Bank of England. I told her one day, if she ever accosted me again, I would send a policeman after her. She probably marked my face, as she did not trouble me afterward, although I frequently passed her.

On the south side of Waterloo Bridge is ordinarily to be found a man who has lost both his legs near his body, whose misfortune is sufficiently evident. Few will decline giving to him. He never solicits, except by a look. He dresses decently, is in excellent health, will tell his story when asked, and is said to be very rich. No doubt he is.

There was a little fat but ragged girl in the same neighbourhood, about ten years old, whose importunity and success were quite notorious. I was passing her one day in company with two ladies. She sat upon the ground, making figures in the sand with her finger, her back towards us, and singing. I said to my company—“Our little friend here is so miserable, she cannot help singing. I will engage, the moment she sees us, as I am in company with ladies, she will follow us till she gets a penny. For they know well that the presence of ladies is a great help to them when pleading with gentlemen.” In a moment her impudent face was before me, herself hopping along under my toes, and singing a very different tune from that I had just heard. “Can you not sing that other tune?” said I. But she stuck to the last one, which was this—“My father is dead, and my mother is sick—and I and the children have

nothing to eat. Please, sir, give me a penny." And, to get rid of her, I did so.

On the great high road at Islington, opposite Canonbury Square, there used to stand an old man (now dead), as regular at his post as the houses in the neighbourhood, always looking down upon the ground, resting by one hand upon a broom, the other open in the manner of asking alms, but never using his tongue—and one foot for ever rising and falling by measured intervals of time. Slipping a penny into his hand one day, I said—"My friend, how much do you get in a day here?"—"About ten pence, sir—sometimes more." More likely *ten shillings*.

A beggar nearly blind, maimed, or badly deformed, is sure to get money. I know not whether any persons have ever put out their own eyes, or maimed themselves, for the profits of begging. I should think not; but these calamities are often affected and imitated. There are numbers of these classes, whom any person resident in London will soon get to recognise as old acquaintances. To affect blindness successfully requires a good deal of practice in the mechanical effort of rolling the eyes into the head. It is always betrayed to persons who think of it. Such impostors may often be seen poking their way along the sidewalks with a guiding-stick, holding out a hat or hand for alms. They are distinguished by the constant rolling of their eyes. Mischievous boys sometimes aim a blow at them, as a test; but anticipating these assaults, they seldom blink. Some of the blind beggars are led by a dog, the little animal being taught to carry a tin basin in his mouth, and to look up imploringly on passengers, seeming to say, "Please give my poor blind master a penny." The penny dropped strikes the ear of the beggar, and the dog turns and offers it to his hand. Artificers and other workmen out of employ not unfrequently form platoons, parading and marching through the streets, singing boisterously and most discordantly; and so with sailors. A sailor with a miniature ship, and a weaver with a loom, contrive to get money in the streets.

I have an old acquaintance in London of years standing, of the class of beggars, who all this while has had his station in the street with an arm just broken, splintered, and slung up; his under jaw dislocated, and held up by a clean handkerchief, marked with fresh blood, and tied over the head; is otherwise and variously wounded, all freshly done, of course, from day to day, and from year to year; is blind; just ready to faint and die; says not a word, for he is too exhausted with pain, and agony, and loss of blood, but swings his head to and fro most piteously, as if when it falls towards one shoulder the bearer thereof would expire before he could bring it back again. He succeeds well.

There is another, almost bent double with pains of some

kind; is pale and ghastly; cries so loud and piteously for help along the sidewalk, that his voice penetrates every ear and thrills every heart, in the remotest parts of each house which he passes. I had long supposed it a case of real distress, till I met him one evening in the twilight going home from his day's work, erect and hale, with as firm a step as any other man—the bandages of his face being thrown aside. It happened that I had met him in his begging rounds the morning of that very day. The next time I recognised his cry in the street, I took my hat, and overtaking him, said:—"But why don't you stand up and be strong, as I saw you the other night going home?"—"How-ow-ow!" said he, in a long, drawling, heart-piercing tone, affecting to try to look up, but without success; which completely unmanned me; and notwithstanding I had full evidence of his imposture, I let him alone, and went into the house, regretting my experiment.

There is another case of a well-dressed, good-looking man, always clean, who has paraded the streets of London for years with a flute, three girls (probably daughters), neatly apparelled with clean white aprons, standing in a line with him, fronting the side of the street, as he plays his flute, which is not very well done. The eldest of these girls by this time, I should think, is eighteen years, and the youngest perhaps twelve—a singular course of education, looking so well as they do. This is of all others a most successful experiment. Every one who is not familiar with the exhibition, concludes at first sight, and without doubt, "this is a case of real distress; the man and his family have been in a better condition, but are suddenly brought to beggary;" and, instead of giving him a penny, will give a sixpence or a shilling. I presume there are few tradesmen in London, men of prosperous business, who are making money faster than he. The last time I saw him with his daughters, who have grown up since I first knew them, was in the Strand a few days before I left London, when one of the poor girls was crying. I imagined—for who that sees tears does not inquire into the cause?—that these daughters had begun to feel a little of the pride of womanhood, and to deplore the tyranny of an unnatural father, who, for the love of money, had doomed them to such an existence, and still held them in bondage.

The modes of beggary in London are as diversified as the genius and faculties of the inventors. Obvious physical infirmity is of course the most effectual, as none can resist its appeal. Hence deformed children are hired out to beggary, and feeble, helpless, emaciate infants exposed in the streets, and supposed to be kept feeble and emaciated for this purpose! They are probably orphans, fallen into the hands of monsters. One cannot believe that a

mother could so stifle her nature as to resign her babe to such a doom. Regular schools are kept to instruct children in the arts of begging.

It happened one day in the winter, as I was walking through Leadenhall-street towards Cornhill, that I espied just before me, and going the same way, a young man in a drover's frock, hanging with apparent importunity over the shoulder of a gentleman, as if he were begging. Neither his dress, nor his manner, was at all like a common beggar. The former was entire, and the latter unpractised. As I noticed, he proved unsuccessful. The gentleman repulsed him, and, as he fell back, I found him the next instant at my side, trying what impression he could make on me.

I was not in the humour at that moment to be moved by an ordinary application of the kind, and was in a hurry. What was still worse for the poor fellow, I had no change less than a *sovereign*, or *one pound* gold coin.

The fellow was exceedingly earnest, but awkward. He was evidently unused to the vocation. He annoyed me—pushed his face into mine—and nearly trod upon my toes. I told him I had nothing to give, but he did not seem to hear me. I rebuked him—he did not regard it, but still hung upon my shoulder, and persecuted me with his importunities. He was hungry, he said—he had had nothing to eat that day, and it was now drawing to night. In short, it seemed impossible to get rid of him. And yet I must, or give him a *sovereign*. Being somewhat vexed, I turned to push him from me, and in doing so, brushed my umbrella rather rudely over the back of his hand, grazing, and not unlikely breaking the skin, for I observed he looked upon his hand, and then put it to his mouth, as if it were hurt. But still, to my astonishment, he stuck to my side, and persevered in his importunities. I then rebuked him most sharply—but do not remember at this time what words I employed. I can never forget, however, the manner in which he received it. He dropped from me as if he had been instantaneously struck with absolute and perfect discouragement, and in a tone which went through my very heart, said, “*You wouldn't say so, master, if you's as hungry as I.*” And these words he uttered as he fell back, and I saw him no more.

Except that I had been a little vexed by what I had counted as impudence, I should probably have turned immediately, and contrived to get some change. And although thoughts are quick, and my feelings began to relent, yet before they were thoroughly subdued, we had got too far apart to meet again, except by accident. I had not gone many rods, however, before I became quite anxious, and in the same degree generous. Those last words, and the heart-subduing manner and tone of them, kept ringing

in my ears : “ *You wouldn’t say so, master, if you’s as hungry as I.*” I stepped into a shop, got my sovereign in change, and turned about in pursuit of the young man, but I could not find him. I went through Leadenhall, and searched the streets and alleys in the vicinity for half an hour, but did not fall upon him. The longer I looked without success, the more anxious I became. Imagination then came in with all its powers, and magnified the importance of the case a thousand fold. That it was a case of real want—of pinching hunger—I had no reason on the whole to doubt. His dress, his manner, his every thing to the last I had observed, convinced me it was so. And these very appearances were such as would ordinarily prevent his success in London, until he should become more accomplished in the art of begging. By that time what would become of him ? I began to feel a responsibility. First, I had rebuked him, which now seemed a cruelty. Next, I had hurt his hand—and that, though unintentional, troubled my conscience. And last, I had added to all the rest some sharpness of speech to get rid of him. I thought it not improbable that he had been trying and trying in vain till he came to me, and receiving such discouragement, he had gone and threw himself down in some secret place to perish ; or at least, resolved no more to solicit alms of the unfeeling mercies of man. Every turn and every step I made in this pursuit without success, increased my anxiety. Conjectures and imaginings came upon me thick and tender, and when at last I was compelled to give up the search, it was, if possible, the most trying moment of all. The being I could not find, was now to me one of the most interesting objects. He who had vexed and put me out of humour a few moments before, by his importunate and annoying solicitations, was now most earnestly desired by me to satisfy my feelings of compunction and of pity. Most reluctantly, and for the first time in my life, I turned away from a pursuit so altogether novel. In such circumstances, I was necessarily doomed to a conflict of emotions, the remembrance of which cannot easily be effaced. The last words of the poor young man, “ *You wouldn’t say so, master, if you’s as hungry as I,*” followed me at every step, and reproached me at every corner. Other beggars appeared as I went along Cheapside ; and to make atonement I could have *begged them*, had it been necessary, to accept of my pennies. But I soon found that this generosity could not satisfy the petition I had rejected. Those *last* words still pursued me, and I could not silence them. I even started, and looked back several times, as if the voice that uttered them had overtaken me. Most glad should I have been if the momentary and fleeting illusion had proved a reality.

If it were possible for me ever to feel indifferent towards

beggars after such a challenge of my sympathies, the impressions of that scene might well be fixed within me for ever by another, not unlike it, which occurred a few days after. I had breakfasted at my lodgings in Regent Square, and was walking rapidly in a cold and windy morning to the Library of the Russel Institution. But as it happened, I was altogether unprovided for a beggar. I had not gone far before I was accosted by a man about forty years old, dressed in a style rather unusual for a beggar, and his manner equally betrayed him unaccustomed to the business. I told him—I had nothing. But being upon the windward side, he did not hear me, as afterward appeared—but followed me with his importunities. His perseverance seemed to me unreasonable, and was troublesome. I stopped suddenly, turned upon him, and said rather sharply:—"Did I not tell you I had nothing?"—"O sir," said he, "I did not hear you—the wind blew so hard"—and instantly drew back, and left me to proceed. As I turned to look him in the face, regarding the manner of his reply, and saw him retire with such evident regret that he had given me any occasion to be displeased—with such an earnest expression, that he would not willingly have done so;—and observing such indubitable marks of honesty in him withal, such manliness in subdued forms, such indications of a soul where delicacy of feeling might be supposed to have had a permanent abode—such unwillingness to give trouble, and yet such a betraying of a sense of pinching want—I am sure his disappointment could not have borne any proportion to my own. The result of my reasonings, however, in this case, as in the former, came too late—except to confirm my good purposes, that I would endeavour always to be prepared for such cases.

A CASE IN FRANCE.

I can never forget a scene which occurred one cold morning at sunrise, on my way from Calais to Paris, as the diligence stopped to change horses, and I awoke out of sleep by the call of a beggar just at my ear and by the window of the coach. It was an old woman, having all the appearances and every feature of what might well be imagined to be a very *hag*. There was nothing human but bodily form. Her dress, face, and every thing were frightful. One would have written a certificate that no semblance of human kindness could ever have had place under that garb. It seemed no other than a fiend. She carried in her arms a poor wretched child, about eight years old, with no covering but a tattered rag, shivering with the cold, evidently just drawn out from the straw, and thus cruelly exposed to the chills of a frosty morning. The child was made to lie upon the shoulder, so as to exhibit its face to us; and horrible to

behold, both his eyes were put out, one entirely dug from the sockets, and the other destroyed and protruding most frightfully from the head! The poor thing writhed, cried, and entreated, though with an apparent consciousness of its unavailing efforts, to be taken back out of the cold. One of my companions, accustomed to travel in France, said, to my indescribable horror, that the child's eyes were *put out* by violence, and expressly to be exhibited for begging! I thrust my hand in my pocket, and threw out all the copper I had, without thinking that, instead of satisfying the wretch, it would only encourage her! I had hoped she would take the poor sufferer immediately in.

Alas! I could wish that it was possible for the impression of that scene, and the look of that woman, to be effaced from my mind! The suggestion that the eyes of that child had been put out for that purpose, and the unavoidable conviction, from every look and feature, and from the behaviour of the woman, that she was even capable of enacting such a tragedy, were the blackest libel on human nature that the annals of human depravity have ever recorded! And the torture of that child must be perpetual to answer the purposes of gain! Could it be the mother? O no!

Similar cases, though not so shocking at first sight, are very common in London; and yet I know not whether the secret history of these daily transactions would not develop a character equally revolting. Pale, emaciated, half-expiring infants, sometimes one, sometimes two like twins, are exposed in a woman's arms, as she sits by the way, whose silent, imploring eloquence cannot fail to touch the heart of the passenger. In the majority of these cases, it is supposed that these monsters are not mothers, but creatures not deserving the name of human, who by some means have got possession of these little martyrs, and keep them half way between life and death to excite compassion and obtain money! Alas! that the legislation of a civilized and Christian community should not interpose to prevent such a crime! a crime of constant occurrence, and well known! Common murder is innocence compared with it! and all this in the midst of a city whose public monuments of charity are more numerous, and more imposing, than in any other city on earth.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The King, head of the Church—Episcopal prerogative merged in the State—Wealth of the Church of England—Controverted—Difficult to be determined—Modes of estimating it—The probable amount—Compared with the revenues of States—Comparative expenses of Christianity in different nations—Revenues of the Roman Catholic Church—Ecclesiastical statistics and revenues of Spain—Ditto of France—The English Church aggrandized by a separation from Rome—Distribution of the revenues of the English Church—Church patronage—Enormous wealth of the English and Irish Bishops—Wealth of the Irish Church—Compared with others—The Church and the Army together—Tithe litigations—Lord John Russell's opinion of the Church of Ireland—Tithe slaughter of Rathcormac—The sick widow oppressed—The rector imposing tithes on a dissenting clergyman's garden—Burden of tithes on the poor—A case of tithe augmentation near London—Sale of church livings by public auction—A remarkable advertisement—The last wish of a dying woman—Injustice to Dissenters—A redeeming feature.

I SPEAK of the Church of England simply as an establishment in connexion with the state. As such it is a political institution. The king is its head. The bishops, who supervise the church, are nominated, or presented, to their sees by the king, are supervised by the king, and are required to do *homage* to the king in acknowledgment of his supremacy, before they can be installed, or before the act of their "enthronization;" for the bishops are *enthroned*. In every cathedral church is a bishop's throne, appropriated to the induction of the king's nominee into the powers and prerogatives of the vacant see.

There is, indeed, a nominal and dormant independence of the church, supposed to be vested in the convention of bishops and clergy; but it is not used. So far from asserting independence, this body do not even meet, unless it be for some idle ceremonies in recognition of a new parliament—a somewhat ridiculous pretension. The powers of this body have been absorbed by the crown, or rather, perhaps, conceded to it, as a convenient way of wresting the independence of the church from the hands of a general Episcopal College, and lodging its powers in the hands of the archbishops, and such of the bishops as may be agreeable to the primates and the king in the control of church matters—the king being always head. As a matter of fact, therefore, there is no existing Episcopal convention of the Church of England in the use of its appropriate powers. For the privilege of participating in the prerogatives of state legislation and administration, these Episcopal prerogatives have been resigned, or permitted to lie dormant.

The *wealth* of the ENGLISH CHURCH is at this moment a

subject of controversy, and in progress of development. Since the jealousy of the public on this question has been awakened, and an attitude of inquiry assumed in relation to this, as to other abuses, supposed to demand being checked, the interested party have very naturally studied concealment; and having all this wealth and its management in their own hands, the public as yet are obliged to depend mainly on their reports.

Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, and other writers interested in the concealment of facts that should develop the wealth of the English Church, had maintained, that its annual revenue, including Wales, did not exceed £1,500,000, or \$7,200,000.

It appears, however, by the report of a commission on church revenues, appointed by the king, which was made in June, 1834, that the annual revenues of the established Church of England and Wales had risen from the statement of the Bishop of Llandaff and others, to the gross sum of £3,784,985, or \$18,167,928! And this, it may be observed, is still an *ex parte* statement; that is, it is made by a commission, all of whom are interested in concealment, and who would naturally disclose only what is unavoidable. The report, by their own confession, is imperfect; and it is certain, that the number of heavy items of income to the church of classes of funds the sole use of which is realized by the clergy, and of direct and indirect imposts on the public for the maintenance and benefit of the church, is greater than the number imbodyed in the report. Nor is it certain by what rule or rules the estimate comprehended in this report is made.

We are informed, in one of the items of the report of this commission, that the gross annual revenue of the several Archiepiscopal and Episcopal Sees in England and Wales, is £180,462. It was stated by the London Times last spring, that the regular annual income of the Archbishop of York is £20,000, independent of the fines imposed on the renewal of leases, which occasionally happen to be equal to £100,000 in a single *windfall*, as it is called; and that the Bishop of London's income will soon be £60,000. J. Marshall, in his *Analysis, &c.*, 1835, the latest and best authority, says, that the single Parish of Paddington, in the See of London, was estimated to yield, in 1834, from £12,000 to £15,000, at the disposal of the bishop, for ground-rents of a part of the glebe. If there be any good ground for these statements, it is evident that the income of these two prelates alone can hardly be much short of the sums assigned in this report to all the prelates of England and Wales; at least, that it will by-and-by be so. The See of Durham is known to be immensely rich. I have heard its annual income quoted by credible authority at £30,000.

There are rules of estimating the revenue of the English

Church by which the public are easily kept in the dark. If, for example, the fines alone were left out of this reckoning, which is probably the fact, inasmuch as they do not belong to the regular annual income, the difference would be immense. I know not that the *Liber Regalis*, which contains the valuation of church property, as it stood nearly three centuries ago, has been taken as the rule of determining the revenue in this report; probably not; but heretofore it has been universally assumed in such cases; and for other purposes it is still applied.

It is but very recently, when a statement was before the public, that the average annual income of 17 livings, in the gift of the late speaker of the House of Commons and four others, is £11,170, one tenth of which, that is, £1,170, by the statute of Queen Anne, is due for the augmentation of poor benefices of the real tenths; but that law, under the valuation of the *Liber Regalis*, is evaded by the payment of £23! That is, the annual income of these 17 benefices, instead of being reported by the incumbents for what it actually is, viz. £11,170, is reported according to the valuation of the *Liber Regalis*, £231, so that the poor benefices, entitled to the annual augmentation of £1,170 from this source, are actually augmented only £23; and the other fraction of £1,147, goes by this rule into the pockets of the fortunate incumbents!

Moreover: There are several sources of wealth and income to the Church of England not comprehended in this report. Having presented the ex parte statements of the royal commission, which exclude so many items, and which are so doubtful as to the rules employed to obtain the result, let us now look at the statements of the Reformers, which are commonly supposed to be near the truth:—

From Church tithe,	6,884,800 <i>l</i> .
Income of bishopricks,	207,115
Estates of the Deans and Chapters,	494,000
Glebes and parsonage-houses,	250,000
Perpetual curacies,	75,000
Benefices not parochial,	32,450
Fees for burials, marriages, christenings, &c.,	500,000
Oblations, offerings, and compositions, for the four Great Festivals,	80,000
College and school foundations,	682,150
Lectureships in towns and populous places,	60,000
Chaplainships and offices in public institutions,	10,000
New churches and chapels,	94,050
Total revenues of the established Clergy	9,459,565 <i>l</i> .

In Federal money this would be \$45,405,912. This sum total is realized—monopolized rather—by 7,694 individuals—prelates, dignitaries, and incumbents—a large part of whom are pluralists, non-residents, and sinecurists. If this

sum were divided equally among them all, it would average to each £1,228, or \$6,182. According to the report of the royal commission of 1834, £424,796 of this £9,459,565 is dispensed by the incumbents for the compensation of 5,282 curates, who supply their places, averaging for each curate £80, or \$384—that is, while they who do the work receive on an average \$384 each, they who do not work get an average of \$5,798. Of these poor curates 294 receive less than £50 a year—some down as low as £20. It should be understood, that a part of those who get the money, and have the use of it, are at the posts of their duty, although it must be allowed they are tolerably well paid for it.

The average annual revenue of the kingdom of Prussia is 189,761,900 francs, or £7,590,432. About £2,000,000 of this is appropriated to the sinking fund debt, leaving a balance of £5,590,432 for the ordinary purposes of government. It will appear, therefore, if we split the difference between the report of the revenues of the Church of England, as made by the royal commission in 1834, and the averments of Reformers, we shall have £6,622,275 for the expenses of the Church of England, which is £1,031,843 in excess of the annual cost of the kingdom of Prussia for all the purposes of government, the public debt excepted!

Setting aside the interest of the national debt of Great Britain (which, by-the-by, is rather a weighty matter), the official estimates for all other purposes of government for 1835 were as follows :—

The Army	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	£6,497,903
Navy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4,578,009
Ordinance	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1,166,914
Miscellaneous	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2,228,387
Total,								£14,471,213

A little more than half in excess of the cost of the church, taking the medium of the two extreme estimates as above. If we add the church rates, somewhat more than half a million, which item has not been noticed, the cost of litigation between the people and the clergy, and the building of new churches out of the appropriation by parliament of £1,500,000 for this purpose, it will raise the sum to nearly or quite half of the expenses of government.

The average annual cost of the government of the United States during Monroe's administration was less than \$10,000,000; during John Quincy Adams's it was a little more than \$12,000,000; during the first four years of Jackson's it was over \$16,000,000. But the annual expense of the English Church at the above medium rate is \$31,786,920, considerably more than double the average annual cost of the United States government for the periods above named.

And yet the ministers of the British crown say it ought not to be retrenched. They are men of liberal views.

The following is a curious statement of the decrease of fidelity in the ministry, with the increase of compensation:—

“The small diocese of Ely, in 1813, compared with the year 1728.

In 1728.

In 1813.

On 140 livings, 70 Resident Incumbents.

On the same 140 livings, 45 Resident Incumbents.

Thirty-four who reside near and perform the duty.

Seventeen who reside near and perform the duty.

Thirty-one curates who reside in the parish or near it.

Thirty-five curates, some of whom reside 8, 10, or 12 miles off.

The population was 56,944 souls. The duty was performed 261 times every Sunday.

The population is 82,176 souls. The service is performed about 185 times every Sunday.

And their income 12,719*l.* per annum.

And their income is 161,474*l.* per annum.

Duty neglected in proportion as it became more important and better paid. The population increased nearly one half, and the number of times service is performed diminished one third. The revenues increased almost five fold, and the number of resident incumbents decreased one third.”

How this applies to the present state of things, and to England generally, I am unable to say.

The following comparative estimate of the expense of supporting Christianity in different parts of the world is curious, and may perhaps be instructive. Without pretending to vouch for its correctness, I introduce it here, as I found it published by no mean authority in Great Britain:—

“*Comparative Expense of the Church of England and of Christianity in all other Countries of the World.*”

Name of the Nations.	Number of Hearers.	Expense on the clergy per million of hearers.	Total amount of Expense in each Nation.
France - - - -	32,000,000	£62,000	£2,000,000
United States - - -	9,600,000	60,000	576,000
Spain - - - -	11,000,000	100,000	1,100,000
Portugal - - - -	3,000,000	100,000	300,000
Hungary, Catholics - -	4,000,000	80,000	320,000
Calvinists - - -	1,050,000	60,000	63,000
Lutherans - - -	650,000	40,000	26,000
Italy - - - -	19,391,000	40,000	776,000
Austria - - - -	18,918,000	50,000	950,000
Switzerland - - -	1,720,000	50,000	87,000
Prussia - - - -	10,536,000	50,000	527,000
German small States -	12,763,000	60,000	765,000
Holland - - - -	2,000,000	80,000	160,000

Netherlands - - -	6,000,000	42,000	252,000
Denmark - - -	1,700,000	70,000	119,000
Sweden - - -	3,400,000	70,000	238,000
Russia, Greek Church -	34,000,000	15,000	510,000
Catholics and Lutherans	8,000,000	50,000	400,000
Christians in Turkey - -	6,000,000	30,000	180,000
South America - - -	15,000,000	30,000	450,000
Christians dispersed elsewhere	3,000,000	50,000	150,000
	<hr/>		
	203,728,000		9,949,000
England and Wales - - -	6,500,000	1,455,316	9,459,565

"Hence, it appears, the administration of Church of Englandism to 6,500,000 hearers costs nearly as much as the administration of all other forms of Christianity in all parts of the world to 203,728,000 hearers.

"Of the different forms of Christianity the Romish is the most expensive. A Roman Catholic clergyman cannot go through the duties of his ministry well for more than 1,000 persons. The masses, auricular confessions, attendance on the sick, and other observances, make his duty more laborious than those of a Protestant clergyman with double the number of hearers: add to which, the cost of wax lights, scenery, and other accompaniments peculiar to Catholic worship. Notwithstanding these extra outgoings, we find that the administration of the Episcopalian Reformed Religion in England to one million of hearers, costs the people fourteen times more than the administration of Popery to the same number of hearers in Spain or Portugal, and more than forty times the administration of Popery in France.

"Dissenters, like churchmen, are compelled to contribute to the support of the ministers and churches of the established religion, besides having to maintain, by voluntary payments, their own pastors and places of worship. In France all religions are maintained by the state, without distinction; all persons have access to the universities and public schools: in England, only one religion is maintained by the state; and all dissenters from the national worship are excluded from the universities and colleges, and from the masterships of grammar-schools, and other public foundations, endowed by our common ancestors, for the general promotion of piety and learning.

"The monstrous excess in the pay of the English clergy appears from comparing their average income with the incomes of the clergy of equal rank in other countries. In France an archbishop has only 1,041*l.* a year; a bishop 625*l.*; an archdeacon 166*l.*; a canon or prebend 100*l.*; a rector 48*l.*; a curate 31*l.* In Rome the income of a cardinal, the next in dignity to the pope, is 400*l.* to 500*l.* a year; of a rector of a parish 30*l.*; of a curate 17*l.*: compare these stipends with the enormous incomes of the English clergy; and, making allowance for difference in the expense of living in the respective countries, the disparity in the ecclesiastical remuneration appears incredible."

It is evident, that the author of the preceding table of comparison leaves entirely out of view the immense estates of the Church of Rome, and the ten thousand devices employed by her ministers in raising money, bringing into his account only the direct imposts of that church, which are a mere and trifling fraction of the sources of her income.

In a work at the British Museum, published in 1717, under the title of "A Summary of all the Religious Houses in England and Wales, with their titles and valuations at the time of their dissolution"—the number of such houses of all classes at that time—in the reign of Henry VIII.—is stated at 1,041; the aggregate annual valuation of them at the same period was £273,106, reckoning only the rent of the manors and produce of the demesnes, and excluding fines, heriots, renewals, dividends, &c. This sum would be represented in 1717, a little less than 200 years afterward, as stated by the same authority, by £3,277,282, as a consequence of the decrease in the value of money. Assuming that the decrease has been in the same proportion for the last century, it would now be represented by about £20,000,000, or \$96,000,000.

The proportion of the land of the country, held by the church at that time, and of which the monks were lords, is stated at *fourteen parts in twenty*. In 1815 the annual assessed value of the real property of England and Wales, as stated in parliamentary records, was £51,874,490. *Fourteen twentieths* of this sum, being the ancient proportion of the church revenue, would be about £34,500,000, or \$166,987,168! a sum three fourths as large as the present annual revenue of the government of Great Britain, from all its sources and for all its purposes! It should be borne in mind that the *assessed* value of property in England is many times (I know not how many) below its *real* value. Besides this amazing absorption of the public wealth by the regular orders of the priesthood, there were four orders of mendicant monks, who not only lived on the residue of the property of the country, but abstracted large sums for their *pious* purposes.

It is stated by the same authority that the Grand Duke of Tuscany—which is a district of Italy 150 miles by 100—once ascertained and published, that the Church of Rome absorbed *seventeen parts in twenty* of the revenue of the land within his jurisdiction. These two items may go to show the expense of an established religion to the public two and three centuries ago, as sustained in Roman Catholic countries. It might be more or less in different parts of Europe. If we take the *fourteen twentieths* as an average, it will be no trifling matter to think of in these days, as a condition of society to which civilized nations have long submitted. Italy, Spain, and Portugal are not much better off even now—except as the latter, since the expulsion of Don Miguel, has taken some thorough-going measures of relief.

In France, under the old regime, in 1789, the annual revenues of the church were 405,000,000 of francs, or £16,200,000, or \$77,760,000. Now it is 32,200,000 francs, or £1,288,000, or \$6,182,400, and divided among Catholics and Protestants according to their numbers.

It is calculated that one fourth of the soil of Spain is still in possession of the church. According to a very moderate estimate, much probably below the mark, it is said that this ecclesiastical portion yields a rent, or at least would yield a rent, of £5,000,000, or would bring, if sold at 25 years' purchase, £125,000,000. This is independent of the value of the buildings, of the live stock, and of the rent of houses in cities, which belong to the beneficiaries of cathedrals, to the higher clergy, or to monasteries, and which may probably amount to £40,000,000 more. In this estimate we speak only of the real property of the monastic orders, and of the high secular clergy with its appertenances, and make no reference to the tithes of the secular clergy, to the income arising from masses and offerings, or to the other more spiritual sources of their income. These would be more than necessary to support in affluence the clergy of the most extensive and wealthy countries of Europe, exceeding by four or five times the sum allotted to the French church, which extends its spiritual sceptre over more than double the population of Spain. Though by the very oppressions of the church itself—though by the enormous sweep of the domainial and ecclesiastical property, which, according to M. Canga Arguelles, has grasped *one third* of the lands of the kingdom, the tithes from the remainder have been calculated at the gross amount of £7,500,000.

The sum which the church property of Spain would yield, after providing for the decent maintenance of the clergy, was calculated by the cortes of 1822, when joined to certain royal domains lying useless to the state, to amount to £92,000,000, or \$441,600,000.

The present entire annual revenue of the Spanish church is £10,514,000; that of the state, as lately reported by Count de Toreno, is about £5,000,000, and liable to a deficit of £3,000,000 by the plunder practised in the modes of collection, &c. This estimate of the annual revenues of the Spanish church is made, first, from the *rents*, &c., as ascertained from the cadastral bases of the 22 generalities of Castile and Arragon; and next, from the *tithes* and casual incomes, as reported by the minister, Martin de Garay, and other economists.

According to the census of 1826, the ecclesiastics of Spain were as follows:—61 archbishops and bishops; 2,363 canons; 1,869 prebends; 16,481 parish priests; 17,411 superior incumbents; 9,411 inferior incumbents; 3,497 postulans; 27 candidates for livings; 11,300 hermits; 61,327 monks; 31,400 nuns; 4,928 curates; 15,015 sacristans; 3,225 servitors of churches; 20,346 lay members, performing divers religious functions; and 7,393 secular ladies;—making a total of 206,002; or 160,043 ecclesiastics properly, and 45,979 incumbents of other descriptions. The ecclesiastics of

France, before the downfall of the Bourbons, were more than 400,000; they are now reduced to 40,000. The present population of Spain is 14,186,000; of France, less than 33,000,000.

The process of converting the national religion of Great Britain from Popery to Protestantism, which was principally a political measure, made it quite convenient for the new and self-appointed head of the church to appropriate to himself and to his dependants large proportions of those immense endowments of a church, which was dissolved by his authority. Of course the Church of England has since been less wealthy; but what she lost in this particular, she gained in dignity and domestic influence. The Church of England from that time became a Dissenter, under the name of Protestantism. She set up for Independence, and by the help of her princes and heads, with some little exceptions, has maintained it, so far as her relation to the pope is concerned. The separation has greatly magnified her importance. Before, she was a distant, provincial department of a church universal and apostolic; her priests were all subservient, and the prince at the head of the British government was an abject. The new system of Independence raised the priesthood at once to a dignity and importance which they had never enjoyed before. If it could be maintained, both the king and the church had every reason to be satisfied: the king, not only because he could then be a king, but because he was greatly enriched by the spoils of the church; and the church, now a Dissenter and Independent, because she could organize a domestic system of hierarchy, more splendid and more magnificent, than any thing she could enjoy as a mere dependant branch of a head, whose glory emanated from the triple crown at Rome. England, the first of nations, rising in respectability and extending her influence, could better satisfy the aspirations of "the Primate of all England," and of his dependant clergy, than could the waning power of the Pope. It was better to sacrifice a moiety of the wealth, and receive in compensation the privileges, dignities, and power of an independent condition—independent so far as respected a foreign spiritual supremacy. None can doubt that the domestic influence and dignities of the Church of England have been greatly enhanced by a separation from the Church of Rome. The religious houses and the whole system of popery had fallen into great disrespect. The change of system was in all respects more agreeable to the parties in England. The clergy might marry; they might have all reasonable indulgences without tax or penance. The archbishops and bishops could be princes, and have been so ever since. Lambeth Palace, for every thing that flesh could desire, is as good as

the Vatican; the Episcopal sees of England and Ireland are better than the rule of the smaller states of Europe, because they have all the wealth that could be wished, under the shadow and protection of a throne, without a throne's responsibility; and the numerous rich livings still left are enough to satisfy a love of ease and independence for scores and hundreds of high and influential candidates.

It is proper, however, here to observe, that Episcopacy, whether it be an Apostolic institution or not—whatever be its merits in the abstract, as an ecclesiastical polity and government—has no responsibility in the character, operation, and results of the Church of England, as an establishment set up by the state. It was the monarchy of England that made it in this particular a political institution; and it is the monarchy and aristocracy which have used it as such. It is the misfortune of the Episcopacy of Great Britain, and not its fault, that it has been allied to the state.

The following is a statement showing the mode in which the revenues of the Church of England, supposed to amount to £9,459,565, are distributed among the different orders of clergy. It has been furnished by the Reformers:—

Class.		Average income of each individual.	Total incomes.
EPISCOPAL CLERGY,	2 Archbishops - - -	£26,465	£52,930
	24 Bishops - - -	10,174	244,185
	28 Deans - - -	1,580	44,250
	61 Archdeacons - - -	739	45,126
	26 Chancellors - - -	494	12,844
	514 Prebendaries and Canons	545	280,130
DIGNITARIES, &c.	330 Precentors, Succentors, Vicars-General, Minor Canons, Priest-Vicars, Vicars Choral, and other Members of Cathedral and Collegiate churches - -	338	111,650
	2886 Aristocratic Pluralists, mostly non-resident, and holding two, three, four or more livings, in all 7,037 livings, averaging each, tithes, glebes, church-fees, &c. 764l. - -	1,863	5,379,430
PAROCHIAL CLERGY.	4305 Incumbents, holding one living each, and about one half resident on their benefices - - -	764	3,289,020
Total			£9,459,565

Of course the poor curates—who for the most part con-

stitute the working clergy, in number 5,282, and supply the places of the aristocratic and other incumbents, who can well afford, and who are disposed to be absent from their livings—are paid the aggregate and annual sum of £424,996, out of the £9,459,565.

The people of England belonging to the established Church have not the power of choosing their own ministers, but with the exception of perhaps 1,000 congregations, they are appointed as follows:—

By the King or his proxies,	.	.	.	1,048
„ Archbishops and Bishops,	.	.	.	1,301
„ Deans and Chapters,	.	.	.	989
„ University of Oxford,	.	.	.	314
„ University of Cambridge,	.	.	.	283
„ Collegiate establishments,	.	.	.	146
„ Private individuals,	.	.	.	6,619
				<hr/>
				10,700

There are 649 other chapels and churches, not parochial, making the total number of livings 11,349. Total number of preferments, including those not appertaining to churches and chapels, is 12,327. These do not include some *two or three hundred* churches, erected under the church building acts. It may also vary slightly from some other statements that are published, as there are changes occasionally occurring. But it cannot differ materially from the present state of things. About 5,000 of the livings of the church of England and Wales are in the gift of the aristocracy, and are of course conferred upon their younger sons and family connexions, whatever may be their character. The aristocracy depend upon the church, the army, and the navy, to provide, first, for their younger sons, and sons-in-law; and next, for collateral connexions, and such as are in favour with them. Church livings are so many pieces of property, not at the disposal of the respective congregations, but to be conferred by those who have the gift of them, on their friends. In this way, two, three, four, or more rich livings are often bestowed on a single individual. For example, the eldest son of the Bishop of Ely has held six preferments at the same time, from his father's hand, worth £4,500, or \$21,600 annually. His son-in-law has been presented with three by the bishop, worth £3,700, or \$17,760. Another son has held six at the same time by his father's gift—worth £4,000, or \$19,200. The total annual income of the family from these sources, including the bishop's, is quoted at £39,742, or \$191,721; and this appropriated by a father, his two sons, and a son-in-law. The Beresford family, in all its branches, at the head of which is the Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland, is said to realize annually from the

church, army, and navy by patronage, principally from the church, £100,000, or \$480,000. Warburton, Bishop of Cloyne, a poor man at the beginning, left from his acquisitions out of his diocese £120,000, or \$576,000, to his children. It was stated by Sir John Newport in parliament, that three Irish bishops within fifteen years had left to their families £700,000, or \$3,360,000, average to each \$1,120,000. A former bishop of Cloyne, as I have seen stated, went to Ireland without a shilling, and after eight years died worth more than £300,000, or \$1,440,000. The late Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry, residing twenty years abroad, without being nice in the choice of his company, and received in the meantime from his diocese revenues to the amount of £240,000, or \$1,152,000. More than *one third* of the incumbents of the Irish Protestant Church are non-residents, some of whom with incomes from £5,000 to £10,000, abstracted from the parishes, are living on the continent with their families.

The Archbishop of Cashel has livings in his gift worth £35,000, or \$168,000 annually; those in the gift of the Bishop of Cloyne are quoted at £50,000, or \$240,000, as their annual value; ditto of the Bishop of Cork, at £30,000, or \$144,000; ditto of the Bishop of Fernes, at £30,000, or \$144,000. One might make many friends comfortable with endowments of this description at his disposal.

The following is a summary of ecclesiastical statistics of Ireland, reported to Parliament in 1835, by the Commissioners for public Instruction.

POPULATION, 1834.

Roman Catholics,	6,427,712
Members of the Established Church,	852,064
Presbyterians,	642,236
Other Protestant Dissenters,	21,808
Total,	7,943,940

PROPORTION PER CENTUM TO THE TOTAL POPULATION.

Members of the Established Church,	10,726
Roman Catholics,	80,913
Presbyterians,	886
Other Protestant Dissenters,	275

NUMBER OF PLACES OF WORSHIP.

Established Church.—Churches,	1,338
Other places of Worship,	196
Roman Catholic,	2,105
Presbyterian,	452
Other Protestant Dissenters,	403

Total, 4,494

PARISHES OR DISTRICTS	
With Provision for the Cure of Souls,	2,348
Without Provision for the Cure of Souls,	57
Total,	2,405
Number of members of the Established Church, in 1834, in Parishes or Districts without Provision for the Cure of Souls,	
	3,030
NUMBER OF BENEFICES	
Consisting of single parishes,	907
Being unions of two or more parishes,	478
Total,	1,385

To provide a religion for 852,064 souls belonging to the established Church, Ireland is divided into 2,450 parishes, with only 1,140 churches. Out of 18,000,000 English acres, which comprehends the whole of Ireland, 990,000, more than a twentieth, are the property of the established church, and the remainder subject to tithes and other imposts for the maintenance of that church. The gross annual amount exacted from Ireland in all ways for this purpose, as stated in official returns, is £937,456—\$4,599,788. But these official reports, being always made by the party interested in concealment, are not fully confided in. The other party make the estimate £1,426,687. Split the difference, as in the estimates for the English Church, and we shall have £1,182,021, or \$5,673,700. This capital prize is drawn—in rather unequal portions, indeed—among four archbishops, eighteen* suffragan bishops, and 1,270 clerical incumbents, a large fraction of whom are non-residents. The popular party, whom their opponents call radicals, taking their own estimate as a basis, divide it as follows:—Among the archbishops and bishops, on an average of £10,000 each, is £220,000; deans and chapters, £250,000; the other clergy, £956,587; total, £1,426,587.

Assuming the medium of £1,182,021 as a provision for the cure of 852,064 souls, and comparing it with the present economy for the church establishment of France, it stands thus:—For the cure of 33,000,000 of souls, France pays 32,200,000 francs, or £1,288,000, or \$6,182,400, a little less than one franc, or about eightpence sterling per head. The result is, that the support of religion for 852,064 souls in Ireland costs a small fraction less than for 33,000,000 in France!

But this is not all: To maintain this system in Ireland it is necessary to lodge an army there to keep the peace, which these impositions disturb, and to enforce the collec-

* The sees of Ireland have lately been consolidated from 22 into 12; not, however, to disturb the present incumbents.

tion of the various church dues. The expense of the army in Ireland from April 1st, 1833, to March 31st, 1834, was £1,025,621; and of the police a little less than £300,000; total, say, £1,300,000.

Again: The lawsuits between the people and the clergy, on account of tithes, &c., from 1817 to 1821, were 100,000 cases! We can only say of this item, from the known expense of law in Great Britain, that it could not be trifling. On an average of £5 to a case, it would be £500,000, or £125,000 a year. Whether this be too much or too little, I know not. Here, then, is a religion for 852,064 souls, which annually costs, directly and indirectly, the gross sum of £2,607,021, or \$12,513,700, exacted principally from a population of 7,090,876, who are in conscience opposed to this religion, by the constant presence of an overwhelming physical force, without which not a penny could be collected; and by the demonstration of which, with the occasional application of powder and ball, the public mind is kept in a perpetual state of most unkindly irritation! But for the present enlightened state of the public mind, which for the most part can distinguish between pure Christianity and such a system, it would be a sore scandal, that what is *called* Christianity should, for the time of its continuance, bar all hope of the civilization of a race, sufficiently barbarous without these irritating causes. To show that this imputation is sustained by high authority—authority connected by birth and in affection with the Church of England—I would offer the following remarks of the discreet Lord John Russell, in a late address to his constituents of Devonshire, April, 1835:—

“With regard to the Church of Ireland, the case is widely different. I refused to assist in making perpetual parochial sinecures where the clergyman and his clerk, week after week and year after year, formed the whole of the congregation. Besides the general injustice and glaring absurdity of this system, it is easily proved that the maintenance of these ecclesiastical sinecures *irritates the people of Ireland*, weakens the reputation of the British crown abroad, and injures the Protestant religion which it is intended to promote.

“Let us add to these evils, that the present system cannot be maintained except by a *large military force*, which in case of foreign war must of necessity be greatly augmented. Burdensome to England, *sanguinary in Ireland*, disturbing the peace of society, and injurious to the religion it professes to serve—no eloquence can recommend, and no talents can long maintain so vicious a policy.”

On another occasion, Lord John Russell said:—

“In the greater part of the south of Ireland, the clergy enjoy an income from tithe, but are as totally unconnected with the religious instruction of the great mass of the people as any one thing can possibly be from another. In some parishes, containing from 2,000 to 3,000 inhabitants, there is no member of the established church; in

others, perhaps one Protestant gentleman, with his wife and one or two of his servants, attends the established church. If that were all, I should only say, it was an anomaly; but what I feel is, that in order to support the system, it is necessary also to support troops of police and cavalry, *and that the maintenance of the system is attended by the shedding of the blood of the king's subjects.*"

In December, 1834, the Rev. William Ryder, archdeacon, incumbent of the parish of Gurtroe, near Rathcormac, Cork county, Ireland, having obtained a military force from the new government (Peel's administration), proceeded to distrain for £5 of tithe dues against the widow Ryan. Being himself a magistrate, he headed the troops, and as appeared from the testimony of witnesses afterward examined, when pressed on all sides by the exasperated populace, he gave orders, first, to *draw swords*; next, to *load*; and at last, to *fire*! *Nine persons were killed*, and as many wounded!

The population of the parish is 2,900 Papists, and twenty-nine Protestants, thirteen of the last being members of the archdeacon's family. The tithes of the parish are £1,500, or \$7,200. Setting aside the thirteen members of the archdeacon's family, it would appear that more persons were actually *shot down* by him than there were members of his congregation; and *nine* were sent into eternity! it being more than half the number of his congregation, which, aside from his own family, amounted only to sixteen. As was very proper, the archdeacon and the other magistrates who assisted him were indicted before a grand jury for wilful murder. They will doubtless be acquitted, as the murder was legalized.

The following are brief extracts from an Irish paper, giving an account of the examination before the grand jury:—

" 'Widow Ryan,' said Archdeacon Ryder, riding up to her door after having killed her son, 'you would not come to me till I showed you the law was too strong for you.' I then told him I would pay him his tithes to save my children's lives."—*Widow Ryan's evidence.*

"Poor woman! she did not know, when she promised to pay the tithes, that her son was dead! 'When I first heard the sogers were coming,' said the twice widowed mother, 'I was knitting a stocking for Dick. May the great God forgive him all his sins, and rest his soul in peace this day!' Dick is the one that was killed.

" 'And I went to look at the dead bodies,' says the widow, 'to see, would I know their faces. I turned two of them on their backs, and they were strangers. I then looked down to the end of my barn, and I saw my fine boy looking at me with the whites of his eyes and his mouth open! I staggered down to him, and I caught his pulse: and he had no pulse. I put my mouth to his mouth, and he had no breath. I then began to shut his eyes and to close his lips, and Dick Willis cried out—Don't stop his breath. O Dick! says I, he has no breath to stop, and no heart to beat. With that I caught his head, and my daughter caught his feet, and we stretched him in his blood where he

lay ; and though my eyeballs are like two burning coals, I cried no tear since.' Thus the mother of Dick Ryan.

"Another widow, Mrs. Collins, had two sons shot dead on this occasion, one thirty-two, and the other thirty years of age. When their lifeless, but still bleeding bodies, were brought into her house, she threw herself on them and exclaimed in Irish, 'They are not dead, for they are giving their blood.' But finding them cold and breathless, the terrible truth could no longer be concealed, and she became delirious, and was in this state of mind torn from the corpses of her sons by her friends, but not till she had actually tasted their blood ! She remained in a state bordering on insanity for some days, and even still forgets that her sons are dead.

"On marching down the Middleton road, about half a quarter of a mile from the Widow Ryan's premises, the reverend tithe-owner, Archdeacon Ryder, ordered the troops to halt, and said to his lay-brother, 'that no good would result from the proceeding if they did not return and bring away the corn'—(! !) for which purpose they had their own horses and carts with the party ; but this course was firmly protested against by the third magistrate, and reluctantly given up.

"His reverence also said to the Widow Ryan, when she consented to pay her tithes, before she knew of her son's death, 'Will you do it now?'—'No,' said the widow, 'for I have not the money in the house ; but I will pay you some day in the week.' With that he put his hand in his pocket for a Bible to swear her."

"A widow sat by her fire alone,
With her head upon her knee,
And she made a sad and a bitter moan,
aying, 'Wo, ah ! wo is me !

"The Orangemen came, and the grass grew red ;
They came with sword and gun.
Their bullets sped, and my son is dead,
My son, my only son !

"The widow knelt, and she muttered low,
'On the men of Rathcormac wo ! wo ! wo !'
The curse of the widow who shall bear !
God of the childless hear her prayer !"

From the Limerick Star :—

"The dreadful condition of the parish of St. Mary in this city is already known to the public. Of this parish the very Rev. Dean Preston is the Protestant rector, and the Rev. Mr. H. Gubbins acts in the capacity of his curate. The collection of tithes is left in Mr. Gubbins's hands. A poor widow, named Eliza Mullins, now living at Newgate Lane, in the parish above named, was lately lying on a sick bed in her room, to which she had been confined by ill health for the last three months. This woman, we understand, had once been in more comfortable circumstances ; but subsequently became so much reduced in means, that on the death of her mother, which took place about two months since, she was unable to procure a coffin for her parent until a subscription was raised for the purpose. On the morning before mentioned she was preparing to rise, and sit a little while before her fire, when a bailiff entered and demanded *three shillings as*

the amount of Mr. Gubbins's poundage (rate on the pound as voted by the parish). The poor woman told him she had not the money; and that she had never paid more than *two shillings* poundage to Mr. Gubbins. The bailiff said one shilling was due since the year previous, but this she declared she had already paid to a former collector. However, on his persisting, she offered him one shilling, which she said was all she then had in the house, and promised to give him the remainder on the day following. Her entreaties, however, were without effect; the man left her, and in a short time returned with two other bailiffs, in a state of intoxication. In lieu of Mr. Gubbins's three shillings, they seized one kettle, one washing-tub, one large tray, one umbrella, two old quilts, one gown, one petticoat, and went their way. She rose from her sick bed, dressed herself in her few remaining garments, which Mr. Gubbins's faithful emissaries had left her, and proceeded to the Exchange. Here she deemed herself fortunate in finding Mr. Gubbins himself; to him she made the same representation and the same request, as she had done already to his bailiff; and we regret for his sake, for hers, and for humanity, to add, with the same success. The poor woman then went to her house, and spent the whole of that night lying on the hearthstone by the fireside, for the want of the necessary clothing on her bed. On the following morning she sent for her own clergyman to administer to her the last rites of her religion. We have some satisfaction in adding, that by the charity of a few individuals, who heard of the circumstances, the poor woman's kettle, quilts, &c., were restored, and that Mr. Gubbins got his three shillings, and one shilling costs. What effect the whole transaction may have upon the mind and body of the infirm, unhappy creature, remains to be seen. She lies at present, we understand, in a very dangerous state." * * * * *

"The following letter has been left at our office:—

"*To the Editor of the Star and Evening Post.*

"Sir,—Will you return thanks for me, if you please, to Thomas Devitt, Esq., for the *one pound* which he sent me, to release my kettle, and old tray, and parasol, and tub, and also my petticoat, and two old quilts, which were pounded in the Cathedral, for minister's money, due to Dean Preston and the Rev. Jno. Gubbins. I also thank Mr. Geary, who collected for me a few shillings, only for which I would die of cold, having been obliged, after a sickness of three months, on Friday night, when my bedclothes and other articles were taken by Hayes and the other two church bailiffs, to lie all night on the hearthstone by the fire to keep myself warm.

"ELIZA MULLINS, widow, of St. Mary's

"Parish, head of Newgate Lane.

"October 26, 1834."

Another extract:—

"A representation has been made to the commander-in-chief, from both officers and soldiers of the army in Ireland, expressive of the total repugnance of the army to be employed in the collection of tithes. The odious and cruel nature of the exaction, and the degradation of brave men in being employed in prosecuting the sale of the widow's pig, or the goat upon which infancy subsists, are good reasons. It is condemned by the voice of mankind, and repugnant to military honour.

“The king’s troops, infantry and cavalry, were employed for nearly two months in enforcing tithes for the Rev. Mr. Whitty, in the parish of Rathvilly.”

The Church of Ireland surely is bad enough. The present state of things there is probably a fair development of the tendencies of the system :—Bring a powerful Christian hierarchy into alliance with the state ; make it a part of the political fabric ; withdraw all power relating to church economy from the people, and concentrate it in the hands of a few, who sympathize with the head of the nation—who is also constituted head of the church, and who will, of course, use his influence as such, for political ends. If the church be wealthy, as in Great Britain, let the disposal of its benefices, in other words, the nomination of its priesthood, be divided among the chief dignitaries, high corporations, wealthy and powerful individuals, civil and ecclesiastical, who are interested, first, in providing places for their sons and family connexions, and next, in bringing the entire ecclesiastical economy to bear on their political designs. Let all the treasures* of the church be regarded as the property of the government, and all dues to the church of tithes, or in whatever form, as a demand of government, for government purposes. And then, by a moral certainty, the church, thus allied to the state, will have a secularized clergy, and it will be no scandal, on the principles of such a church, to support its rights at the point of the bayonet, and by the mouth of the cannon, as in Ireland. It is perfectly consistent ; it is the legitimate tendency and natural result of the system. The public may be shocked at the occasional outbreakings of some of these more palpable enormities, such as the recent slaughter of Rathcormac ; the authors of the mischief may be startled for fear of a reaction on themselves ; but they do not give up the principle ; they do not confess that there is any thing wrong, or even improper, in all this. They say, the state has a right, first, to make these exactions ; and next, to support its authority—that its authority must be respected ; and if anybody, with an un-submissive temper, comes in the way of it, and falls before the bayonet or the cannon, it is his own fault. They have no sympathy and no regret on account of these disasters, except as it injures themselves.

And how is it in England ? It must be acknowledged, that these affairs are managed more decently there than in Ireland—that there is less outrage ; but the system is the same ; and upon all dissenters, as well as upon thousands who have not dared to dissent, it operates in numberless forms, directly and indirectly, most oppressively and cruelly.

* What right has a Christian church to treasures, except in God and the good affections of mankind ?

"How do you do, Mr. ——?" said the rector of ——, within fifty miles of London, to a dissenting clergyman, whose chapel, dwelling-house, and garden happened to be in the rector's parish. "You have a fine garden here, sir."

"Oh, yes, sir, I am very fond of a garden. Come, walk through, and see it."

"Indeed, it is not only very pretty, but I should think it might be profitable," said the rector, as he surveyed the premises in company with his dissenting brother, and while the latter took great pleasure in displaying all, and giving the history of his improvements.

"There is about half an acre here, as you see," said the dissenting minister. "Half of it is ornamental, where I take pleasure with my 13 children; and the other half furnishes vegetables to feed them. You would hardly believe it, but this little patch, under the culture of my own hand, goes a great way towards supplying the table of my numerous family."

"Indeed, sir. And how many years has it been so productive?"

"Some half dozen or more."

It was a morning call of the rector, for a purpose best known to himself, as he had never condescended to visit his dissenting brother before. Having seen and been told all appertaining to the beauty and profitableness of the garden, from the open and unsuspecting communications of the owner, the rector said—"Good morning," and retired.

The next day, or soon afterward, the rector's steward sent in a bill for tithes on the said garden, of £6, or nearly \$29, per year, for six years previous, and the same for the then current year—amounting in all to £42, or about \$200; to continue, as I suppose, at £6, or nearly \$29, a year, on a quarter of an acre of land!

The rector has a wife, but no children, on a living of some hundreds of pounds a year, which he can augment at pleasure by these modes. The dissenting clergyman had a family of *thirteen* children, and a small congregation, which could afford him only a slender support—by no means adequate for the demands of his family. He was astounded at this bill! For it was positively and unavoidably distressing.

"But you did not pay it?" said I, when he narrated to me the facts.

"Your ignorance of this country, sir, as manifested by this question, is very excusable. There is no redress for such an imposition—no tribunal for defence, to which a poor man will dare to appeal. The ecclesiastical courts, which have the supervision of all such matters, will always defend the rights of clergymen of the established church. Clergymen of this establishment, as this instance will show, have great powers, and a wide reach of discretion, in regard to

tithe and other church dues. The law supposes them to be good men and reasonable; and a hundred or a thousand to one of those, who appeal to the law for protection against these extortions, return saddled with the enormous expense of English law. Remedy at law in such cases is absolutely and utterly discouraging; and few but the wealthy and influential, who can afford to fight for principle and justice, venture upon it. Ordinarily, the oppressions light on those who are not likely to show such resistance."

The following is an extract from a letter to Mr. Secretary Stanley, read in the House of Lords by Lord Melbourne in 1831, and may show further how the poor are affected by exactions for an established church:—

"The broken and irregular character of tithes, in the rust of its great antiquity, renders the variety and number of claims on the land both harassing and vexatious; the frequency of calls, and the uncertainty of receivers, are so varied and perplexing as to occasion much annoyance to the poor. There are a vast number of instances where one poor man, whose whole tithes annually do not amount to more than 1s. 8d. per acre, and yet subject him to have his cow, sheep, pig, or horse, taken and driven to pound six times in the year for tithes, and liable, on each and every driving, to a charge of 2s. 6d. driver's fees, besides expense of impounding, and waste of time from his labour in seeking the person duly authorized to give him a receipt. He is liable to be summoned, moreover, and decreed for vestry cess, once in the year, making annually *seven calls on account of the church* to his little plot of ground; besides, his little holding is liable to two calls in the year for grand jury public money, and frequently two calls more for crown and quit rent. Thus *eleven calls* are made upon his small holding in the year, besides his landlord's rent, and for sums trifling in themselves, but perplexing and ruinous in the costs which attend them. Surely such are hardships that ought to be removed."

It is true that this happens to be a picture from Ireland. But as it was thought worthy to be read in the House of Lords, and is in substance applicable to both countries, though under different forms, it is a convenient illustration of the general bearings of the laws of tithe, &c.

"Tell me of the cottage, Laggin."

"God bless you, ma'am, you are cruel fond of hearing of cottages. Sure the history of most of them in this country (Ireland) is alike; a wedding, and a little to begin with; a power of children, and precious little to give them; rack-rent for a bit of land; turned out, bag and baggage, for rent, or for tithe; beggary, starvation, sickness, death; that, ma'am, is a poor Irishman's calendar, since the world was a world, barrin [except] here and there, now and then, when he gets a sight of good fortune by mistake."

Cases like the following are such an every-day occurrence in England as to occasion no surprise. It might excite indignation, if people were not tired of indulging such feelings. But they know that the reformed Constitution has placed

the remedy in their hands, and they only wait an opportunity to administer it, without a disturbance of the public peace. I quote it from a London paper, which has come to hand and is now lying before me:—

“The BIRMINGHAM JOURNAL states, that the Rev. J. Ellis, Vicar of Wootton Warren, near Henley-on-Arden, lately obtained a warrant of distress against a parishioner, for the payment of Easter dues to the amount of *one shilling*, and that a table was seized and sold by auction, out of the proceeds of which *nine shillings* and *twopence* was deducted for the original dues and expenses.”

It would be a curious question to determine the difference between the actual costs of such a church to the public and its nett revenues; which, after all, is the only fair estimate of its burden to the community.

Within ten miles of London is a parish where the incumbent has raised his tithes from £300 a year to £1,500. I was informed, when I was there, that he is accustomed to meet more men from his parish in the ecclesiastical court, seeking redress of their grievances, than are disposed to appear as his hearers on Sunday—which, indeed, is very credible.

“And will they succeed?” said I. “It is not at all probable they will.”—“Why, then, do they go there?”—“Because they are vexed, and are able to make the sacrifice. They think it will do good to make it as public as possible.”

Did the ecclesiastical commission on church revenues report £1,500, as the tithe product of this parish? Never, it may be presumed. And the expense of litigation—to what account is that to be put? The injury done to society by such disturbances is of course never thought of.

It is no scandal in England—at least, it seems not to operate as such—that benefices, or livings in the churches, are sold at public auction to the highest bidder, over the heads of incumbents, by which means a wealthy man can at any time make a future provision for his son, and establish him in the world by anticipation; or a Jew may be the purchaser in his way of speculation on stocks, and nominate the preacher of a Christian pulpit.

The following, for example, is a notice of some sales of this kind, taken from a London paper of July 13th, 1824:—

“The church livings in Essex, sold on the 1st instant by Mr. Robins, of Regent-street, were not the absolute advowsons, but the next presentations contingent on the lives of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. P. L. Wellesley, aged thirty-six and twenty-five years respectively, and were as under:

Place.	Description.	Estimated Annual Value.	Age of Incumbent.	Sold for.
Wanstead	Rectory	£653	62	£2,440
Woodford	Ditto	1,200	58	4,200

Gt. Paindon	Rectory	£500	63	£1,600
Fifield	Ditto	525	59	1,520
Rochford	Ditto	700	62	2,000
Filstead	Vicarage	400	50	900
Roydon	Ditto	200	46	580

The biddings appeared to be governed by the age and health of the incumbents, residence, situation, and other local circumstances, with which the parties interested seemed to be well acquainted."

The following is a curious, and, it may be added, instructive advertisement on this point. It is from the London Morning Herald, April 15th, 1830 :—

"To be sold, the next presentation to a vicarage, in one of the mid-land counties, and in the immediate neighbourhood of one or two of the *first packs of fox-hounds* in the kingdom. The present annual income about £580, subject to curate's salary. The incumbent in 60th year."

"In the immediate neighbourhood of one or two of the *first packs of fox-hounds* in the kingdom." And this is a motive—a charm—a lure, to draw clerical bidders! Do those who speculate in public stocks, which they offer for sale, understand this business? Did they in this case know, that those clergymen who want church livings would *generally* be attracted by such a lure as the "best pack of fox-hounds?" If not *generally*, and if it was not well known, would they run the risk of defeating their own object, as speculators, by putting it in?

In the case of the larger sale of advowsons above quoted, no doubt the previous advertisements held forth all the flattering chances and motives, whatever they might be; and the buyers examined and paid fees to the physicians of the respective incumbents, as to the probability how long they would live, &c. All this is morally certain.

"Lord MOUNTCASHEL stated, in the House of Lords, that he knew an archdeacon in Ireland who kept one of the best *packs of fox-hounds* in the country. Another clergyman, not seven miles distant from the former, had also a pack of fox-hounds, with which he regularly hunted; and he knew of a clergyman who, after his duties in the church had been performed, used to meet his brother huntsmen at the *communion-table on Sunday*, and arrange with them where the hounds were to start for next day."

In the course of *one* month, I observed the following public notices in the London journals, in the usual style of reporting public amusements, or after the manner of a court circular :—First, of a dramatic fête at the Bath Theatre, with dancing through the night, and on the list of names of the persons present were those of *twelve* clergymen. The next was an animated account of a public ball at Windsor, where the "iced champaign was flying about like water, and contributed to the friskiness of the light fantastic toe;" where

"quadrilling, waltzing, and galloping continued till 3 o'clock, and much fun at a later hour," with the names of *eleven* clergymen among the rest. Another begins thus : "The Rev. Arthur Mathews gave a grand ball at the Swan Hotel, in the town of Ross, &c., at which the following clergymen were present:" Then follows the list of their names, in number *nine*—among which were four high dignitaries, one belonging to the king's household.

What do these notices prove ?

"I want you to speak at my grave," said a dying woman in London last spring to her dissenting pastor, but immediately recollecting that no dissenting clergyman would be admitted to a church burying-ground for the burial of the dead, she added, lifting her hand, expressive of her regret, "But, no, you cannot." She turned her head, burst into tears, and soon expired.

Sometimes the stranger in London and in England may witness, as he passes a churchyard, the remarkable scene of a clergyman standing without the paling in the street or highway, performing funeral obsequies by stealth, and in evasion of the law, over one of his own people, whose friends are assembled around the grave within. It is the dissenting minister, who is not permitted to enter that ground for this purpose, and who, as a Christian pastor, has complied with the urgent solicitations of surviving friends of the deceased, to perform this office in these humiliating circumstances.

Dissenting clergymen cannot celebrate marriage; they are prohibited performing funeral rites over their own dead in the churchyard, notwithstanding they and their people are taxed for all the expenses of that ground. Dissenters must pay the rector a special, and no trifling fee, for a place to lay their dead; another for the privilege of setting up a monument; another to the curate for reading the burial-service; and how many more I do not know. They are excluded from all the privileges of the universities, except that by long and hard fighting they have now a university of their own in London. Besides building and maintaining their own chapels, and supporting their own ministers, they are forced to do their part towards all the expenses of the establishment. There is no respect or delicacy shown towards dissenting clergymen, in exempting them from the common burdens of the established church; but, as in the case I have noticed, they are often visited with special imposts from the very fact that they are dissenting ministers. Even the best of the established clergy, who might be expected to sympathize with their dissenting brethren on account of the many disadvantages they labour under, have so long enjoyed their high and prescriptive prerogatives, as apparently not to imagine that there is any obli-

gation or propriety in dispensing with them in any matter or degree towards dissenting ministers.

“Look, here!” said a dissenting clergyman of London to me one morning, as I sat at breakfast with him, having broken the seal of a letter, at that moment brought in by the postman: “read that.” It was from the Rev. Mr. ———, rector of ———, and son of the Bishop of ———, soliciting a subscription towards building a relief chapel, in connexion with the parish church! Where was delicacy of feeling in this case! Besides all the pecuniary disadvantages which the dissenting minister laboured under in the metropolis, on account of the bearings of the established church upon his interests; besides paying church rates and all other parish expenses, under the jurisdiction of the rector of ———, without complaint; and besides making large sacrifices of his income towards the liquidation of a heavy debt on his own chapel, he receives a letter from the rector of the parish in which he resides, soliciting a special and extraordinary subscription towards the building of a new church in the parish! This, no doubt, was all very innocent—that is, as much so as a want of reflection, and a proper sense of delicacy, could make it. Mr. ——— probably did not think it his duty to recognise this dissenting clergyman as a brother minister, much less to consider the sacrifices he was doomed to make as a dissenter—but only to call upon him to do his duty as a parishioner. It is a striking illustration of that high ground which clergymen, and other members of the establishment, are accustomed to assume and assert, in relation to dissenters, as if all right were theirs, and nobody else had any right. They offer insult to injury, even when they do not intend it. It is a natural result of the system—overbearing, oppressive, and irritating.

LONDON, MARCH 5, 1832.—Yesterday morning (Sabbath) I went to hear one of the clergymen of the establishment. He preached from 1 John, iii., 8, and he came home upon us in such a style, and in so many forms of application, that for myself I was at one time forced to weep. And I am quite sure that I was only one of some hundreds, out of a congregation of more than two thousand, in the same predicament. He who makes us weep in such circumstances, under the pungency or touching pathos of religious truth, does us good. The soul, thus softened, is cast into a susceptibility, for the time being, of the most felicitous impressions; and if we are not made better permanently, it must be our own fault. I love to weep with a weeping congregation, in the house of God. This social and soul-subduing influence of religion melts down the feelings of a

community into a common crucible. For the moment the people are all one. They sympathize with their pastor, with one another, and with the truth drawn forth, in such glowing colours and melting accents, from the word of God. They are bound together by stronger ties, and feel that "it is good to be there." In all ages, and all the world over, be it known, the great secret of the Christian pulpit's influence and power is to touch the heart; and that minister of Christ who does this shall never want hearers. The Christian world have more knowledge than feeling. Feeling is what they want, and they love to have it. They will follow him who so embodies and charges the elementary truths of Christianity by his diction and manner, as to rouse up those sympathies within them, which God has ordained to be moved by these considerations. People love to be moved by Divine truth, even though it makes them uncomfortable for the time being. The very conviction of sin, the purpose of repentance, the desire of being and doing better, have incorporated with them an inward consciousness of moral dignity, mingled with self-debasement—a capability of being something that is worth aspiring after. To be made to feel—"I will repent—I will be better"—is a sublime purpose. And that very sense of sin, which gives vigour to this purpose—that very agony of conscience, which fills the soul with inquietude, lies side by side with a proportionate sense of the worth of the soul, of the importance of its being, and of its possible destination in a world of heavenly joy. I say, then, that men do love to feel under the influence of religion—sinners, the worst of sinners, love to feel. And I will not consent to be at the trouble of any other proof, so long as everybody knows that the most faithful and most earnest preachers of the Gospel—if they are earnest enough to make people feel—always have the greatest congregations.

The Established Church of England is blessed with a numerous class of faithful, pungent preachers; and their chapels are always crowded. There is another encouraging fact: The lectures of the established church, as they are called—that is—extra services on Sabbath afternoon and evening, and certain week-day evenings, are by courtesy, or by the ascendancy of popular influence, supplied by the nominations and appointment of the vestries. I speak particularly of London. And it happens, that the most earnest preachers are generally first in request for these supplies, even in those churches where the incumbents are most unbending, cold, and chilling formalists—where, in the regular services, "Paul supplies a text, and Plato preaches." And when Plato, or some other heathen philosopher preaches, he has his little class—*little*—a hearer scattered here and there, over a spacious, splendid, and magnificent church.

But when a true disciple of Paul and of Jesus Christ comes into the same pulpit in the afternoon or evening, the people come—the rich and the poor meet together—the high and the low. They come in torrents, till the very thresholds of the doors are planted as thick with the feet of worshippers, as the closest contact of a crowd will allow. Within is to be seen nothing but a sea of heads. And this is the case from Sabbath to Sabbath, and on the week-day evening, the year round. People crowd and run after faithful preaching, as if in all other places (as indeed is too much the fact) there were a famine of the word of life. They are convinced that these men are sincere—that they are in earnest; and they love and feel the truths which they preach. I must bear testimony, that there is a goodly and increasing number of the clergy of the establishment who do preach the Gospel in simplicity, in sincerity, and often with very great plainness of speech. I have heard them also rebuke the vices of the establishment, from its own pulpit, in no insignificant terms. They work as if they had some sense of their responsibility—as if resolved to exercise a redeeming influence over a secularized, and, in this sense, corrupt church—"a church dying of her own dignity."

"Die of dignity."—"What is the value of that dignity," says the Rev. Baptist W. Noel, in a letter to the Bishop of London on the state of the British metropolis, just published—"what is the value of that dignity, which must be maintained at a cost so enormous as the ruin of multitudes?" This gentleman, a clergyman of the establishment in London, says, there are 500,000, at least, in that metropolis, of a population of 1,500,000, who never attend a place of public worship, and who live and die unvisited by the redeeming influences of Christianity;—10,000 of whom on the Sabbath are devoted to gambling; 30,000 living by theft and fraud; 23,000 annually picked up drunk in the streets; about 100,000 habitual gin-drinkers;* and probably 100,000 more, who have

* "The number of public houses and gin-shops in the metropolis is 4073, besides 1182 beer-shops, and great numbers of coffee-shops, many of which are said to be, at present, worse than the worst public houses, as schools of profligacy. Hence we may judge of the numbers infected. Not long since, the following numbers were observed to enter two principal shops—one in Holborn and the other in Cheapside—in one day:—

	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.
Holborn shop, . . .	2880	1855	289	5024
Cheapside do., . . .	3146	2186	686	6018

"The following numbers were also observed to enter fourteen principal gin-shops, in one week:—

Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.
142,453	108,593	18,391	269,437

"As it is improbable that the observers recognised individuals who entered more than once, we will suppose that these were the whole number of visits to the shops in that week, and that each person visited once a

yielded themselves to systematic and abandoned profligacy. This reverend gentleman has come out in a tone of high and holy remonstrance against that system of episcopal government in England which prevents the preaching of the Gospel to the poor, and seeking out the wretched and the lost to redeem them from their retreats of vice and crime. He proposes and urges that the restraints of episcopal authority, operating in so many forms against the erection and support of new places of worship, which would otherwise be done by voluntary effort, should be removed, as unwarrantable and injurious, and an abuse of power; that leave should be given to preach the Gospel in unconsecrated places—in any building and in the streets—as did Christ and his apostles; as faithful ministers of Christ have done in all ages; as did Whitefield and Rowland Hill; as other denominations are now doing with great success; and he offers himself to the bishop of his diocese, as willing to lay aside this improperly-assumed and unbecoming dignity of the ministers of Christianity, to go forth into the streets—"into the highways and hedges"—to compel the wretched wanderer and the lost to turn their feet from the way to hell to the path of heaven. He proposes this, as the only remedy for the wants of the metropolis—for the wants of the country—for the wants of the world. He remonstrates in no equivocal terms against so much power lodged in the hands of bishops. It will not be understood that Mr. Noel speaks against episcopacy, but against the abuse of episcopal authority in connexion with the state.

Whether demonstrations of this kind, which are beginning to show themselves in the English church, and which constitute a hopefully-redeeming feature, will be crushed by authority, remains to be decided. Some imagine that the Church of England may be so reformed, as an establishment in connexion with the state, as to answer the design of Christianity. For myself I have only to say—that I am not simply diffident, but I do not believe it.

day: then the number of persons visiting those shops would be 269,437 divided by 7, or 38,491.

"*Thirty-eight thousand four hundred and ninety-one* persons—the women and children being nearly equal to the men—habitually attend these fourteen shops: how many, then, must contribute to the support of the other 4059 shops with which the metropolis is disgraced! Either immense multitudes must be infected with this vice, or else those who are infected must be ruinously devoted to its indulgence. It is well known how it grows upon those who yield to it; and some idea of the degree in which it prevails in London may be formed from the fact, that above 23,000 persons are annually taken up by the police for drunkenness *alone*. The numbers taken up by the police for drunkenness in the years 1831, 1832, and 1833, were as follows:—

	Males.	Females.	Total.
1831	19,748	11,605	31,053
1832	20,304	12,332	32,636
1833	18,268	11,612	29,880,"

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

WHEN first I passed through Oxford in a coach, without stopping except to change horses, I was quite disappointed in the appearance of that famous seat of learning. I had imagined the various edifices constituting the architectural beauties and grandeur of the university to be scattered here and there, insulated in the midst of academic groves, deriving no less charms from these accidents than from the more substantial forms of the edifices themselves; whereas, in a run through one of the principal streets of the city, the eye meets only a solid mass of masonry, not unlike any other compact town of England, with here and there some more imposing features and walls, which seem to indicate antiquity, scaled and crumbling by time, and affording hints that these are the buildings of the university. But not "the shade of a shadow" of a grove presents itself. All is naked walls, bristling occasionally with pinnacles, and now and then a tower, a cupola, and a spire, not unworthy of the supposed place, and yet not very remarkable. The scaled and apparently crumbling walls of the university buildings and of the churches, owe this appearance (a very ugly feature) to the character of the stone of which they are constructed. In a century or two after they have been quarried and laid up in walls, exposed to the action of the atmosphere, large chips begin to scale off from almost the entire surface; and in two or three hundred years, the walls become so ragged and so dilapidated as to require to be new faced or rebuilt. Hence the difference in the appearance of the colleges, some of them having been repaired, while others exhibit all the pride of a young antiquity—smoky, ragged, and crumbling.

All the magnificence of the City of Oxford, consisting principally in the university, was founded by Roman Catholics. Christ Church College, the largest of all, was founded by Cardinal Wolsey with a truly splendid project; but his fate prevented its entire execution. The great bell weighs 17,000 lbs., the clapper 342 lbs. The dining hall is 115 feet long, 40 broad, and 50 in height, the roof supported after the manner of Westminster Hall, the walls hung with scores of the finest portraits of the most remarkable characters in English history, and is altogether a most magnificent room. It has the reputation of being the best refectory in the kingdom—a singular praise for a college of literary men. The library of this college is one of the grandest and most imposing models of architecture, containing a large and the choicest collection of paintings.

A college is composed of one or two principal quadrangles, enclosing open courts; some have gardens attached, surrounded by high and impassable walls, richly set with trees and shrubbery, and adorned in the highest perfection. They make enchanting promenades. Every college, with its gardens, is as much a prison, when the gates are closed, as a penitentiary. The buildings are not lofty, being ordinarily limited to two and three stories. Towers and temples are numerous, and the pinnacles innumerable. In some positions of the large quadrangle of All Souls are to be enjoyed the finest possible views of the university—of temples, towers, pinnacles, and church steeples, and among them the dome of Radcliff Library. The town and all the world are excluded from the view, and nothing presents itself but these varying and countless features of the perfect and grand of architectural device.

The colleges, in number 19, and 5 halls, were founded respectively as follows:—University College, in 872, by Alfred the Great; Baliol in 1263—1268; Merton in 1264; Exeter, 1314; Oriel, 1326; Queen's, 1340; New College, 1386; Lincoln, 1427; All Souls, 1437; Magdalen, 1456; Brazen Nose, 1509; Corpus Christi, 1516; Christ Church, 1525; Trinity, 1554; St. John's, 1557; Jesus, 1571; Wadham, 1613; Pembroke, 1624; Worcester, 1714; St. Mary Hall, 1239; Magdalen Hall, 1487; New Inn Hall, 1360; St. Alban Hall, 1230; St. Edmund Hall, 1269. These institutions, 24 in number, constitute the University of Oxford. The above dates do not all of them indicate the precise periods of the first establishments of these schools, but are the earliest commonly specified in their history.

The Radcliff Library is properly a temple on a magnificent scale, and from the promenade around the base of its dome is one of the finest panoramas in the world, comprehending the entire of Oxford, with all its colleges and every prominent feature under the eye; and beyond the city a vast and beautiful country in every direction.

The Bodleian Library, though large, containing 400,000 volumes and 70,000 manuscripts, is yet more remarkable for its richness and rarities, and is sufficiently notorious for its invaluable stores.

Magdalen College is most remarkable for its incomparable tower; for its chapel, as recently renewed in a style of most exquisite perfection; for a painting of Christ bearing his cross; and for the extent of its gardens and pleasure-grounds, among which is Addison's Walk.

To have any tolerable notion of Oxford University, either in its external features, or in its internal economy as a society of students and of the learned, requires leisure, and opportunity of intimate and close observation.

The members on the books of Oxford University for 1835

are 5,251; but considerably less than half of this number are usually resident there.

The population of Oxford City is 23,000. The university is quite too renowned to require any notice of its greatness from me.

Eight miles from Oxford, towards Birmingham, are Blenheim Park and Palace, bestowed upon the Duke of Marlborough, the Wellington of Queen Anne's reign, for his military achievements on the continent against the French,—taking its name in honour of the battle of Blenheim, on the Danube. The present duke is in disgrace, makes no society with those of his own rank or with the world, buries himself in his botanical garden, has suffered the park to run to waste, and would have sold the pictures of the palace, if his son and heir had not stepped in his way by an injunction from chancery. The palace and the vast estate appertaining are a proud monument of royal munificence, bestowed in reward of services done to the country by the great captain of the beginning of the eighteenth century. It was once a royal hunting-park, and the grounds are still exceedingly romantic. The collection of paintings at Blenheim are among the richest treasures of the kind in England. The library and chapel of this palace are uncommonly interesting of their kind.

CAMBRIDGE.

Joe Walton is the coachman, or driver, as we say in America, of the Star Coach between London and Cambridge, 54 miles, which distance to and fro, making 108 miles, Joe drives every day in the year except the Sabbath. I once saw a notice in the Times, that Joe had completed his last 312 days without failure of having performed his daily journey, making in all for the year, 33,969 miles, having rested on the Sabbath. I myself performed this journey with Joe, that is, I went down to Cambridge one day in the afternoon, and returned in the morning a few days afterward. I know not how many years Joe Walton has performed this task of travelling 108 miles every day except the Sabbath. I was not aware that he was such a prodigious traveller when I happened to be a passenger in his coach. But certainly I never travelled more expeditiously or more pleasantly. He generally runs through 54 miles in five hours; and from that to five and a half. The country for the most part is level, and the road is fine as possible. We buzz along, not stopping more than two or three minutes to change horses, and sometimes not more than one minute.

As I was dining with a friend of mine, of the medical profession, accomplished, I may say, in a very high degree, and with not less of instinctive discernment than professional skill, I mentioned Joe Walton's extraordinary travelling the

year out and in, and from year to year, never failing to make his daily journey from Cambridge to London and back again, the Sabbath excepted.

"It is because he rests upon the Sabbath," said Mr. —. "No man or beast could ever perform such service independent of the rest of that day. And that he can do as long as he can do any thing, and be none the worse for it."

"That is worth *marking*," I said, "especially as coming from *you*."

"Ay, and I suppose you will put it in a book when you get home to America.

" 'A chiel's amang us taking notes,
And 'faith he'll prent it.' "

Whatever use, however, you may make of it, it is an undoubted truth: No man or brute could last in such service without the rest of the Sabbath. The Sabbath for man is an ordinance of nature, as well as of Revelation—or an ordinance *adapted* to nature. We cannot do without it—or that which is tantamount."

I did indeed think this worth *marking*, and therefore I record it. It is an extract from the conversation of a man whose opinion is worthy of great respect. And it is of the more value, first, because he did not say it as a religionist; and next, because it was not forced from him, but suggested by the story. The case of Joe Walton was before us. It was remarkable. How could he travel 108 miles a day, and continue it from year to year? He could not, except for the rest of the Sabbath. With this interval of repose, the service, being reasonable, might be performed in perpetuity. Nay, it is not in perpetuity. The rest of the seventh day breaks up the order, and prevents the immature wasting and decay of powers, worked for such a portion of time to the extent of their ability.

Joe Walton's task is not to be estimated by a simple consideration of his sitting upon the coachman's box, holding the reins, and carrying the whip for ten or eleven hours a day. He has a responsibility, which he feels, and which weighs upon him: the lives of his passengers, amounting in all perhaps, and on an average, to 24 individuals a day: their comfort and pleasure, their luggage and parcels, besides verbal messages or errands, in great number and variety, committed to his charge at Cambridge, picked up on the route, stowed away in his brain, to be discharged at London and replaced by others, not less numerous or various, demanding his attention on his way back, and at the end of his journey. He has to please and to serve all the world, that is, all sorts of people, in all sorts of things. Joe Walton's daily task, therefore, is by no means trifling. And yet he works it out, apparently without fatigue, by resting on the Sabbath.

The road to Cambridge is the route of John Gilpin, when he went farther than he intended:—

“To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.”

The “Bell,” or sign of the Bell at Edmonton, is an inn. At this day, as we pass the house—I suppose it is the same—we find an addition, or change of the sign, as well as the name, and it is called “The John Gilpin.” The sign is historical or descriptive. As to the truth of the history, that matter must rest entirely on the credit of the amiable and conscientious poet. But as you pass you see Gilpin depicted there, as described, all on the wing:—

“The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Away went hat and wig.”

“The dogs did bark, the children scream’d,
Up flew the windows all.”

“At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony espied,” &c.

And there is the whole picture to this day: His wife standing in “the balcony” beckoning him to stop; many heads thrust out many windows to see; the dogs around, and geese fluttering to get out of the way; the donkeys, with their carts and drivers, standing still with amazement; the turnpike open to give him passage; and Gilpin himself, with his hat in the wind some rods behind him, his hair going after his wig and scarlet cloak, which are also in the rear; the bottles dangling high and low, and pounding the ribs of his horse; while he, with most imploring looks, in spite of all his wishes to stop, and of all the help of the mob he has raised, still goes on, “because his horse would go.” I would not vouch for every feature here drawn, whether it be a little more or a little less, than what is now to be seen at the sign of John Gilpin at Edmonton, as I drove by it myself, going and coming, under the auspices of old Joe Walton, at a speed scarcely less than that of Gilpin, thinking of him all the while, and making many anxious inquiries about him.

When one has been at Oxford, there is nothing at Cambridge that can attract his attention except King’s College Chapel, and that certainly is sufficiently remarkable. There is nothing like it, nor of its kind equal to it, in Great Britain. There may be a thousand other things in the architecture of Europe that would in many respects be more commanding. But when a thing is perfect, what can we have more? When no one can say there is something that ought not to

be there, or something wanting, human art seems to have made its highest attainment.

The academic shades and fine walks of Cambridge are perhaps more abundant than those of Oxford. Excepting the gardens of the colleges, which are walled in, and are necessarily very contracted, and which are not commonly open to the public, the walks of Oxford are not so tastefully arranged, nor so well kept, nor so chaste and inviting in their aspects, as those of Cambridge. The sluggish and lazy Cam seems to have participated in the lassitude to which the overhanging shades, the close-sheared lawns, and Arcadian walks invite, and to have stayed his current to repose in the scene. Certainly he does not go fast enough to dissipate the vapours; he only raises and holds them suspended all around. "When I first saw this river," said Robert Hall, "as I passed over King's College bridge, I could not help exclaiming—Why, the stream is standing still to see people drown themselves!.... Shocking place for the spirits, sir. It is the very focus of suicide..... The Don is a river, sir; and so is the Severn a river; but not even a poet would so designate the Cam, unless by an obvious figure he termed it the *sleeping* river. I say of my Cambridge friends, when I witness their contentedness in such a country, 'Herein is the faith and patience of the saints.' The place where Bacon, and Barrow, and Newton studied, and where Jeremy Taylor was born, cannot but be very *interesting*; but does it not strike you as very *insipid*, sir?"

King's College Chapel, however, is a redeeming feature of Cambridge. Externally or internally, this building may be just as large as any one chooses to imagine it. It is of no use to have its dimensions; indeed, perhaps one had a great deal better be without them; and then, while surveying it from without, he may conceive it of vast magnitude, and enjoy, at least by an illusion, the properties and relations of the parts of such an edifice, on an extended and magnificent scale. Or while he stands, looking down the inward perspective, he may imagine that to be infinite, for such in truth it seems to be, and one may easily be deceived.

The length of the chapel is in fact 310 feet; its breadth 78; and the height of the wall 90. This is obviously not a great building. It combines simplicity, beauty, and grandeur, so harmoniously, that one cannot tell which to admire most. It has no tower. The remarkable external features are the frequent buttresses, so strongly built to brace the wall and support the roof; the four turrets, one at each angle; and the line of pinnacles, running from end to end and over the roof. Within, the painted windows are remarkable, as exhibiting the whole evangelical and apostolic history. The internal perspective, from almost any

position, is unrivalled for the perfect unity and satisfaction of the effect. There is no wonder, nor scarcely admiration, unless it be, that the effect of such pure satisfaction could be produced, without mingling the complex emotions ordinarily excited by architectural designs.

But the stone roof of this building is altogether its most remarkable feature. It is said of Sir Christopher Wren, that he used to visit Cambridge once a year merely to look at this piece of work, and that he should have said—"Show me where to place the first stone, and I will build such another." The roof is supported by a series of double arches, concentric to the buttresses, one arch passing through the whole, yet all mutually dependant on each other, and each contributing to support that weight of stone, which is laid almost flat from wall to wall. The stones, however, are thin, some say two inches, others from four to six inches thick, thus contributing to the lightness of this immense arch, which is so near to being flat that it can scarcely be called an arch. It can hardly be supposed that these stones are generally thinner than from four to six inches. In walking over the surface of this roof, the shapes and relations of every stone composing those arches—which, being concentric, together make one arch 310 feet by 78—can be as easily and as exactly traced as the flagstones of a street pavement. Architects and masons of the present time are confounded at the sight, and confess their ignorance of the rule or rules by which this framework of masonry was set up. It is not exposed to the weather, but is protected by an ordinary roof thrown over the whole, with a sufficient elevation to admit persons to walk erect on the stone roof, sufficient light being thrown in to answer all the purposes of the minutest examination. The interior face of this arch is curiously wrought out of the stone, in Gothic tracery, to correspond with the general design, and for the purpose of effect on the beholder from below. The entire edifice is pronounced to bear the marks of the point of perfection and decline in Gothic architecture. It was begun in the former part of the fifteenth, and finished in the sixteenth century.

Cambridge is the second of the two great—"famous"—Universities of England—though not quite willing to concede pre-eminence to its sister on the Isis.

Why not say more about Cambridge and Oxford? Because I dare not touch so great a theme—unless I might have leave to write a book.

RUINS OF ANCIENT ABBEYS.

Kirkstall—Bolton—and Fountain's.

IN approaching Leeds from London, within a distance of two and a half miles, the stranger's eye, if he looks on his left, will be arrested by an apparent heap of ruins, lying in the bosom of a beautiful vale through which himself is passing, on the bank of the river Ayre, all shrouded in a grove of forest elms, showing here and there, as if a spot of naked wall, peeping through the mantling ivy, and seeming to declare that something deep and solemn lies beneath. As he lifts his eye, his doubts will all be resolved by the half of a massive tower, peering above the tops of the trees, and ready to crumble and fall with the other half, which had gone before it. And as he rides along, new shapes of this extended mass of ancient ruin are continually forming and rising before him:—now some deep recess opens under a larger or a smaller arch—now a high, imperfect wall, with a window or two opening on the hills or sky beyond—now a range of windows—now the great eastern aspect, looking bold, challenging respect, and seeming, by its shifting forms, to assert vitality, and belie the record of its desolation.

Approach this pile, and the stranger's interest increases, as he traces what must have been the abodes of menials, what the magazines of provisions, what the laboratory of the epicure—the numerous cells—the chapter-house, or place of secret and awful conclave—the great court, and chamber succeeding chamber, each partitioned from each by the most massive work of stone—elms, centuries old, planted and growing up in the midst of these apartments, spreading their arms over the broken walls, and meeting each other in every direction, so as to form a perfect grove—and the ivy running up in every form, covering and burying here and there the parts of this ancient pile, as the swarm of bees covers the limb or the tree on which they first alight, after they have gone forth in pursuit of a new place of habitation.

Let the stranger enter the holy place, walk among the weeds between the great outer wall and the long range of clustered columns, under the lofty and groined arches, which still afford a partial shelter—and there he may hear the earnest chattering of the magpie, the twitter of the swallow, the plaint of the sparrow, and the petulance of the wren; there he may look up and see the vigorous, wild shrubbery of the plain and hills, the rose, and many a flower, flourishing and blooming in all their freshness, in the windows, in the walls, and even on the highest parts of the tower.

There he may wander up hill and down hill, in the midst of the sanctuary, where was the altar of God, wetting himself thoroughly from the grass and bushes, as he passes along, brushing off the fresh rain, and bracing himself with care, lest he slide and fall among the fallen ruins.

Where are the hands that built these walls, and where the spirits that worshipped here ?

“Methinks I hear the sound of time long past
Still murmuring o’er me, in the lofty void
Of those dark arches—like the lingering voices
Of those who long within their graves have slept.”

Who, in wandering here, would not feel that he has communion with the dead ?

“I do love these ancient ruins ;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history.
And, questionless, here in the open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interr’d,
Who loved the church so well, and gave so largely to it,
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday. But all things have their end.
Churches and cities, which have diseases, like men,
Must have like death that we have.”

There are stone coffins, making parts of the solid masonry of the chapter of this ancient institution, where the walls are in good preservation ; and these receptacles of the dead have been violated, from mere curiosity, and the bones stolen, one by one, till not a single relic remains.

Kirkstall Abbey was built early in the twelfth century, under the auspices of Henri de Lacy, Baron of Pontefract, and, for aught that appears, was sustained so long as popery flourished in the empire. It is now an interesting and venerable ruin.

To show how some things, and some of what things have been done at this place, I give a few extracts of letters from abbots of this institution. From a letter under the following style—“Brother Hugh, called Abbot of Kirkstall, to his beloved in Christ, the convent of the same house, health and blessing in the bond of peace,” and written in the 13th century, the following are extracts :—“Because the king was not pleased to interfere with the debt due to Tockles, the Jew, notwithstanding we had many intercessors with him, yet, by the grace of God, obtained through the mediation of your prayers, and by our own understanding, we, reflecting, that if this debt remained undischarged, it would be productive of great inconvenience, hit at length upon a remedy which is likely to be effected.”

Then the reverend abbot goes on to specify this device, which perhaps is more to the credit of his cunning than of his virtue. He concludes his wily and careful epistle with

this injunction:—"It will not be prudent to show these letters to any one. But until you have all safe, keep your own counsel secret from out of the bosom of the chapter."

Also the abbot writes in the same letter:—"Send me some money, however you come by it—even though it be taken from the sacred oblations. Farewell, my beloved, peace be with you. Amen.

"From the Castle Reginald, on the morrow of St. Martin, 1287."

The following document is exceedingly curious, not to say that it is wellnigh being the revelation of a secret:—

"To all to whom these presents shall come, Brother Robert, Abbot of the Monastery of the blessed Mary, at Kirkstall, health and faith in the following:—

"Though by the institutions of our order the admission of women is prohibited, under heavy penalties, within the precincts of Cistercian Abbeys, we nevertheless, being desirous of the salvation of souls, which undoubtedly will be obtained, as well by women as men, who on certain days of the year happen to visit the church of the said Monastery of Kirkstall; and which visits, moreover, are clearly allowed in some indulgences granted by Pope Boniface the Ninth, we hereby tolerate, *pro tempore*, on the above-mentioned days, the admission of women to the said church, *solely provided* notwithstanding, that such females be not introduced into any other apartment within the confines of the said monastery, neither by the abbots nor by any of the monks, under the penalties awarded by the aforesaid ordinance, which penalties we by these presents decree, and without remission enforce, as well against the abbot as against the monks of the aforesaid monastery, if they shall be found to transgress what is permitted there.

"Given at our Monastery of Fountains, A. D. 1401."

BOLTON PRIORY.

"Are you not going to Bolton Priory?" said my host at Leeds, to whom I shall certainly ever be obliged for much kindness.

"Where is it?—and what is it?"

"It is a thing you ought to see, now you are so near. Suppose we contrive to go to-morrow! It is only 23 miles from Leeds, up Wharfdale (Vale of the river Wharf). We can go and return in the same day if your engagements make it necessary."

So we took a coach and set off. The first thing worthy of remark was a view from the Otley Cheven, as they call it—one of the most charming landscapes seen from the hill Cheven, over the village of Otley, two miles from Leeds. Here is the entire bosom of the Vale of the Wharf, stretching out under the eye for many miles in extent, up and down and across—all under a state of high cultivation—variegated by two large estates, remote from each other, and the village of Otley half way between them. A gentleman's estate in

England differs from the surrounding country that is farmed out, by presenting some several hundred acres, according to its size, under shapes the most irregular and undefined that is possible. Somewhere in the midst of the groves the spectator, if he stands on elevated ground, may see the mansion, or the tops of it, or some imposing front; and the spacious grounds will be checkered by fields, woods, groves, clumps of trees, single shades, and long marginal ranges of the thick and mingled forest. Scattered here and there the flocks and herds will be seen, grazing in quiet, or ruminating on the banks of the streams and under the shades. A view of this kind, in a wide-stretched landscape, is a very great relief, as distinguished from the smaller patches, enclosed by the frequent and well-defined hedges, and most economically farmed by the tenants of the numerous cottages, scattered over the face of the plain. Two of these large estates, together with the beautiful village of Otley, lie upon the bosom of the plain, ten miles by five in extent, cultivated like a garden, spreading themselves out under the view, and rising in the distance till defined by the elevated, mountainous margins of the moors. There, too, is the Wharf, stealing its serpentine course, occasionally hiding its bosom under the trees, and running where it lists through all the vale below. What added to the enchanting beauties of this scene was, that the swift and loose clouds, hastening on the current of a brisk wind, threw down before us a perpetual and rapidly-changing light and shade.

Next came Ilkley, a watering-place, 16 miles from Leeds, in the same vale, a little, old, and ragged village—but of considerable note, on account of the wells, or springs, most rare for their purity and coolness, and for some medicinal qualities. Here were to be found many genteel people, crowding the low and thatched cottages, and submitting to all sorts of romantic inconveniences for their *health*! All the donkeys in the valley round about were put in requisition for the invalid ladies and children to ride up to the wells and back again. A donkey is a patient and queer animal, though sometimes vicious—a little larger than a sheep—and a man riding upon him may help him along, and guide him as he would a velocipede, by touching his toes to the ground. In other words, the donkey is the *jackass*—an animal not taxable, and therefore frequent—the commonest beast of burden in England. A man upon a donkey is always to me a ridiculous sight; because I cannot help thinking that it is more suitable the man should carry the beast, than that the beast should carry him—the man being so much bigger.

There is a remarkable story current at Ilkley among the vulgar, concerning two rocks, both of large dimensions, but one much smaller than the other, jutting from the brow of the hill at a distance above the wells—called the *Cow* and

Calf—and looking as much like these animals as do the celestial constellations like those brutes after which they are called. It is gravely affirmed, and the vulgar believe it, that at the dawn of every morning, when this cow and this calf *hear* the first crowing of the cock, they move in company from their position, come down to the wells, drink, and return. Hence the cow and calf are *immortal*.

As we pass up the Vale of the Wharf, all the scenery, near and remote, gradually becomes more and more picturesque. These soft landscapes, at the mellow season of summer, lying among and upon so many hills, larger and smaller, partly wild and partly cultivated, everywhere bounded by the distant and bald mountain profile, and at every successive moment changing features as the passenger is rolled along; the brisk wind bending every grove and tree, and turning up their foliage, making the whole region move in wave succeeding wave; the gentleman's mansion, the poor man's cottage, the busy making of hay, and all the rest, which cannot be named, are reasonably enough to interest and delight those who happen to be in an agreeable mood.

Still the scenery becomes more and more bewitching as the traveller advances. He looks back, he looks forward, he looks upon either side, and upon the hills, regretting only that he cannot look all ways all the time.

All at once and unexpectedly the carriage stops, and a man presents himself with a string of keys, to be conductor. It is quite unnecessary to ask any questions. We have only to follow him. Besides, to be too curious might dissolve the charm. Ask not—where you are?—Ask not—if you have got there? But follow on.

Here is an ancient, massive, high, and long-stretching wall, which has stood for centuries, concealing every thing beyond as you approach it. As you enter, and pass through the broken gateway, do it slowly and most solemnly, taking in the vision beyond gradually. For your whole breathing system will chance to suffer a sudden and painful hiatus—not because you stand between Niagara's cataract and the rock, which it hides from vulgar eyes—not because you meet with the rush of the tempest, or any disturbance of the physical elements around you—but for the very stillness, the perfect Sabbath aspect of the beauteous and majestic scene, which opens gradually on the eye as you advance under this rude and broken hole in the wall. It must not be described. It would be rash and profane to try it. But as you drink it in, and breathe it in, and stop, and gaze, and wonder, and are ready to exclaim—What is this? And where are we?—a few steps farther introduce you to the majestic, most eloquent, and well-kept ruins of Bolton Priory, on the bank of the Wharf, directly opposite a lofty cliff, down which

plunges a small, but noisy and foaming cataract, of more than a hundred feet. This ruin is in a state of the best preservation. The walls are nearly all perfect, and every window appears in its original form. It is Gothic of the purest and chastest order—built in 1120—or rather begun then. The nave is now a church, and in use. An unfinished tower, half raised, was put to it in 1520—which, being open to the weather, wears the marks of decay.

But the Priory is a small consideration in this enchanted ground. Here you have just entered the lower margin of a large estate of the Duke of Devonshire, running up the Wharf for several miles, stretching out over the hills, and far away on either side—and all kept as is proper for such wild scenery. Having turned from the Priory, in some half dozen rods we were lost under the cliffs on the shore of the river (brook), and began to penetrate the higher regions of this romantic world. A way is carefully dug, rising and falling over the rocks, and every footstep of the passenger made safe. But nothing else is touched except what is necessary for this purpose. By-and-by we rose and passed over a beautiful table of land, where cattle were grazing, and then plunged into the thicket again. Next we came to a handsome bridge across the Wharf, for the private purposes of the estate. Then leaving a carriage-road upon the lower bank, we followed a dug way for donkeys and foot-passengers, cut out of the precipitous sides of the mountain, and occasionally looking down sublimely over the crags into the deep chasm, and on the rushing waters below. At last we came to the *Stridd*, as it is called—where the river is compressed, like the Connecticut at Bellows Falls, and rushes down between the rocks, so straitened, that a man can jump across from one shore to the other. I was about to make the experiment, but stopping to hear the story of a man who fell in and was drowned in consequence of the same attempt, I began to calculate the chances, grew wise, and desisted.

We ascended the river about five miles, till, coming to the ruins of an ancient tower, we crossed and came down the other side by a similar path, dug out of the hill-sides, and often presenting most enchanting views of the river above and below, of the sides of the opposite hills, and of mountain-tops beyond. At last we came to the "*Valley of Desolation*," and ascended it, rising and rising, overlooking the tops of the trees and the precipitous cliffs of the rock, into the dark waters of a small tributary to the Wharf, which tumbled down its rude channel below. We had now walked, since we left the Priory, not much less than ten miles. My friend being ahead, and myself beginning to tire, he left me out of sight. I sat down, wearied with too much of a good thing; and writing upon a card, which I laid in the path—

Tired and gone back—I turned my face down the valley. The reason of the name of this valley is—that the lightning strikes here so often as to scath a great many of the trees, and give the forest the aspect of desolation.

We returned at night, arriving at Leeds at 12 o'clock, having passed Kirkstall Abbey under all the witchery of the light of the full moon at that still and solemn hour.

The Rev. John Foster, the essayist, as I was informed, spent a whole night among the ruins of Kirkstall—alone by the light of the moon. For myself, I think I should have expected, in such circumstances, to have communion with the spirits of the ancient tenants—the monks and friars—who lie buried there.

FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

What is it in antiquity which so irresistibly commands our veneration? Is it the simple quality and fact of antiquity? Is it because the human mind is so constituted as most to respect that which is remote—on the principle that “distance lends enchantment to the view?” Or is it the effect of education—the consent of mankind? Certain it is, that a new and pretty thing, be it ever so perfect a production of art, has nothing of the charm of the old, be it ever so ugly. The more decayed the ruins of antiquity, the more absolute the dominion of ancient desolations—the more eager is the mind to trace the workings of fellow-minds, which once were busied there, and to study the character and genius of the times in which they flourished. The present is overlooked to gaze at and admire the distant. These ancient structures are often superlatively ugly in their shapes, and always worn into decrepitude by the action of time. Though it must be confessed, that the principal and grand features of architecture displayed in these specimens are the most perfect *beau ideal* of the art, so far as modern perception can reach. But, that we moderns, while attempting to hit off the purer features of the ancient Gothic, generally bad enough done at the best, should also incorporate all the ugliness, all the deformities, and all the worn-out looks, the natural and unavoidable product of time—in other words, that we should strive so hard and so unsuccessfully to make a new thing old—is ridiculous enough.

I had visited many interesting ruins of architectural antiquities in England—had walked over parks and pleasure-grounds—through mansions and some extensive domains of the English nobility; the solemnity of antiquity had become familiar, though by no means irksome; crumbling ruins were jumbled together in my imagination in such groups, that I could hardly define the shapes I had seen first, middle, and last; the spirits of the dead, many centuries in their graves, seemed to have been disturbed by my invasion of

their sanctuaries, and haunted me; the stupendous piles of ancient architecture, still in preservation, had passed before me; the mansions of the great seemed remarkable only by comparison one with another; gilded halls, statuary, paintings, state apartments and state furniture, in all their variety of beauty, grandeur, and costliness, had lost the air of novelty, though not altogether the charm of interest; the exquisite combinations of nature and art, to make a little spot of earth too good for use, too perfect to be enjoyed, had claimed and received my enrapt attentions; herds of deer had become as flocks of sheep; and the waters of Harrogate as the waters of Avon or Genesee river (both of which are indeed exactly alike)—when I left Harrogate, a beautiful and salubrious retreat, to call at Fountain's Abbey—not that I had supposed any thing of the kind was yet left to awaken in my bosom other and newer feelings of complacency and delight in that which is old; nor that I had imagined that Studley Park remained to throw all other parks I had seen into the shade, and make them in comparison to be despised—but because, being in the neighbourhood, it was suitable to see it.

I love to be taken by surprise in matters of this kind. And therefore, *generally*, I never read a guide-book to be guided. If I have it in my pocket, I am careful not to know too much about it. It is often quite as well to take these things as they are afloat in common story. I had heard of Studley Park, and of Fountain's Abbey. Who has not? But nobody ever told me that they were so worthy of attention.

I am also exceedingly jealous of *walking* society, when I visit these Elysian fields and these monuments of the reverend dead. I am afraid they will profane the place. Indeed, I never knew it otherwise. And therefore, when I can, I choose to go alone. I do not object to a professional guide, who has been disciplined to propriety and duty, and whom I can command either to speak or keep silence, as may suit my feelings. I had almost said, a man must be devout in such a place. He must at least indulge in sentiments which border upon religious awe. He communes with the dead. He consults spirits who have been for generations and for centuries tenants of the invisible world. He asks them what they thought, what they felt, and what were their schemes? He sees before him the proofs of their aspirations after immortality. He admires their industry, and wonders at their skill. He sees the stamp of their minds graven on the imperishable granite, and angel forms hewn out of the rock, bearing the scroll of the date of their creation. The Babel of their ambition rises high, and holds converse with the fleeting clouds from generation to generation. And to be disturbed by common chatter in the midst

of such solemn scenes, and such imposing grandeur, is not simply unsentimental, but it is profane—it is shocking.

In approaching this ancient ruin, the visiter, leaving the beautiful town of Ripon behind him, and passing the little village of Studley, finds himself plunged into the spacious grounds, laid open to the range of deer, sheep, and cattle—shaded in all directions with the most stately oak, chestnut, beech, and various other forest trees. Having passed the mansion and its gardens, standing upon elevated ground on the right, he descends to the margin of a small lake, fed by a cascade, and open to his eye at the farther extremity; which is in the line of the boundary that separates the pleasure-grounds from the pastoral fields. It would be mockery to attempt a description of a four miles' walk, after passing the lodge at the head of this lake, every rod of which presents something to arrest the footstep, to amaze, or delight, or enrapture the soul. First we plunge under the deep shade of the fir and other evergreens; next we walk by the shorn and impenetrable hedge of the thickly-set yew-tree; next a lofty laurel-bank, sweeping far and rising high, and over its top, peering upon us, the banqueting-house; now we look through an aperture, shorn out from the thicket, down upon a cluster of green islets, made by artificial divisions and serpentine courses of the stream, and here and there planted upon them select and elegant specimens of statuary; yonder is the temple of filial piety, erected in honour of the Grecian daughter who nourished her father, doomed to starvation, by the milk of her own breast; and there is the dying gladiator, who, though dying so long, is dying still. As we pass along and wend our path, ascending and descending, and crossing the stream over a rustic bridge—not knowing that we have crossed it—with ever-changing prospect peeping now and then through the shorn avenues—we have an octagon tower and temple of Fame, and various other edifices passing before us—the same things presenting themselves again and again from different positions, under other aspects. Now we find ourselves in a subterranean passage, buried from the light of day, and then opening again on a new world. The tops of the trees, in several places, are shorn in long ranges, to open on our view some distant and beautiful object. By-and-by, coming to a Gothic screen, a door is suddenly opened on the brow of a lofty eminence—and down through the vale, over a lake, a cascade, and meadow lawn, the long looked-for object, the romantic reality of Fountain's Abbey, in its best and most perfect form, bursts upon the eye. And there it is—and there, in that soft and holy retreat, with its full-drawn sides and lofty tower, planted in nature's garden, overhung and wrapped in forest-hills—let that awful relic of centuries ago rest for ever and aye.

Then, having drunk deeply of the vision from that eminence, go and take possession—walk up and down its long aisles, open to the vault of heaven, but walled still to the clouds. Tread upon the tessellated pavement, the very original ground of the altar, laved by the drenchings of every shower. Look up to the lofty and majestic tower, still standing in all its parts. Walk round again and again, and look up again, till, if possible, you are satisfied. But that can hardly be. Survey and note the numerous adjacent structures in their various apartments—many of which are found in perfection even now—and all of which at this day cover two acres of ground. And then consider, that these are only so small a fraction of that stupendous pile which originally covered *twelve* acres!

“*Here awful arches made a noonday night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light.
Now, o’er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingling graves,
Black melancholy sits—and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose.
Her gloomy presence saddens every scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And sheds a browner horror on the woods.*”

Fountain’s Abbey was built in the 12th century, and is reckoned one of the finest and most perfect ruins of the kind in England.

FOUR BRITISH STATESMEN.

Earl Grey—Lord Brougham—Daniel O’Connell—and Thomas Babbington Macauley.

EARL GREY has closed his political career; but English history will support his name, and posterity remember his services with everlasting gratitude. It may be true, that there have lived greater men; certainly there have been more brilliant. In the file of English ministers since the Revolution, he has not perhaps a rival in the highest qualities of a statesman. “If there be one,” says a British authority, “it was probably Lord Somers; but it may be doubted if he was equal to Lord Grey in eloquence and outward accomplishments. Walpole had great sagacity and business talent; but his maxims were gross, and his character wanted elevation as well as virtue. Chatham’s arrogance rendered it impossible for any man possessing self-respect to act with him. North was merely a courtier and a man of

expedients. William Pitt was inoculated with his father's arrogance, and like him he was deficient in acquired knowledge. Fox, with his wonderful gifts of head and heart, always leaves an impression on the mind of a person ill qualified for business; Liverpool was a poor Sir Plausible; Castlereagh had not one notable quality, except a ruffianly hardihood; Canning, with superior talents, had a large dash of the charlatan; and Peel's tactical skill and logical dexterity are sullied by craftiness, and his political life is not in harmony with itself. Of Peel, most assuredly it cannot be said, as of Earl Grey, that whatever he utters 'has the dignity of truth and the stamp of honour.'" This is rather a short way of disposing of these eminent men, it must be confessed; and seems to partake of the spirit of party.

Lord Grey was born in 1764, and educated at Cambridge. In 1785 he was returned to Parliament for his native county, Northumberland. Mr. Pitt was then in the zenith of his power, obtained by the sacrifice of early principles on the altar of ambition and apostacy. Liberal opinions were then a drawback in a young aspirant to a political station. But Mr. Grey honourably attached himself to the principles and party of Mr. Fox. The terrific evils of the French Revolution did not cool his love of liberty, or scare him from his confidence in the cause of freedom. He passed the ordeal of that severe and memorable trial, and was distinguished in the small, but chosen band of patriotic Whigs. He joined Mr. Fox in the powerful advocacy of Parliamentary Reform, and was a member of the notable association of the "Friends of the People." In the spring of 1792, Mr. Grey was selected by this society to introduce a motion in the Commons for a reform in the representation, by public resolutions signed, on the unanimous order of a public meeting, by Mr. Lambton, the father of Lord Durham. On the presentation of the petition and reform scheme of the society, Mr. Grey, on the 6th of May, 1793, moved "for the appointment of a committee to take the petition into consideration, and report such mode and remedy as should appear to them proper." He was ably and eloquently seconded by Mr. Erskine, and after two days' debate the motion was lost by a majority of 241—*forty-one* members only supporting it out of 282.

What a change of public sentiment on this question in forty years; or rather what a different House of Commons! The Reformed House of Commons under Earl Grey's administration stood thus: Reformers, 464; Anti-Reformers, 185; majority, 280!—dividing the *doubtful* equally.

On the 26th of May, 1797, Mr. Grey again moved "for leave to bring in a bill to reform the representation of the people in the House of Commons." On the division there appeared—ays, 93; noes, 258; majority, 165. A manifest increase in favour of Reform.

On April 25th, 1803, he again moved, "that it be an instruction to the committee to consider his majesty's most gracious message respecting the union of Great Britain and Ireland, to take into their consideration the most effectual means of securing the independence of Parliament." This motion was rejected on a division of 34 to 176.

In 1806 he joined the Coalition administration, as first Lord of the Admiralty, and succeeded, on the death of Mr. Fox, to the Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs. In 1807 he succeeded to the peerage of his father. His political consistency and judgment, as a senator, during the administrations of the Duke of Portland, Lord Sidmouth, Mr. Percival, Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, and the Duke of Wellington, have never been questioned by the friends of liberty. Throughout the whole of this memorable period of British history, Lord Grey was the never-failing advocate of popular interests. His steady and enlightened support of Catholic emancipation—his known refusal of office without the concession of that critical question—his opposition to the Tory crusades against the liberties of Europe—his protests against the profligate expenditures of Mr. Pitt and his successors—his opposition to the fraudulent alterations in the currency in 1797, and to the subsequent robberies of both creditors and debtors—greatly distinguished him among his political contemporaries.

So much for the history of that period of Earl Grey's life, which, in the providence of God, constituted the school of his training for that high destiny which he has fulfilled. Those who sympathize with the principles which he so early imbibed, and with the plans of improving society, in its highest and most influential departments, which have employed his powers, and to which he devoted himself through a long life, with such rare consistency, and with a final triumph so signal and complete, can hardly fail to be impressed, if they believe in Providence, that he was raised up for the notable work which he, more than any other individual, was the instrument of accomplishing. Earl Grey has occupied the point of an epoch, not in English history only, but in the history of Europe—of the world; and his hand established it. Having done his work, he has "descended, not fallen,"* from the summit of his power, with a dignity that sheds lustre on his name, and will secure for him the respect not only of the present generation, but of all that are to come.

It does not now require to be said that the British nation had recently arrived at a crisis in their history, which demanded no ordinary qualifications and no ordinary powers to guide them, under Providence, safely through. Every-

* These were his own words at the Edinburgh dinner given in honour of him.

body feels it. It was a crisis big with importance, not only to themselves, but to all the nations of Europe. There was a determination for change pervading the social fabric which no power on earth could resist; and unless the instruments of safe guidance had been prepared by heaven, there must have been a wreck—certainly a shock, that would have rent society with a violence not soon to be repaired, and which perhaps would have thrown back improvement in the science and the art of governing mankind for generations to come.

The Aristocracy and Democracy of Great Britain had long been approaching to the point of collision, and in 1830, when William IV. ascended the throne, and called Earl Grey to the head of his government, these two antagonist elements stood marshalled against each other in fearful array. The democracy was mighty and determined; the aristocracy, accustomed to rule, was determined not to be ruled. Democracy had gained a manifest ascendancy, and felt its own strength; while its antagonist power discovered that the fight was probably for its own existence. Where was the individual—for great changes in society require a leader—where was the man, in such a crisis, that could check and modify the impetuosity of the one party, and yet retain the confidence of the other, at the same time conducting them both to a safe adjustment of the conflict? There was manifestly but one upon the stage that could do it.

For a long life of consistent devotion to the principles and cause of reform, Earl Grey had earned and well merited the confidence of the popular party. A member of the aristocracy, proud of its dignities, attached to it in principle as well as in affection, resolved to maintain its privileges, and being generally known by those of his rank to be of this opinion and to have this temper, he had all that respect among them which this character, bating his known devotion to reform, could inspire. With Earl Grey, Reform did not aim at encroachment on what he regarded as the rights of the aristocracy. By the democracy he was *believed* to be an honest man; by the aristocracy he was *known* to be honest; and he enjoyed the unqualified respect of both parties for the sufficiency of his talents to preside over the councils of the nation, and to act with dignity as well as with decision and energy in a great emergency. He was, in fact, the connecting link between these two great and conflicting parts of society; for the period of his administration, society was bound and held together by his influence; and he had the reins of government a sufficient time to guide the nation through one of the most eventful periods of their history. The crisis passed without convulsion, though in May, 1832, they were on the borders of a revolution; and that only because Earl Grey felt obliged to re-

tire, on account of the opposition of the House of Lords to his great measure. The necessity which the sovereign was under, of recommitting the government to his hands, proved he was the only man for the time.

The moral beauty of his retrospective history—the chief glory of his career and of his last great achievement—is, that his name is untarnished: his reputation is left clear and splendid as the sun in a cloudless day. His moral qualities have all along maintained a symmetry with his intellectual powers—or rather, perhaps, the latter have been under control of the former. Both, doubtless, have acted reciprocally on each other, to enlighten, purify, and invigorate the whole man, and to set him up as the prominent and leading star of the constellation that surrounded him—the sun of the sphere in which he moved, and which was governed and blessed by his influence. He has been loved, as well as respected, even by his political enemies; and will be so the more, as he recedes from that high place, in which, not personally, but politically, he was obnoxious to them. No party—no man—can bring to his charge a moral delinquency, or the want of courtesy as an opponent; however, some may think he has erred in judgment of what the times have demanded.

To have been thus honoured by Providence and by society—to have filled such a place—to have been so universally qualified for the exigencies of such an eventful period—to have met them calmly, even with an unruffled temper—to have controlled them with dignity, for the attainment of a result so desirable and grand, for the political regeneration of a community of such unbending character, and of such vast, complicated, and long-established relations—holding a steady and firm hand on the symptoms of convulsion for the time being, to rebuke and suppress them—and then to descend from power in peace, to enjoy the gratitude and receive the blessing of a great nation—is a part of the history of one man that rarely finds a parallel.

Whether Earl Grey has had his coadjutors; whether he could have accomplished this work unaided by other men in the various ranks and relations of life; whether he could have done it unsupported by the people, whose cause rested on his shoulders; or without the press, that mighty engine of power; or without the popular branch of the legislature, which was the mediate and immediate instrument of his power—are not questions to be debated. But yet is it true, that he stood alone in the peculiarities of his relations, and in the supremacy of his influence; yet is it true, apparently, that no other man in the British nation could have filled his place and done his work. He was raised up by Providence “for this same purpose.”

It remains to be said, that Earl Grey is, and ever has

been, not only an honest and determined Reformer, but a Conservative in the better sense of the term; and more of a Conservative, probably, than they, who have sustained him and been the arm of his strength, are aware. It was best—it was necessary that he should be so; and he will, doubtless, die a Conservative. He has accomplished the work for which God ordained him; and that is enough. That, neither he nor any one else can ever undo; for himself, he will never desire it. Farther he could not go; more he could not do; it would be a miracle. Other, and the remaining needful degrees of Reform, must be done by other hands. It was his part to furnish them with the instrument.

The name of Lord Grey now belongs to history. He may live and have influence for ten years to come; influence he must have, while his mind retains its vigour; and that influence, it may be expected, he will devote to *conserve*, in the best sense, the valuable institutions of his country, as well as to perfect that work of Reform in which he has been engaged. It is not unlikely he will try to save some things which he cannot save, and which ought not to be saved. His views of church and state will incline him that way.

If, indeed, his feelings have been injured and his heart disgusted, as some have surmised, even with an imaginary discovery of any unfair doings, relating to himself personally, among his late coadjutors and colleagues, it should not be matter of surprise if he is found taking a stand against what he may deem precipitate measures in the progress of Reform; nor ought he to be regarded as forfeiting in any degree the everlasting gratitude of his country for the services he has rendered. Indeed, his whole history and character entitle him still to stand up as a Conservative of many things, which popular demand will undoubtedly press to have dissolved and broken down. It is morally impossible that Earl Grey should be a Reformer to that extent which the democracy of the empire meditates and will claim. Lord Grey has ever been a British aristocrat; and the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots. He has filled that place that was important and indispensable; he has done his work, and purchased to himself the name of one of the greatest benefactors of his country; and the nation will not be ungrateful to the man who must ever be regarded as the instrument of giving them the *Reform Bill*.

LORD BROUGHAM.

The late Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain—Mr. Henry Brougham that was, some five years ago—that singular genius, that exalted man, who, the longer he lives and the more he does, bids fair to be the greater puzzle, as to

what he will finally come to—was described in comparison of Mr. Secretary Canning, in 1823, as follows:—

“Though they resembled each other in standing foremost and alone in their respective parties, they were in every other respect opposed as the zenith and nadir, or as light and darkness.

“This difference extended even to their personal appearance. Canning was airy, open, and prepossessing; Brougham seemed stern, hard, lowering, and almost repulsive. The head of Canning had an air of extreme elegance; that of Brougham was much the reverse—but still, in whatever way it was viewed, it gave a sure indication of the terrible power of the inhabitant within. Canning’s features were handsome, and his eye, though deeply ensconced under his eyebrows, was full of sparkle and gayety. The features of Brougham were harsh in the extreme: while his forehead shot up to a great elevation, his chin was long and square; his mouth, nose, and eyes seemed huddled together in the centre of his face—the eyes absolutely lost amid folds and corrugations; and while he sat listening, they seemed to retire inward, or to be veiled by a filmy curtain, which not only concealed the appalling glare which shot away from them when he was roused, but rendered his mind and his purpose a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man. Canning’s passions appeared upon the open champaign of his face, drawn up in a ready array, and moved to and fro at every turn of his own oration, and every retort in that of his antagonist; those of Brougham remained within, as in a citadel which no artillery could batter, and no mine blow up; and even when he was putting forth all the power of his eloquence, when every ear was tingling at what he said, and while the immediate object of his invective was writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retained its cold and brassy hue, and he triumphed over the passions of other men by seeming to be wholly without passion himself. The whole form of Canning was rounded, and smooth, and graceful; that of Brougham angular, long, and awkward. When Canning rose to speak, he elevated his countenance, and seemed to look round for the applause of those about him, as an object dear to his feelings; while Brougham stood coiled and concentrated, reckless of all but the power that was within himself. From Canning there was expected the glitter of wit and the flow of spirit, something showy and elegant; Brougham stood up as a being whose powers and intentions were all a mystery—whose aim and effect no living man could divine. You bent forward to catch the first sentence of the one, and felt human nature elevated in the specimen before you; you crouched and shrunk back from the other, and dreams of ruin and annihilation darted across your mind. The one seemed to dwell among men, to join in their joys, and to live upon their praise: the other appeared a son of the desert, who had deigned to visit the human race merely to make them tremble at his strength.

“The style of their eloquence and the structure of their orations were equally different. Canning chose his words for the sweetness of their sound, and arranged his periods for the melody of their cadence; while, with Brougham, the more hard and unmouthable the better. Canning arranged his words like one who could play skilfully upon that sweetest of all instruments, the human voice; Brougham proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning and of the understanding. The modes and allusions of the one were always quadrable by the clas-

sical formula ; those of the other could be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind—and they rose, and ran, and pealed, and swelled on and on, till a single sentence was often a complete oration within itself ; but still, so clear was the logic, and so close the connexion, that every member carried the weight of all that went before, and opened the way for all that was to follow after. The style of Canning was like the convex mirror, which scatters every ray of light that falls upon it, and shines and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed ; that of Brougham was like the concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus. Canning marched forward in a straight and clear track—every paragraph was perfect in itself, and every coruscation of wit and of genius was brilliant and delightful—it was all felt, and it was all at once ; Brougham twined round and round in a spiral, sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, and uniting and pouring them onward to the main point of attack. When he began, one was astonished at the wideness and the obliquity of his course ; nor was it possible to comprehend how he was to dispose of the vast and varied materials which he collected by the way ; but as the curve lessened, and the end appeared, it became obvious that all was to be efficient there.

“ Such were the rival orators, who sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other during the early part of the session of 1823 :—Brougham, as if wishing to overthrow the secretary by a sweeping accusation of having abandoned all principle for the sake of office ; and the secretary ready to parry the charge and to attack in his turn. An opportunity at length offered ; and it is more worthy of being recorded, as being the last terrible personal attack previous to that change in the measures of the cabinet, which, though it had been begun from the moment that Canning, Robinson, and Huskisson came into office, was not at that time perceived, or at least not admitted and appreciated. Upon that occasion, the oration of Brougham was at the outset disjointed and ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or in which principle had been sacrificed for the vanity or lucre of place ; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connexion, that ordinary men could discover, with the business before the House. When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose—when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about and about with the cords of illustration and of argument ; when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and effect might be the more tremendous ; and while doing this, he ever and anon glared his eye, and pointed his finger, to make the aim and the direction sure. Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware where and how terrible was to be the collision ; and he kept writhing his body in agony, and rolling his eyes in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The House soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing his eye fearfully, first towards the orator, and then towards the secretary. There was—save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that under tone of thunder, which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself—a silence, as if the angel of retribution had been glaring in the

faces of all parties the scroll of their private sins. A pen, which one of the secretaries dropped upon the matting, was heard in the remotest parts of the House; and the *visiting* members, who often slept in the side galleries during the debate, started up as though the final trump had been sounding them to give an account of their deeds. The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished; his features seemed concentrated almost to a point; he glanced towards every part of the House in succession; and sounding the death knell of the secretary's forbearance and prudence, with both his clinched hands upon the table, he hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than ever has been hurled at mortal man within the same walls. The result was instantaneous—was electric: It was as when the thunder-cloud descends upon some giant peak—one flash, one peal—the sublimity vanished, and all that remained was a small pattering of rain. Canning started to his feet, and was able only to utter the unguarded words—'It is false!'—to which followed a dull chapter of apologies. From that moment the House became more a scene of real business than of airy display and of angry vituperation."—*European Magazine*.

It is sufficiently evident, that this picture was not drawn with the kindest feeling towards the subject of the principal portrait. I say principal, for there can hardly be a question on which of the two characters the eye and soul of the writer were fastened. Canning is a mere accident in the story—a beautiful and lovely one indeed—and brought in to heighten the contrast; for "with superior talents he had a large dash of the charlatan." Here he is made as much handsomer than himself, as the portrait of Brougham is more ugly than the original. Canning is set up for effect—as a light to make the clouds and darkness thrown round the soul of Brougham visible—as a medium to cause the tempest of passion raging in his adversary to be heard horrible. Subtract the dark and terrible workings of evil here ascribed to Brougham, plant their moving springs in the breast of his accuser, and make a *trio* of himself and the two subjects of his pen; then allow a little for the skilful combination and glowing mixture from the ingredients of the palette—and the picture will be a very fair one. That it displays some of the most masterly strokes ever drawn by the hand of man, I need not say. The scene that inspired it must have been sublime.

The following lines might be mistaken for a version of the same thing:—

"All passions of all men ;

* * * *

All that was hoped, all that was fear'd by man,
He toss'd about, as tempest wither'd leaves.

* * * *

With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness ;
Yet would not tremble—would not weep himself ;
But back unto his soul retired, alone,

Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.

* * * * *
Then smiling, look'd upon the wreck he made."

But Lord Brougham is not such a man. Even his enemies (political) give him credit for kindness of nature. I am not aware that the common public impression of his character accuses him of any vice of heart more than ambition; and the public are very apt to be right in their judgment of men who are public property.

A very high authority in Great Britain, opposed to Lord Brougham politically, and never failing to improve its opportunities to circumscribe his influence, has rendered no unmeaning compliments to his private character. It speaks of "the noble and learned lord's circumstances" (pecuniary) as being "impaired by *a too generous confidence and a boundless liberality*; he has, we believe, *amiable dispositions*. " Again: "We certainly should not be sorry to see Lord Brougham a member of the Conservative party. His *warm-heartedness*; his pertinacity in certain fundamental principles, though the principles are wrong; *his candour to political opponents*, where temper does not interfere; *his contempt of sordid gain*; and *his private kindness of nature*, are all good Conservative instincts. We should not regret to see Lord Brougham a member of a Conservative Cabinet. Lord Brougham is a zealot in whatever he undertakes," &c.

Beyond dispute, Lord Brougham is a prodigy. He may be, and doubtless is, ambitious. Could a man of such a soul, so capacious, so cultivated, so stored with vast and various learning, so trained to forensic and parliamentary exercises, of such gigantic intellectual stature and restless passion, accustomed to rival conflict with a world of aspiring spirits, himself aspiring, and unchastened by the hallowed influences of religion—be other than ambitious? We speak of him as a man, of such powers as he has developed, and placed in the midst of such exciting circumstances. He may, at times, *appear* inconsistent; it is possible that in some things he has *been* so; no ordinary mind can comprehend a man that sees, and says, and does so much. He may have seemed occasionally to betray a want of circumspection, from the multiplicity of cares and responsibilities which, in the high office he has lately filled, devolved upon him, in connexion with all his private relations. He might be forgiven if he should sometimes have forgotten one day what he had done the day before.

At any rate, Lord Brougham, by his mere intellectual exploits, has drawn upon him the fixed gaze of his country and of the civilized world. That nation may well be proud, whose nurseries of education, whose literature and science, whose inciting history, whose various social, intellectual,

and moral influences, bearing upon her sons, have made the late Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain; whose field for the legitimate use and display of talent has afforded scope for the formation of such a character, and opened the way for the attainment of such a social eminence.

For half an age or more now past, Lord Brougham has had no contemporary rival in his own country, for force of intellect and its products. It is possible, indeed, that there may have been some closet dreamer—some scribbler of fancies, collected from the regions of imagination, whose spirit has been as active, because it was vagrant and wild, and could not be tamed. But where is the man, familiar and concerned in the common tactics of life, applying his powers and his hand to the mighty and complicated machinery of human society, forming its shapes and controlling its energies, whose influence can be compared to that which for a few years past has signalized the history of Lord Brougham? In the intellectual world, Brougham has been a prince of as lofty mien, and equally perspicacious, all pervading, and energetic, as was Bonaparte in arms. His conceptions, his decision, his prompt execution of his purpose, and his certain triumph—have been equal. Accustomed to victory, he has been no less confident. All his opponents, however noble, however burdened with older and hereditary honours, have approached him with deference, and quailed before his blighting sarcasm, when he has been provoked to deal with them in severity—and have always anticipated defeat in whatever shapes of argument they have had to encounter him. His resources are infinite, and always ready for use; his apprehension quick as the lightning, and his eloquence like the artillery of the storm.

I confess that I was slow in admitting the claims to extraordinary greatness commonly awarded to Lord Brougham. I had seen him so often occupied in little things, and mincing such a variety of dishes, that I did not readily see how all this could consist with great endeavours and great achievements. But he who is always doing whatever comes to hand, and doing it well and thoroughly, is building for himself a foundation for mighty effort, when occasion shall demand or afford opportunity. Life, we know, is made up of little things; here and there only comes a time and place for remarkable deeds; and he who is prepared by previous exercise, furnished and equipped with all his armour on, when opportunity presents, may strike his blow with unerring aim. The industry of Lord Brougham, from his earliest history, has been almost unrivalled. No event, no place to which he has been called, have ever taken him by surprise. In his literary efforts, at the Bar, in the House of Commons, at the trial of Queen Caroline, and on the Wool-sack, whether as moderator or as judge, he has been alike

and equally at home. As Speaker of the House of Lords, he presided over their deliberations, if not with lordly, artificial, and affected dignity, yet with ease and unembarrassed. As a judge, he held the bar in perpetual awe, compelled them to despatch, rebuked and straightened their tortuosities, and often saved them the trouble and the court the infliction of a tedious argument, by declaring it unnecessary and anticipating the result. I have seen one of those gowned, wigged, and powdered gentlemen, writhe under the reproof of the chancellor for a dishonest management with his client, and compelled to sit down in mortification. I have now lying before me a print, representing his lordship in his chair of judge, leaning forward over his desk, with his spectacles in his right hand, the mace lying before him, and underneath inscribed characteristically:—" *I see, sir, I see—it comes to this!*" And this short sentence is the man in that place.

To look at Lord Brougham's face and head—I have seen fifty grandmothers as handsome as he, and equally indicative of greatness. Although I do not profess to be a phrenologist, I am inclined to think the science is in danger of being upset by this ungainly specimen. But however he may look like a grandmother, as equally feminine and equally wrinkled, especially under his wig, all the world know that he has proved himself far more efficient than the ordinary character of that respectable class of the community. Under that prodigious nose, long and thin face, and ugly head, lie such treasures of thought, and such elements of reasoning, as are rarely to be found in man.

It must be confessed that Lord Brougham is somewhat wanting in dignity as president of a court or speaker of a legislative assembly. He wears uneasy the gown and wig, as unnecessary appendages. As Lord Chancellor, he used to put on and take off that little oldfashioned three-cornered hat in compliance with ceremony—but in a manner plainly indicating that he thought it might as well be dispensed with. Impetuous in all the movements of his mind, he cannot brook unnecessary delays in court, or in the House of Lords, or in any business in which he bears a part. He will interrupt anybody at any moment, whether in conversation or in argument before a court, or in a parliamentary speech in the House of Lords, if a sudden impulse inclines him to do so; and he is often so disposed. He is not only undignified in these sudden obtrusions, but rude. He has even attained the extraordinary advantage to himself of throwing in words, phrases, and extended remarks, consentaneously with an argument or speech, without interrupting it, or demanding a pause in the second party, if that party is pleased to go on.

In the celerity and line of his movements, in the sudden-

ness of arrest, and in the sharpness of the angle he turns, he is not unlike a baboon. He sits down as quick as the animal just named, and gets up as quick—hops and assumes another position with a very exact imitation of that imitative being; wherever he is, and whatever he is doing, he claims equally, and equally receives, the attention and admiration of all. “I beg your pardon, sir.”—“O no, sir.”—“Yes, sir—yes, sir.”—“If you please, sir.”—“You are wrong there, sir.”—“Allow me to correct you, sir,” are somewhat the style of his interruptions, and all done with an almost inconceivable quickness. Lord Brougham, while listening attentively to others, especially in common colloquy, has a manner of twitching up the sides of his face, by a violent muscular spasm, as if an invisible hand, behind and over his head, by an invisible cord inserted in the cheek and grasping its principal muscles, should every now and then suddenly and mechanically draw up those parts with great force. It is a frequent and painful distortion.

Lord Brougham's ordinary voice is sharp, clear, and quite womanish. I should easily believe he had never been a Sheridan in the study of attitudes, &c. And as to his elocution, I can believe also that it never received its shape by the *dicta* of the art under the tuition of a master—but rather by the impulses of his feelings.

Like all great minds, he selects the plainest language, but always pure. His customary tones are silvery; but the range of his voice upon the scale of intonation is notwithstanding beyond that of almost any other man. He can “growl in an under tone of thunder,” as well as scream in a falsette. His fluency is like an ever-running stream, occasionally shooting a rapid with majestic and overwhelming force; and now and then, upon a great theme, when his passions are stirred within him, he astounds like the tremendous cataract of a mighty river, or like the thunder from the lightning-cloud. It is not the *manner* of the man that one is looking after or that one admires. It is his thoughts—and the thought which is next to come is that which we feel most interested in. We always expect something remarkable from a mind so remarkable. As striking as are the thoughts he has just poured forth, you see him so intent on something he is about to utter, and knowing by experience that you will not be disappointed, he chains your sympathies, and you bend forward with intensity of desire for what is coming, and are always sorry when he sits down.

Lord Brougham appears as if he were constantly addressing himself to all around him:—“Onward! Onward! It is a bad economy of life to do only *one* thing, when there is room to do *two*, and both are worthy of being done.”

The first time I saw Lord Brougham without his gown and wig was at the London University, on the occasion of the

distribution of prizes to the students, July 12th, 1834—Sir James Abercrombie, M. P., in the chair. It was during the momentary and partial dissolution of the ministry, on the retirement of Earl Grey. His lordship had that day received a message from the king at Windsor, 23 miles, by a coach and four, in the brief time of *one hour and seven minutes*, not very far from 18 miles an hour, if that were possible. This, however, on the authority of the newspapers. That it had something to do with the formation of a government, there could be little doubt. Notwithstanding, however, his lordship found time to afford his presence on the prize-day of the university, and he entered the academical theatre a short time after the honourable chairman had commenced his opening address. The chairman was interrupted for a moment by the welcome which the company were disposed to bestow on the lord chancellor. Having never seen his lordship before except in his official garb, I did not recognise him till after he had taken his seat, and my eye began to reconnoitre his nose, and observe the spasmodic operations of the muscles of his cheeks, when lo! the apparition of Henry Brougham sat before me, such as I had often seen in print-shops and drawing-rooms, representing the barrister of six or ten years ago, and not the lord chancellor of 1834. He was in a plain morning dress, with a black cravat, frock coat, and Scotch plaid trousers. On the woolsack or in court, dignified with his wig and robes, he had always reminded me of some of those venerable matrons who can look down on children of the third or fourth generation; but here there was nothing but Henry Brougham. It is excusable, perhaps, to notice all the appearances of a man who has been so prominent in society. He was evidently affected by his reception. As he took the chair on the right of Mr. Abercrombie, he supported his head by his left hand, and his left elbow by his right, with his legs crossed. He continued so for the hour, bating those movements which nervous uneasiness creates, exhibiting every now and then his habit of spasmodic convulsions of the face. He cannot sit still. His mind is too active. He could not sit in a chair, *to be looked upon*, without supporting his head by one of his hands. Had he been a principal actor there, it would have been different in its influence on his feelings. But, conscious that every eye was upon him, it was impossible he should not manifest his nervous disposition. As president of the House of Lords, with all the senators of the British nation before him, he was a man, and at home. Before an assembly of women and children, the object of their admiring gaze, he becomes himself a child—he is filled with feminine weakness. Such is human nature. A man, who is the object of universal attention, cannot appear in public merely to be seen, and when he is not enacting his own proper part—that part which has

made him prominent—without strong emotions. Perhaps he felt the more, as at the very moment it was questionable in his own mind, as well as in that of the assembly, whether to-morrow should invest him with the highest dignity in the gift of his sovereign, and install him chief in the realm, his royal master only excepted.

At any rate, deep thoughts of state no doubt occupied his mind.

Lord Brougham is in the prime of his days, and unless it shall otherwise fall out, as the consequence of his own indiscretions, he is in the youth of his influence. An aristocrat he cannot be, in the popular sense, without becoming a political apostate, and losing all respect. He has been too long and too thoroughly committed on the popular side. His career, before he attained to the dignities of the peerage, marks out to him the sole condition of an undying fame. If he should halt, or deviate, he is lost for ever. He can never be installed in the affections of the ancient nobility; he is doomed to depend on the good-will of the people, and on remaining the unflinching and consistent advocate of their rights to the last—an advocate of that precise character, of those exact dimensions—or rather of the same shapes enlarged, and of the same tone, which characterized his doings as a member of the House of Commons. As such, it would be impossible to limit his sway over the mind of the nation.

Lord Brougham's resources are inexhaustible, and his powers amazing. Bating its darker shades, the portrait I have introduced from an unknown hand is nothing overdrawn; and after that, I would not presume to attempt any thing of the kind for the expression of my own views. Nothing but the substantial realities of character, and the actual demonstration of them, could have furnished materials and endited the form and terms of such a record. And such powers, naught diminished, but increased in vigour, by twelve years subsequent engagements in the most active duties of public life, with a seat in the Parliament of Great Britain, so long as they are used to command popular respect, may do what they will. There is no antagonist that can stand before them.

At the present moment Lord Brougham, by some mysterious cause, would seem to be in eclipse. May he soon break forth again—not to astonish the world, for that cannot be—but to enlighten it, and to benefit mankind. If we must sing the requiem of such powers at the very moment when they ought to be most productive, it will indeed be a melancholy dirge.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

It was a long time after I had been in Great Britain before I began to render to Daniel O'Connell that respect which the importance of his character and influence justly claims. Previously to my visiting that country, I regarded him by common rumour as a bold, unprincipled, and reckless demagogue, endured, not because he could not be checked or silenced, but rather from his insignificance. I had given him nearly the same rank in the Emerald Isle with orator Hunt in England; and so fixed and invincible were my feelings of disrespect, that when I first began to hear him speak in the House of Commons, I only heard him as a blustering spouter, and still classed him with "the member for Preston," as Hunt was then called, when referred to in his seat, not indeed as a fool so hardy as Hunt, but as equally promising to attain commanding eminence. That vulgar slang, that scurrility, that blackguardism, that sort of wellnigh cut-throat dialect, which originally shocked and disgusted me, as reported across the Atlantic from Daniel O'Connell's popular harangues in Ireland, constantly rung in my ears in every speech he made on the floor of St. Stephens; not because it was in the speech, but because I could not separate it from the man. So deep and so irradicable are first impressions.

I do not think O'Connell is a man of tears, but rather of iron. He is always cool and self-possessed. He likes to deal with hammers and edge-tools—to cut and slash, to beat and maul. He has a little of the spice of a barbarian in him; but he has been enough in civilized society to know how to do it all in an accomplished way, if he thinks it worth his pains.

I wish it to be understood, that while I attach importance to the character of Daniel O'Connell, I do not offer myself to vouch for his honesty. That is a point I cannot certify to, not because I have any knowledge to the contrary, any other than the public allegations of his political enemies; but because I know nothing about it, at least nothing that would warrant my sitting in judgment upon him. It ought to be remembered, however, that the common abuse of political opponents is never to be taken as a verdict against a public man's private character. When the temper and character of the Irish, and the necessities to which the man who attempts to lead them is doomed, are properly understood, there will be found many apologies for those doings and manners of O'Connell, in his public career, which have been adduced by his enemies, as proofs of his want of moral principle. I confess, however, I have never been so well satisfied of the purity of his conscience, as of the greatness

of his powers; and it is to the latter solely that I profess to direct attention.

It has been thought and believed, that a leading politician must throw away his conscience. Some moralists have nicely concluded, that the very idea of policy, as the means of an end, supposes a bad conscience; for what has an *honest* man to do with *policy*? If this be true, it is a very sad truth; it proves the world to be in a sad state.

To appreciate Daniel O'Connell's character, it must be considered that he is an Irishman to the full; an Irishman born and bred; and an Irishman thoroughly leavened with the peculiar ingredients of the character.

The Irish, as is pretty well known, are a people of their own order. I confess that their proper character is to me a riddle. Their *phases* are indeed open enough; but by what strange laws of human conduct they show themselves in such forms, is not so easy to determine. Who, for example, can divine what strange composition of our nature it is that goes to make the "Irish bulls?" At one time it seems to be stupidity, at another wit; it is doubtless often both; but I am inclined to think it is more frequently the latter than is commonly supposed. Wit seems to be native with them; and they are not always aware when they have it or when they show it. Their powers of invention and combination of the most unwonted forms of thought, and modes of pleasantry or abuse, as may serve their purposes—the quickness, pertinence, and edge of their retort, and the apparent inexhaustibleness of their resources, are truly astonishing. Their hatred is the hatred of murder; their love the kindness and generosity of a better world.

Daniel O'Connell is a cultivated and accomplished Irishman, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary. I mean, that he is such for all the purposes of a political leader. Imbibing Irish feeling from his mother's breast; rocked into it in his cradle; nourishing it in his youth; ever mingling and sympathizing with Irish popular commotions; bred at the bar, where he naturally acquired, not only the tact, but the necessary confidence, to meet adversaries of close and stern reasonings; trained throughout the history of his life to do battle with the British government for the emancipation of his country, and nowise disinclined to be in the field; he came into it, not badly schooled for a long and strong pull against that mighty power, with the abuses of which he had undertaken to grapple.

I had long judged O'Connell by a fallacious rule—his language—and I had been accustomed to estimate his heart and measure his powers by his epithets and dialect—not being aware that every thing he said or wrote was written and said for Irishmen; that every speech he made in popular assemblies or in Parliament, was made to be appreciated

and felt by Irishmen—and by the commonalty of the Irish. This consideration, I do not doubt, is the *key* to that heat, that scurrillity, that brow-beating and bearding of opponents, and that apparent recklessness, which have so uniformly characterized his public career. He may or may not have a better heart. It is certain he is not incapable of purifying his language from such defects when it answers his purpose. Few men have more the command of language in its best forms; few better understand its meaning and its powers; and no man knows better how to adapt it to his purposes.

In his occasional bold and daring onsets—in his various shifts and tacks, he may make mistakes and commit blunders; he has often done it; and what Irishman would not—or seem to do so? But he jumps up from his fall, shakes his garments from the dust of the conflict, and becomes wiser by experience. By his rashness he may sometimes for a moment seem to have come into collision with overpowering assailants, and threatened to fall to rise no more; but somehow he will dodge his way through the thickest of their ranks, and soon appear again on the field in more equal array. He may have the king and both Houses of Parliament against him to-day; and not unlikely he will bring them all to vote with him to-morrow; or else force them, out of spite and mere love of opposition to him, to vote against their own interests, as did the House of Lords, in their rejection of the Irish Tithe Commutation Bill, because it came before them as the work of Daniel O'Connell, in consequence of an amendment he had forced into it. A thousand traps have been set for this man; snares are at his feet in every step he takes; but nobody can catch him. His text and maxim for himself and for the Irish is—"Don't violate the law;" it being understood that he and they are to go as far as they can, in resistance of oppression, within this limit.

Mr. O'Connell is so constantly shooting ahead, and getting into some new position, that his enemies have not time to dwell upon his past misdeeds; but they are obliged to follow him up, and watch his latest movements. By this means the public in a measure forget his follies and his faults. They are absorbed in what is now going on, and expecting the result. The swiftness of his career imparts brilliancy and lends attractiveness to his exploits. The hero fairly draws his pursuers from the vantage ground they stood upon; then outstrips them; and then confounds them.

As a debater, Daniel O'Connell is all Irish—except that he can be collected and cool when he will, from mere wariness. He is not chaste, nor modest; that would not do for him. He is an actor, with this difference—that he enacts a part of his own in real life. On the floor of the

House of Commons he is, however, more chastened in his manner, because his good sense teaches him to be so. His tricks would not be endured in that place. But set him before a popular assembly, where there is a sympathy between him and his audience, and I know not the man who has greater power. His action, his features, his voice, are all at command to do any thing he pleases; and he knows well what will strike. He will amuse as much as a monkey; and so much the more, as he has the use of speech. The compass of his voice in the range of intonation is amazing; and his power of modulation inimitably effective. Over and above what is conveyed by the common articulated forms of speech which he employs, and by their grammatical arrangement and combination, he will *suggest* a subsidiary and full oration of *ideas* by the mere management of his vocal organs. If I might judge by his power over an English popular audience in the City of London, I cannot wonder that he should be the prince of orators among the Irish, where he is perfectly at home.

The destiny of this man is yet problematical. There is one grand fact in favour of his rising to power and influence, which nobody, so far as I know, has yet predicted for him, viz., the sympathies of the British nation, as a body, are generally concurrent with the substance of his principles of reform—not, perhaps, in every item, or in all the modes of their development; but so far as he demands relief for his country from all real and known grievances—and these are neither few nor small. Certain it is—Daniel O'Connell has been gradually and uniformly rising. His late triumph over Parliament, in the amendment which he forced into the Irish Tithe Commutation Bill, was one of the greatest achievements of his life. By his own *coup de main*, unaided and sole, he confounded the ministry, threw the House of Lords between the horns of a fatal dilemma, whichever they should elect.

Everybody—the nation, the government, the king, the world—are beginning to appreciate the power of Daniel O'Connell. By the most discerning it has long been felt. Even the king, at the opening of Parliament in 1834, saw fit to make him a subject of distinct notice in his speech from the throne, and to administer to him no unintelligible admonition.

"This is a dark time," said a friend to me very gravely, as I met him in London on the morning of the 8th day of May, 1832. As the heavens were overhung by a London smoke and fog, I thought he alluded to that. "Rather so," said I, "but I hope the sun will be out soon."—"But you are not ignorant that Earl Grey is out?"—"Out? Resigned? do you mean to say?"—"He sent in his resignation to the king yesterday, and with him all the ministers."—"And

what will become of you?"—"The Lord only knows." This last reply was not made in the ordinary light and profane way, but with all the gravity of anxious solicitude. And I confess, that the announcement burst upon me, stranger and foreigner as I was, like a voice of thunder.

On Saturday of the same week, 12th of May, was the anniversary of the Anti-Slavery Society, at Exeter Hall—a heart-stirring political theme, at such an awful crisis! Even then the sky was overhung with a sombre drapery—although the predictions were generally believed that Earl Grey would be recalled. The Hall was crowded to excess. It was a meeting of Britons, called to sympathize with slaves, themselves at the moment hanging in doubt whether to-morrow's sun would rise upon Britain free or Britain enslaved. It was impossible on such an occasion to avoid political allusions—and equally impossible for such allusions to be made, without calling forth the most passionate expressions of sympathy or abhorrence.

Lord Suffield, a peer of the realm, opened the meeting by a pertinent and eloquent address. In the midst of his speech, Daniel O'Connell entered the Hall. It was a curious experiment. How should a London audience receive an Irish demagogue? In ordinary times they would have hissed him. At least, they would have allowed him to come in and take his seat unnoticed. But now was the moment when the cause of freedom was common to all—to the slave of the West Indies, to the Briton, and to the tenant of the Emerald Isle. O'Connell was sufficiently well known as the advocate of freedom for Ireland. And although denominated the Agitator, he yet stood in a high place, and was invested with no contemptible influence. Such was the moment, such the occasion, and such the circumstance, all sympathizing in their aspirations after freedom, and altogether holding their very breath in the suspended fear of losing it. It was not a time to say or to feel that Ireland had an interest apart from England. "We stand or fall together," was the universal sentiment.

In the midst of Lord Suffield's speech, I heard a feeble effort at clapping on the platform near the door, which did not seem to be called for by any observation of his lordship. In a moment it was renewed, with a slight degree of increased earnestness. Lord Suffield paused, and looked round. At that moment the head of O'Connell was to be seen peering above the crowd, like the head of Absalom above the children of Israel, and a great bustle and movement were made to give him access to the front of the platform. No sooner was he recognised by the assembly, than a universal welcome burst from every part of the Hall, equally deafening to the ear by the shouts of applause, and impressive to the eye by the swinging of arms and hats,

and by the instantaneous rising of the immense assembly from their seats. It is very uncommon for a British popular audience to rise in token of respect for an individual. Had the king himself, in his most popular days, entered such a place, he could not have been received with stronger marks of esteem and veneration. Had the king entered now, immediately upon the heels of O'Connell, he would have been hissed and pelted. Lord Suffield, a member of the House of Lords, was obliged to stop and wait, till this agitator of the House of Commons had taken his seat by his side, and received from the people a long-continued and most clamorous roar of applause. I question whether any other man in the British empire could have entered Exeter Hall at such a moment, in presence of the same assembly, and received a welcome so marked and so loud. Such is the amazing power of circumstances.

I allude to this fact merely to show, that whenever the British nation shall feel themselves pressed and oppressed by a bad government of the old type—whenever an awful crisis arrives, like that in May, 1832, their sympathies will throw them at once into the ranks even of such a man as O'Connell, and they will take him in their arms, and carry him on their shoulders in the very City of London. If this man should by-and-by be found high in the government of Great Britain, for the pacification of Ireland, it will not be the strangest thing that has happened in the world.

THOMAS BABBINGTON MACAULEY.

It was in September, 1831, on the discussion of that Reform Bill which was afterward defeated in the House of Lords, that I first heard Thomas Babbington Macauley.

At five o'clock the question came up. The speakers who occupied the floor successively till eight, were dull. But from eight to one in the morning we had an uninterrupted torrent of parliamentary eloquence, rarely equalled in that house or any other. Excitement in a British House of Commons is a contagion. Let one man get on fire, and he sets on fire all about him. Much, to be sure, was expected on the last reading of that bill in that body. But one night had been exhausted and little heat. Three hours of the second had passed away, and all still cool and dull. Spectators grew restiff, and members scattered away to lounge, eat, smoke, and talk in the numerous apartments of that huge and ungainly pile of buildings. One would not have thought there were so many of them about. But at eight o'clock, a little man, of small voice, affected utterance, clipping his words, and hissing like a serpent, succeeded in gaining the floor. On a great question in its early stages, when one member sits down, a great many jump up simultaneously, claiming to be heard, and I know not by what

rule the chairman decides in favour of one of the many. But after a few moments of clamorous calling to order, the question gets settled, and the favoured one goes on to deliver himself of his premeditated impromptus and extemporaneous elaborations. The little man, as I said, got the floor. "Mr. Macauley—Mr. Macauley"—went quick around among the spectators, in a low but animated voice, evidently showing that he was welcomed. Instantly the house and the side galleries began to fill with members—no one could tell where they came from—but they had evidently been resting in abeyance to the quickest summons. In five minutes the whole house were in attendance and seated. It was indeed a pretty sight. They were literally wedged in—the seats being continuous benches—so that doubtless their persons suffered much compression. The house was still for the first time in the evening, and each fixed his eye upon the little man—Thomas Babbington Macauley. And surely I thought them very simple to be so attracted by such an unpromising beginning—and utterly perverted in taste to be able even to endure such affected, intolerable elocution. The thoughts, however, and their combinations, soon began to indicate a mind above the common level. The vices of elocution I began to overlook, as every sentence he uttered struck up new light around the mighty theme. That which had no interest in the mouths of others, I now began to look upon as worthy of some regard. Now a spark, now a gleam, and now a stream of light would blaze away. "*Hear! hear!*" but soon hushed for the desire to hear. And yet, for all the interest of the preparations making for an argument of the masterly collection and disposition of premises, I could not soon be reconciled to the appearances of affectation in his modes of speech, and that intolerable, frightful hissing withal. There was a time when I thought he would go into spasms, and be turned into that reptile whose hissing he played off so exactly, or into some other frightful shape. Fortunately, however, these spasmodic symptoms gradually wore off, as the fire of argument kindled up his soul, and the more proper shapes of human speech by equal degrees formed upon his tongue and flowed from his lips. In fifteen minutes he had wrapped himself in the Reform Bill as in a mantle, and thrown its brilliant and attractive folds over him in the most graceful and befitting forms,—and himself stood up, thus invested, challenging and receiving universal admiration. I will not dare to quote a single sentence—nor give an example of his reasoning. The Mirror of parliament will doubtless send that speech down to posterity in its own simple and proper form. If the world does not accord to it the praise of one of the most brilliant specimens of parliamentary eloquence, as well as one of the fairest structures of logic, I will consent to be

called an enthusiast in this instance, and will be slow to give my opinion again. It was a perfect triumph: and all felt it to be such. Never did Bonaparte gain a field of battle in a style more brilliant, or with a suddenness more astounding to his enemies. Even the opposition joined in the roar of applause, meaning it, doubtless, only for the splendid talents of the man. It was impossible not to feel that the bill would pass—must pass; that even the House of Lords could not—would not dare to arrest it. I did not measure the time. I never thought of it till it was too late. He probably spoke about forty-five minutes. But it did not seem half that. Besides the frequent interruptions by applause, when Mr. Macauley sat down, the house rung for many minutes with peal on peal of approbation, as if they could never be satisfied. And it is remarkable, that while Mr. Macauley was in the midst of his argument, Lord Lyndhurst, in the House of Peers, though of the opposition, and ignorant of what was going on in the Commons, incidentally paid Mr. Macauley one of the most delicate and generous compliments.

The excitement of the Commons was now up for the great question. Mr. Croker (pronounced *Croaker*), of the opposition, next gained the floor. And a *croaker* he was to the ministry—most unmelodious, disagreeable, and vexatious. If he did not *croak* them out of their grand device for saving the nation, it was not for want of abilities of the highest order. Mr. Croker began—as well he might, as he could not help, as was most befitting—in a strain of generous encomium on the talents of the honourable member who had just sat down. He then passed to the credit of his talents all the effect of his speech on the house—which effect none could deny—most ingeniously attempting to detract all merit from his argument in support of the bill. Who would think, after such a triumph as had just been gained in favour of the bill, that very instrument could be picked into pieces, reduced to shreds, and scattered to the winds, as worthless and contemptible, by a tissue of most ingenious sophistry and designed misrepresentation?—Who would think, that after every feeling and every passion of the soul, by a full conviction of the understanding, had installed that bill firmly in the sanctuary, and on the throne of the people's rights, as too sacred for the approach of any hand to tear it away—it could yet be so invaded and so tortured into deformity, as almost to make one doubt whether it retained a remaining feature of its awarded perfection? Yet Mr. Croker did so mangle, so distort, and so abuse that child of the ministry, as to take it in his hand, hold it up to the people of England, and ask, with fiendly triumph,—Who will have it?—Who will adopt it?—Who will bestow on it his affections?—He did so charge it with vicious blood and alarming portent, as

to say,—Who is not ashamed to be the father of it?—Or, when grown to maturity, and installed in the throne of power—who would dare to trust himself to its withering influence? Back, then, and take refuge in that house which has so long fed and comforted you, and under that throne which has so long protected you. I pretend not to quote. Two long hours and a half did Mr. Croker profane this handiwork of the ministry, and *croak* out his ill-omened prophecies of its ill-starred destiny.

But there came another after him who in a word could tell where the power of this spoiler lay; whose wand could restore to the creature, thus abused, its proper life, beauty, and majesty, by a single touch. It was Mr. Stanley, the Secretary of State for Ireland. At one o'clock the bill stood forth again in its own comeliness—a thing not to be despised—the hope of England. And the House adjourned.

Mr. Macauley is a man—green of his youth—but ripe, fully ripe, in all the qualities of brilliancy and power, as a debater. Brougham was his schoolmaster and chief patron. The latter seems to have been aware of the promising powers of this youth, and took an interest in the direction of his education. In a letter of Mr. Brougham to Mr. Macauley's father, which by some means has been exposed, and which makes one of the secrets of Lord Brougham's history, by no means discreditable to himself, it appears that Mr. Brougham advised and insisted that forensic and parliamentary reputation could be purchased only by a most laborious preparation, and at last the *recitation* of speeches. He confessed that he had attained his own eminence in that way, that he owed his reputation before the public to such efforts. I do not think, indeed, that Lord Brougham is doomed to such severity of toil for the production of his later and frequent public speeches. Although I doubt not his great ones are greatly conned—such, for instance, as his effort on the night of the rejection of the Reform Bill. Its principal parts, its coruscations of wit and irony, its capital arguments, its stirring and tremendous appeals, and not unlikely the genuflexion of the *finale*, were all contrived and framed, fitted in their places, and resolved upon, before he entered the House. But such a man as he, with such resources ever at his command, of such custom in debate, of such endless volubility of tongue, as much at home and as careless in the House of Lords as any careless boy in his most careless place—such a man may well trust himself to the *filling up* of a speech of five, or even of seven hours length.

But he whose reputation hangs yet doubtful before the public, of whom expectation is on tiptoe, a young favourite, but not yet planted and grown in the affections, like the majestic oak in the earth, must be cautious. He must make

short speeches, and every one he makes must be better than the last. He must not trust himself, even with all his genius, to what is called the spur of the moment. He may be quickened by it—but he must not depend upon it. Such indubitably was the premeditated, the resolved course of Thomas Babbington Macauley, under the advice of his grand tutor, and by the approval of his own good sense. He took up his position, and was seen to stand in it, after all, without being obliged to make a reply. It would not be safe for him to reply. And, fortunately for him, there was no need of it. Mr. Macauley was the star of the House of Commons while he was there; and when he shall have made his fortune in India, he will probably return to figure again in that place, and to hold some high trust in the government of his country.

Take the following specimen as a *coup de main* of Mr. Macauley, in answer to the objection, that Reform, begotten and urged in public excitement, must be diseased and unsafe! “The arguments of these gentlemen,” said Macauley; “be they modified how they may out of all their variations, could be reduced to this plain and simple dilemma:—When the people are noisy, it is unsafe to grant Reform. When they are quiet, it is unnecessary. But the time has at last come when reformers must legislate fast, because bigots would not legislate early,—when reformers are *compelled* to legislate in excitement, because bigots would not do so at a more auspicious moment. Bigots would not walk with sufficient speed, nay, they could not be prevailed upon to move at all; and now the reformers must *run* for it. By fair means or by foul, *through* Parliament or *over* Parliament, the question of reform *must* and *will* be carried.” What could be more pithy, more energetic, more tremendously prophetic, than this?—And how must a man’s soul swell out with greatness, when, standing in such circumstances, and agitating such a momentous theme, he knows, and all who hear him know, that every word he utters of the past is fact;—and himself knows also, and all know by infallible prescience, that what he predicts of the future is just about to come to pass:—“*through* Parliament or *over* Parliament, it *must* and *will* be carried.”

Against the Bill, in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel was the most respectable opponent. Mr. Croker and Sir Charles, as usual, made the greatest figure—both clever—but it is difficult, all things considered, to respect them for any thing else than their acknowledged abilities. Croker was strong in his own assumed premises—but always unfair. Sir Charles Wetherell is as eccentric as he is learned—one would hope not vicious by nature;—exhibiting new phases in argument whenever he shows himself at all—(and it is said he made only *sixty-two* speeches on the pas-

sage of the Reform Bill through the house), but to the *eye*, alas! always the same: He wants a pair of suspenders—his nurse must have died before he learned to dress himself—and his schoolmaster, as one would judge from his manners, must have been a clown.

"The Methodists," said Sir Charles one day, as he had occasion to allude to them in the case of Lady Hewley's charity—"Wesleyan Methodists, I believe they are called, are distinguished by holding to the doctrine of *election*," &c. Some one jogged Sir Charles. "O yes," he repeated, "the doctrine of *election*." (Laughter.) He was jogged again. "Yes, yes," added Sir Charles again, "you are right—the doctrine of *election*." (Great laughter.) Sir Charles was then told audibly that he must reverse his position. "Well, then," said Sir Charles, "have it which way you please. If not elected, they ought to be; for they are the best people among us."

THE WELSH.

Welsh Character—Poetry—Preaching—The Martyr dog.

THE Welsh are a very religious people—more so than the Scotch, or the people of New-England. There is perhaps no other Christian people in the world who manifest so much religious susceptibility, or who can, as a body, be brought so much under its power. They are about a million of people, spread over a surface of 150 miles by 80, or 5,200,000 acres, parts of which present some of the finest mountain scenery in Great Britain. The Welsh are relics of the ancient Britons, who fled to the country which they now occupy when Britain was invaded by the Saxons. They continued an independent people under their own kings till 1283, when their last prince, Llewellyn, being vanquished and slain, they were united to England under Edward I. The oldest son of the king of England—the first was Edward II. has always been created Prince of Wales, to satisfy the feelings of the Welsh of their right in the monarchy, &c., Edward II. having been born among them.

The Welsh, for the most part, speak their own language, and cultivate Welsh literature. They are proud of their antiquity, and think that in this particular they are one of the most venerable nations in the world. Their attachment to their own language is remarkable; and I am inclined to the opinion which they profess, that it is capable of being employed with a power over the feelings and passions, with

which the English language bears no comparison. The effects of their poetry and preaching would seem to prove this. Their most cultivated men have a disgust for the English, compared with their own native tongue, notwithstanding they may be as much used to one as the other—more especially if they are poetic in their temperament.

Poetry and religion may be said to have a home in the affections of the Welsh, unrivalled elsewhere.

THE “*Eeisteddfod*,” OR SITTING OF THE BARDS.

As among some of the ancient nations, poetry is still cultivated in Wales as a profession. There are many men of a very high order of intellect and of general culture, who devote themselves exclusively to this art. Welsh poetry is especially patronised by the nobility and gentry of the principality, and by the royal family of England. Annually there is held an “*Eeisteddfod*,” or *Sitting of the Bards*, a grand literary festival, at which some members of the royal family are always present, with a representation of the literati of England, and the most cultivated men of the principality. The prizes for the best productions in Welsh poetry are distributed on the occasion; and the most excellent of the bards is publicly crowned by the representative of the royal family. Some of the productions are recited by the authors, and received with more or less, and often with great enthusiasm, according to their merits. Sometimes the same piece is read in three or four several languages—as, for example, in Welsh, in English, in Greek, and in Latin—for the purpose of comparing the beauties and power of the different tongues; and the enthusiasm of the assembly always decides in favour of the Welsh. On these occasions at least, there is nothing like that.

THE “*CYMANFA*”—

Are great religious assemblies, or convocations, held for several days continuously in different parts of the principality, in the summer season. On account of the great numbers who assemble, they being from 10,000 to 20,000, they are obliged of necessity to hold their meetings out of doors. They are, I suppose, not unlike the camp-meetings of America, being generally larger assemblies. I have heard much said of the power of the Welsh preachers over these assemblies; and certainly, from all accounts, it must be very great. All the world has heard of the Welsh Jumpers; but I do not speak of them; they are pretty much over and done, as all animal ecstasies of that kind are ordinarily transient. But, notwithstanding, the poetic temperament of the Welsh is yet exceedingly susceptible of being influenced by religion; the power of their own language, employed upon the most sublime and touching of all themes, overcomes them; and

their preachers have a dominion over their affections which is irresistible. I am speaking now, of course, of the ordinary instrumentality of language, in its power over the mind and heart, when the themes are advantageous for effect; and we know very well that with Christians who love religion, and with those who have had a Christian education and respect religion, there are no themes, properly handled, which are calculated to have so much dominion over the soul as those of the Evangelical volume.

The Welsh are a people by themselves; they are bound together by the strong national and sympathetic cords of society; and there is no common bond among them that is so strong as that of religion. With the politics of the empire, happily, they have little to do; but in religion all are taught. The poison of modern infidelity has hardly found its passage into Wales. The people generally believe in Christianity, and respect it; and from their easy, poetic, and religious susceptibilities, there is more or less of superstition among them, as might be expected in their comparatively rude and uncultivated condition.

The common centres of their society are the churches and chapels; but the *Cymanfa*, or great religious convocations, are what they make the most of. These seem to have taken the place of "*the feasts of the saints*," as they used to be called in England, being of Roman Catholic origin, and which are still observed in many parts of England, in honour of the particular saints after whom the parish churches are called, as, for example, St. John's; St. Mark's; St. Nicholas's; &c. &c. I remember once in Yorkshire to have observed great crowds of people about the public houses on the Sabbath, apparently amusing themselves as if it were a holyday. On inquiring the cause, I was told it was Saint's Day; and that it would extend to the third or fourth day of the week—at which time the common people are accustomed to have great mirth. All Episcopal churches in our country, I believe, are called after some of the calendar saints, but fortunately this particular custom has not been transferred here; and it appears to have greatly declined in England.

I was told by a Welsh minister, who is good authority, that the *Cymanfa* of Wales have succeeded to these "Saints' Days," or Festivities; that the people, who had been accustomed for ages to assemble in each parish on the calendar week appointed for the purpose, for social and merry occupations, having generally fallen off from the established church, demanded a substitute; and that the *Cymanfa* are really and truly the things that have taken the place of them. The *Cymanfa*, however, although they are still great social occasions, on which the people in the vicinity of the place of meeting lay themselves out for the display and ex-

ercise of their hospitality towards their friends who come from a distance, are yet strictly and properly religious meetings—having been made such by the influence and zeal of the Welsh ministers. The ministers, I am told, would generally be glad to dispense with them, as they do not think them, on the whole, most advantageous to the interests of religion; but there is a kind of social intoxication in these large convocations, to which a people, so retired from the more stirring scenes of the world, and rarely assembling in great multitudes, are strongly attached. It is certainly to the great credit of the Welsh ministers, and proves that the principality has undergone no inconsiderable religious reformation, that they have been able to redeem these large assemblies of the people from their former corruptions, so far as to make them innocent, and perhaps useful.

The preachers have great power over the people on these occasions; their language is peculiarly favourable for out-of-door effort; their lungs are stentorian, and capable of bringing back echoes from the sides of the mountains; the people are animated by the pastoral, or wild, or craggy scenery, with which they are surrounded; the heavens over their heads are an emblem of the residence of the God whom they worship, and of the final home which they are taught to hope for; they delight to hear the voice of prayer ascend from the place where they stand to that throne above them, from which nothing but the stars and empyrean blue divides; and when all the voices of such a vast concourse are united in their religious anthems, the whole creation seems to be praising God. I heard a Welsh minister say, that he has known an assembly of this kind apparently so transported with the effect of their own singing, as to repeat the last couplet of the last stanza of a hymn for a whole half hour, with increasing, and the most perfectly enrapt enthusiasm! This repetition is more apt to occur when the hymn terminates with something like a "hallelujah." This would seem like Handel's hallelujah chorus, a strain of ecstasy, that is reluctantly brought to a close. Impromptu, extemporaneous feeling is much encouraged and indulged in, in the religious assemblies of the Welsh. I have listened to accounts of the effects of preaching and of devotional exercises on these great occasions, almost incredible. They seem at least to prove, that there is much and a quick religious feeling among the Welsh; and we cannot doubt that there is a great deal of genuine religion there—a leaven which, we may hope, will ultimately purify the mass.

"If I must give you my opinion," said a Welsh minister to an English clergyman, the latter of whom had challenged his brother from the principality for his opinion about English preachers as compared with the Welsh, "although I

had rather be silent in such company, I should think that you in England have no good preaching."—"None?" said the English clergyman. "None at all," added the stranger from Wales. "I know," said the English minister, "that you are famous for *jumping* in Wales; but that, I suppose, is not owing so much to the matter of preaching, as to the enthusiasm of the character."—"Indeed," said the stranger, "if you had heard and understood such preaching, you would jump too."—"And do you not think I could make them jump," said the Englishman, "if I were to preach to them?"—"You make them jump" said the Welshman; "*you* make them jump! A Welshman would set the world on fire while you were lighting a match."—"Pray, give us a specimen," said the Englishman. "What, in English? Your poor meager language would spoil it. It is not capable of expressing the ideas which a Welshman conceives."

The Welshman, however, after much persuasion, gave from memory the following English version of a passage from a sermon of the Rev. Christmas Evans:—

"When our world fell from its first estate, it became one vast prison. Its walls were adamant, and unscalable; its gate was brass, and impregnable. Within, the people sat in darkness and the shadow of death; without, inflexible justice guarded the brazen gate, brandishing the flaming sword of eternal law. MERCY, as she winged her flight of love through the worlds of the universe, paused to mark the prison aspect of our once paradisiac world. Her eye affected her heart. Her heart melted and bled, as the shriek of misery and yell of despair rose upon the four winds of heaven. She could not pass by nor pass on. She descended before the gate, and requested admittance. JUSTICE, waving the flaming sword in awful majesty, exclaimed,—'No one can enter here and *live*!'—and the thunder of his voice outspoke the wailings within.

"MERCY expanded her wings to renew her flight among the unfallen worlds. She reascended into the mid air, but could not proceed, because she could not forget the piercing cries from the prison. She therefore returned to her native throne in the heaven of heavens. It was 'a glorious high throne from everlasting;' and both unshaken and untarnished by the fallen fate of man and angels. But, even there, she could not *forget* the scene she had witnessed and wept over. She sat and weighed the claims of all the judicial perfections of Jehovah, and all the principles of eternal law; but, although they arose upon her view in all their vastness, she could not *forget* the prison. She redescended with a more rapid and radiant flight, and approached the gate with an aspect of equal solicitude and determination; but again she was denied admission. She stood still—her emotion was visible. JUSTICE ceased to brandish the sword—there was silence in heaven.

"'Is there admission on no terms whatever?' she asked. 'Yes,' said JUSTICE; 'but only on terms which no finite being can fulfil. I demand an atoning death for their eternal life—blood Divine, for their ransom.'—'And I,' said MERCY at once, '*accept* the terms.' It was asked, 'on what *security*, and when they would be fulfilled?'—'Here,' said MERCY, 'is the BOND—my word! my oath! and, four

thousand years from this time, demand its payment on Calvary,—for I will appear in the incarnate form of the Son of God, and be the Lamb slain for the sin of this world !

“The BOND was accepted without hesitation, and the gate opened at once. MERCY entered, leaning on the arm of JUSTICE. She spoke kindly to the prisoners, and gave them some hints of her high undertaking on their behalf. All were amazed, and many melted, by this timely and tender interference ; and, to confirm their hopes, MERCY from time to time led the ‘captivity’ of some ‘captive,’ that their salvation might be the pledge and prelude of eventual triumphs.

“Thus the gathering of the ‘first fruits’ in the field of redemption went on for ages ; and at last, the clock of prophecy struck ‘the fullness of the time.’ Then Mercy became incarnate in the person of the Son of God, who appeared in the form of a servant, publishing his intention and determination to pay the mighty Bond. And soon the awful day of payment arrived ;—then the whole array of the judicial attributes of Jehovah took their stand on Calvary, with Justice at their head, bearing the Bond of Redemption. Angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, principalities and powers, left their thrones and mansions of glory, and bent over the battlements of heaven, gazing, in mute amazement and breathless suspense, upon the solemn scene—for now the Mediator appeared ‘without the gates of Jerusalem,’ crowned with thorns, and followed by the weeping church. As he passed along the awful array of the judicial perfections of the Divine character, none of them uttered a word of encouragement—none of them glanced a look of sympathy to him. ‘It was the hour and power of darkness.’ Above him were all the vials of Divine wrath, and the thunders of the eternal law, ready to burst on his devoted head—around him were all ‘the powers of darkness,’ on the tiptoe of infernal expectation, waiting for his failure. But none of these things moved him from the purpose or the spirit of redemption. He took the BOND from the hand of Justice, and moved on to the cross, ‘as a lamb to the slaughter.’ He resigned himself to that altar of ignominy.

“Then JUSTICE unsheathed the flaming sword, and marshalling all his terrors, went up to enforce his claims. The rocks rent under his tread—the sun shrunk from the glance of his eye. He lifted his right hand to the eternal throne, and exclaimed in thunder—‘Fires of heaven ! descend and consume this sacrifice.’ The fires of heaven, animated with living spirit by the call, answered—‘We come !—we come !—and when we have consumed that victim, we will burn the universe !’ They burst—blazed—devoured, until the *humanity* of EMMANUEL ‘gave up the ghost ;’ but the moment they touched his DIVINITY, they expired. That moment JUSTICE dropped his flaming sword at the foot of the cross ; and the law joined the prophets in witnessing to ‘the righteousness which is by faith ;’ for all had heard the dying Redeemer exclaim, in triumph, ‘It is finished !’

“The weeping church heard it ; and, lifting up her head, cried—‘It is finished.’ The attending angels caught the shout of victory, and winged their flight to the eternal throne, singing—‘It is finished.’ The powers of darkness heard the acclamations of the universe, and hurried away from the scene in all the agony of disappointment and despair—for the bond was paid, and eternal redemption obtained.”

THE WELSH MARTYR DOG—CILIART.

At the base of Snowden, the highest mountain of Wales, is a stone standing at this day, called Bedd-Gelert, or the Grave of Ciliart. There, many centuries ago—for the last Welsh king was slain in 1283—was buried a favourite dog of Llewellyn the Great, of which and his end we have the following pitiful story:—

Llewellyn had come to this place, with his wife and family, to spend the hunting season, of which sport he was passionately fond. He had among his pack a favourite dog of the name Ciliart; or, as it sounds in English—Gelert. He missed him one day in the chase, and was much vexed to be obliged to return without his usual success, on account of the absence of this dog. His wife had been with him, as it was the custom of the time for females to engage in such exercises. As he dismounted and entered the door of his house, followed by his wife, the first object he met was Ciliart, who came wagging his tail, and expressing all the welcome characteristic of that faithful and affectionate animal. Llewellyn would have rebuked him for his absence from duty that day, and for the subtraction he had occasioned from their pleasures; but his mouth, and head, and parts of his body were stained with blood! “What!” exclaimed Llewellyn, raising his hand, and at the same moment, his wife leading the way, they both rushed into the nursery; and, as they saw the floor marked with blood, they hastily snatched the curtain from the cradle, and their infant babe was gone!! The mother cast one glance at the savage animal that came following after them, screamed with horror as she pointed her finger to the cause, rolled her eyes wild and madly to heaven, and fell backwards. The father drew his sword, and with one thrust transfixed the monster, which fell at his feet, still wagging his tail, and looking duty and affection, as if in mockery of the deed he was supposed to have done! He howled out the expression of his own agony, moaning piteously, and expired—his eye, even in death, still fixed upon his master.

Llewellyn, in his distraction, upset the cradle, and underneath it safely lay, sleeping, with a smile on its countenance, the infant babe! In another part of the room he found the body of a wolf, torn, mangled, and dead! He turned his eye to Ciliart, and he too was dead! What would he not have given to restore him to life! The instinct of the faithful animal had discerned the waylaying and near approach of the wolf, and withdrawn himself from following his master to the chase; he had watched the movements of his adversary, and found that he had scented human flesh in his master’s habitation; his sagacity had contrived to remove the babe, and to deposite it safely beneath its cra-

dle, in anticipation of the coming fight; he had obtained the victory; and he waited for his master's return, to deliver up his charge, and be caressed for his fidelity.

"It is not true," said a gentleman, who was one of the listeners to this story, as it was narrated by a Welshman,— "it is not true," he said, as he leaned his elbow on the table, supporting his head by his hand, which also covered his eyes. "If you subscribe to the doctrine of Leslie's Short Method with the Deist," said the Welshman, "you must also admit this. For there is the stone—the monument—set over the grave of Ciliart to this day; there is the village, erected on the spot, and bearing the name of the dog's grave—*Bedd-Gelert*; and the same story has come down with these monuments from generation to generation. The story and the monuments are corroboratives and living demonstrations of the facts."

"Well, then," said the gentleman, still leaning on his hand and covering his eyes, "the dog has done suffering—has he not? I am glad that he has no protracted and conscious existence, to remember that he became a martyr to his fidelity—that he died for saving the life of his master's child. But I seem, even now, to see him wagging his tail, moaning, and looking submissive, as he lies weltering in his blood, with his eyes fixed upon his master, in the agonies of death. I wish I could get rid of the idea."

I have now lying before me on my table "Jones's Views in Wales," and in No. 2 will be found the village of *Bedd-Gelert*, with Snowden's lofty peak rising on the left, and merging in the clouds. It is interesting not only as a production of art, exhibiting a captivating group of the magnificent works of God, but it is especially so as a standing verification of the story just narrated. *Bedd-Gelert* is the Welsh-English of *Bedd-Ciliart*, the Grave of Ciliart—*Bedd* being the Welsh for Grave, and *Gelert* the English form, or enunciation, of Ciliart in Welsh. I used to lodge with a friend who is minutely acquainted with the spot by ocular inspection, and to whom indeed I am indebted for the first narration of the story. He avers it to be of unquestionable authenticity.

BURDENS OF THE ENGLISH.

THE annual sum necessary to be raised by the British government, to pay the interest of the national debt, and for other purposes, is, in round numbers, £43,000,000. For the poor there is raised in England alone, by the parish authorities, £7,000,000. For all the purposes of religion in the Establishment and among Dissenters, in England, Scotland,

and Ireland, say £10,000,000. Total, £60,000,000, or \$288,000,000! For the same purposes the United States raise annually not more, probably, than about \$20,000,000, or £4,166,666. The following is rather a lugubrious wail over the taxes imposed in England:—

“*Taxes* on every thing that enters the mouth, covers the back, or is placed under the feet;—*taxes* upon every thing that is pleasant to see, hear, feel, taste, or smell;—*taxes* upon warmth, light, and locomotion;—*taxes* upon every thing on the earth, in the waters under the earth—upon every thing that comes from abroad or is grown at home;—*taxes* upon the raw material, and upon every value that is added to it by the ingenuity and industry of man;—*taxes* upon the sauce that pampers man’s appetite, and on the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine that decorates the judge, and on the rope that hangs the criminal—on the brass nails of the coffin, and on the ribands of the bride—at bed or at board—*couchant ou levant—we must pay*. The schoolboy whips his *taxed* top; the beardless youth manages his *taxed* horse, by a *taxed* bridle, on a *taxed* road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon which has paid 30 per cent., throws himself back upon his chints bed, which has paid 22 per cent., and having made his will, the seals of which are also *taxed*, he expires in the arms of his apothecary, who has paid £100 for the privilege of hastening his death. His whole property is then *taxed* from 2 to 10 per cent. And besides the expenses of probate, he pays large fees for being buried in the chancel, and his virtues are handed down to posterity on *taxed* marble. After all which he may be gathered to his fathers to be *taxed*—no more.”

STEINBERG THE MURDERER AND SUICIDE.

WHILE walking in Queen-street, Cheapside, I suddenly be-thought myself—I will turn and propose to my friend, Mr. E——, a surgeon, to go with me to witness the scene of carnage which had occurred in Southampton-street, Pentonville, the night before. I understood that persons belonging to the medical and surgical profession would be admitted, and concluded I might go in under the wing of my friend. But who could wish to see such a sight? My own first thoughts were, that I would never do it, except called by duty; but my second was—it might be instructive, although revolting and horrible to every feeling that is worthy of respect. I called, and in five or ten minutes Mr. E.’s horse and cabriolet were at the door, and we drove off.

“This is a remarkable horse,” said Mr. E. “Whenever I have called once at a house, he will not go past it without inclining to stop. One would think, that in such a city as London, he would forget even a street that he may have passed through once, much more a house among so many,

where I may have called with him weeks or months before. But he is infallibly certain to recognise every place where he has ever been. There is a street we are about to pass, leading to Solley Terrace, the former residence of our friend, Mr. M——. It is now eighteen months—is it not? since Mr. M—— removed, and I have not been there from that time; but I will engage, when we come to that street, if I will give the horse the reins, he will turn down, and stop at the very door.”

“Do you see,” said Mr. E., as we approached the street, the horse being left to himself,—“how he begins to prick up his ears, and look that way? There, he turns, he is in the street, as you see, and would stop at No. 14 Solley Terrace; but this is enough.” And we turned about to go on our way.

The brute is faithful to his instinct—he never violates nature. He often appears amiable to us, and we feel for him the affection of attachment. But man, alas! who can trust him?—He may turn monster; he may enact the fiend.

As we came to Southampton-street, the crowds of the populace were immense. It seemed impossible to get near the house, the way was so thoroughly choked. We gave our horse to the keeping of a boy, tried to obtain a passage to the door, but in vain. What motive could draw and keep the people there? They could not get in; they had no hope of it. They could only stand and gape, and talk; yet there they would be from morning to night, and I suppose, in great numbers, from night to morning. The truth was, they were constantly changing, one taking the place of another. The newspapers had announced to the whole world of the metropolis the dreadful deed; and thousands, or tens of thousands, were constantly coming and going to see—what? Southampton-street and a crowd. They could see nothing more. But man loves tragical scenes—at least he loves to sympathize with them. He is curious—he wishes to know all about it: he pries into the history of the author of the tragedy, and endeavours to find the motives; he wishes to know when and how it was done—at what dread hour of the night—by what instrument? Where did he get it? How did he use it? Did he surprise the innocent victims in their sleep? Had they any warning? Did they resist? What is the appearance of things within? In what position do the dead lie? Are they on the bed or on the floor?—in their night-clothes, or how? For they were not yet removed, but all remained exactly in the same condition in which the murderer's hand had left them,—and the coroner's jury were then in session collecting evidence.

Not succeeding in our attempts to gain access, my friend went to the jury's room, and obtained an order for admittance. Armed with this power, it became the duty of the

policemen to clear our way, which they endeavoured to do. After much difficulty, we succeeded in gaining the door, and finally to get in, though at the hazard of rending our garments, and of injuring our persons by the immense physical force of the mass that tried to get in by virtue of our privilege. A few succeeded, and pushed in with us.

We were conducted first to a rear chamber in the second floor (in London called the first), where the mother—a woman apparently about thirty years of age—lay on the floor, with her head nearly dissevered from her body by some sharp instrument. By the marks of blood on the bed, it was evidently done in that place, and her struggles with death had thrown herself out. At her feet lay the body of an infant, a few months old, with its head also dissevered, so as scarcely to hang on its shoulders. Such was the horrible scene of that apartment!

We then ascended to the room directly above—and there lay the ghastly bodies of two little girls, one about twelve years old, on the floor, and the other 4 or 5, in the bed—both murdered in the same manner as the mother and infant below. It was horrible to behold!

We then ascended another flight of stairs, and entered a front chamber, where lay the body of a little boy, about ten years old, with his head also nearly dissevered. He had been sleeping in the same apartment with his two sisters, but had fled from his monster-father while executing his fiendly purpose on his infant daughters. But he was pursued—he was overtaken, and in his struggles of self-defence in warding off the knife, lost one of his fingers, which was entirely cut from the hand and lay on the floor, besides exhibiting other corresponding marks of violence.

We descended to the basement story, and there lay the monster, the author of this scene of death, stretched on his back, with arms extended, and the knife in hand, by which, in the end, he had nearly severed his own head from his body. He was himself in his night-clothes, and so were all the victims. Not a human being remained to breathe in that house!—All—all were butchered—the mother and four children—and the murderer by his own hand! What a scene!

Was he deranged? No. The evidence was abundant that it was a cool, deliberate plan, devised and executed without any alienation of mind.

He had become embarrassed—he was an atheist—he had lived a vicious life—had many years before separated from his wife, and lived long enough with this woman, unmarried, to have these children,—and, to free himself and all from trouble, believing not in a future being, he had in this manner ushered himself and them into eternity! And this is the fruit of that faith which says—“There is no God.”

TWO FAULTS OF THE ENGLISH.

THERE is one great vice in English society, not indeed peculiar to them, but yet strongly marked. It exists under a specious name, and at first sight would seem to be an axiom in morals, or in the social relations. They express it as follows :—"Let every one know and keep his own place." But when interpreted by its exemplifications, it may generally be taken as meaning, in the mouth of him who uses it, something like this :—"Let every one who is *below*, or *under me*, stay there. Let him not presume to aspire." Thus every class conspires to keep down those who are below them.

I have frequently talked very frankly with our English friends on this subject, some of whom have seemed to yield to my reasonings, while others have strongly opposed me. My manner of treating the argument has been something as follows :—

"Your theory of society is false ; and on your principles it must for ever remain stationary, or nearly so. You know very well that God has made every thing for progress—that nothing in his creation stands still. Above all, has he constituted mind in itself, and society in its relations, for advancement. Mind at rest is mind paralyzed ; it is an abuse of God's work, and it must suffer for it. It is the nature of mind to aspire ; if you interpose obstacles to its ascendancy, or circumscribe the scope of its action by vexatious barriers, you disappoint the end of its being. It is creating a prison for a spirit by an unnatural and forced arrangement of circumstances. Doubtless there are grades of intellectual and moral being ; but to assume that a given grade is ordained for the same mind to stand in for ever, is deciding the question in debate, and not very reasonable.

"And here is the fault of you English—a fault of principle as well as of practice. You do not give a chance for all minds to advance—to rise ; but you study and take great pains to hold them in check ; you rebuke and vex them, if they show a disposition to answer the proper end of their existence, and of human society ; and you say, they are getting out of place, and trying to move beyond their sphere.

"But the fault is your own ; you are inconsistent. You have lately made a great mistake in attempting to promote general education ; in setting up Sunday and other schools for children of the poor ; in economizing the modes of instruction ; in multiplying the means of knowledge, and bringing them within the reach of all minds. Do you expect, if you give them knowledge, that they will be contented to be

degraded? Will you show them what is most desirable, and what man may possibly attain to, and then cross their path to say—No, you shall not have it; it was not intended for you?

“You must undo what you have been doing; you must debar the poor and the common people from the sources of knowledge, if you would have them remain where they are. If they are cultivated and informed, they will never be contented or easy till the way is open to all for advancement. You have indeed done one excellent thing—you have begun to educate the poor; but you do not seem to be prepared for the consequences. You are vexed at the natural result of the work of your hands—a work undertaken from the best of motives. The difficulty is—your theory of society is not sufficiently enlarged. You have begun well, but you have not looked to the limits of the field upon which you have entered.

“If you will allow me to say so—that is doubtless the best state of society where every mind, as it is expanded by culture, and looking abroad on the circumstances by which it is surrounded, and forward on the prospects open before it, sees no insuperable obstacle, placed by unfairness, in the way of its advancement in an honourable career, and to any station that may lawfully be desired. Will mankind ever be contented till such a state of things is brought about? I would not, I could not respect them if they would; it is unreasonable to expect that they will.

“You will pardon me for saying that I think it is a general fault in England—which may easily be accounted for by the history of society here—for every class to keep its inferiors in check, in a manner and by means which are not the best treatment of human nature. It is an hereditary vice of this community, and belongs to nearly all, from the highest ranks to the lowest. Even the lower classes are equally jealous of their rights, in relation to those who are below them.

“This is, unfortunately, a method of treatment maintained in principle; and I humbly think it is in principle wrong. But it will find its own cure in that course which society is now taking, by the instrumentality of your own hands, though it will often be inconvenient and vexatious, and cause many of you to say—Would that we had kept the people ignorant. You ought, however, to be patient under all this, and remember that it is an incidental evil in the way of the greatest good—to the best state of human society. It is one of the sins of fathers visited upon their children; but a meek and quiet bearing of it will be an atonement.”

ANOTHER.

The English are remarkable for loving the brute creation, especially *horses* and *dogs*. And there is something very

kind and amiable in this disposition, which, except as it is carried to excess, ought to be turned to a good account, and make people better members of society. The inference ought to be thus: He that is kind to a brute, will much more be kind to his own species. But the reverse is often true. People must love something that breathes, and that can requite affection—or something that is serviceable, and that ministers to enjoyment. The horse, besides awakening our admiration, and by degrees our affection, for his noble qualities, is serviceable. He carries us with willingness and high spirits, and obeys our will. We are cheered and thrown into a sort of ecstasy by his easy and proud movements, whether we ride upon his back, or are drawn in a carriage. We pet him, and he pricks up his ears, smells our hand or our garments, and seems to be happy and grateful for our attentions. We call him by name; he looks a kind response. We bid him go, and off he springs, obedient to the various indications of our will. He never fails, but always serves us, while we feed him well. We teach him many lessons, whether of service or of playfulness, and he never forgets them. He knows and understands *us* as well as we do him. We talk to him as to a friend; and he evidently takes his part in the dialogue in his own way. He faithfully serves, and never hurts or opposes us. No wonder that we should become attached to him.

But the English have peculiar reasons for loving the horse. He is the proud animal that gives dignity, show, and ease to the public airings and resorts of their town, and that ministers to the pleasures and sports of the country. There is no city in the world that makes such a display of horses, either in respect to the superiority of their breed, or to their number, as London. One can never cease to wonder at this exhibition, for nearly half the year, in the western parts of the metropolis and in the parks. It is a daily pageant, at which the actors themselves, at every renewal of the scene, are filled with admiration. One could not doubt that they suffer a sort of mental intoxication by gazing at the show, as they roll or gallop along in the midst of it, themselves a part. Nor can they forget that it is the noble horse, reduced to the most perfect discipline, that contributes so essentially to their enjoyment.

In the country he is equally the minister of their pleasure and their sports. I speak of fact—not that sport and pleasure are most suitable to man, and the most worthy objects of his pursuit, merely for the gratification which they offered. It is the *excessive* love which the English have for the horse and dog, which I think a fault—a perversion of the affections of the heart, which disappoints the noblest ends of society and of man's existence. For illustration, I have in view three striking facts, which belong to a great class,

not perhaps peculiar to the English, but especially characteristic.

The cause of this attachment probably lies more in the convenience of the horse and the dog, as means of pleasure and of sport, than in any thing else; although there is too often another ingredient of a melancholy character, especially in the love that is lavished on the dog. Every carriage and every parlour has a dog. Or if he be not found in the parlour, he is an indispensable part of domestic society. The lady, especially if she be unmarried or has no children, scorns not, but prides herself, in leading her pet by a silken string, through all her public promenades. She feels for her dog, not less, perhaps more, than the fond mother feels for her child. She feeds it—if it is sick, she watches with it, even all the night. Not a pain does it feel but she feels. Her dog is her companion—her friend; and when she dies, she remembers her dog in her last will and testament.

As I was walking with a friend in a country town about 40 miles from London, we met a gentleman and lady accompanied by a beautiful spaniel. "They have no child but that dog," said my friend as we passed them. "I met the gentleman the other day, and asked him how he did? 'Miserable!' said he, with a doleful countenance. 'What is the matter, pray?'—'My dog is sick. I sat up with him all last night. I did not sleep a wink. I am afraid he will die. I am miserable, sir.'"

A lady lately deceased, in Wakefield, Yorkshire, left £30, or \$144 a year, for the maintenance of her dog! On the death of Lady —— (I forget her name), in Scotland, 1816, six of her horses had pensions assigned them of £45 per annum each. Five of them died at the ages of 28, 29, and 31. The sixth died lately, aged 34, the executors having paid for this one alone the sum of £810! Suppose the average life of the other five was twelve years after the death of her ladyship, and the cost of the whole, thus pensioned, would be £3,510, or \$16,848! If the dog should live 15 years after his mistress, his maintenance will cost £450, or \$2,160!

These are only facts of a numerous class to illustrate the affection that is bestowed in Great Britain on dogs and horses. At the same time it must be admitted, that kindness to the brute creation is a virtue, and ought not to be rebuked; yet there is something naturally and unavoidably suggested by these facts, that presents a melancholy picture of perverted affection. It proves, first, that many—and I fear very many—waste their affections on brutes, because they have not virtue enough to love their own species. They must love something, and something which at least they may imagine requites their love. A dog is always

obsequious and affectionate; there is no ungrateful return from that quarter, no want of patience nor demand for it. There are a thousand objects of human kind needing benevolence; and in no countries more than in England and Ireland; but they are not amiable—they are viewed with disgust—as unworthy. Who can love rags and filth; especially how can a delicate lady love such objects? Alas! she has no arithmetic in her head, no sentiment in her heart, that makes its calculations properly. She knows not how to lay up treasure in heaven, by causing the poor to rise up and call her blessed—to drop their tears of gratitude at her feet! She knows not Him who “became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich.” She is an idolater of the basest, most disgusting kind. If she were a worshipper of the sun or of the moon, there might at least be some lofty ingredient in her character—but she worships a *dog*!

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Kenilworth—Warwick—York Minster—Salisbury Steeple.

THE way to Windsor is by the great post-road from London to Bristol, up the general course of the Thames, passing Hyde Park, through Kensington, Hammersmith, Brentford, Hounslow, and some half dozen other considerable villages—making a distance of 22 miles. The country about London is generally level, and seems to be low. Ascending the Thames towards Windsor, a modest hill-outline stretches along on the left, a little distance from the river, the ridge of which runs by Windsor Castle $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south—the whole line of which presents a very agreeable relief to the eye, exhibiting alternate forests and cultivated grounds, lifting itself perhaps 300 feet above the general level of the surrounding country. On approaching Windsor, at the distance of five or six miles, the battlements and walls of the castle begin to show themselves, seeming, from their magnitude and extent, to be within a mile or a mile and a half. It is, indeed, a truly royal monument of imposing grandeur. Perched upon a sharp eminence, just large enough for the base of its own everlasting walls, it lifts up its battlements and towers in one vast and irregular pile, presenting its varied aspects proudly and magnificently to every point of approach. All that is lost in looking at the external of the palace of St. James, to one who has conceived of nothing but the august in thinking of the court of that name, is more than restored on approaching Windsor Castle.

The west, north, and east phases of the castle present bold, lofty, and inaccessible fronts. On its south are its several ways of ingress and egress, on an easy inclined plane, opening into the town lying at its base—and one of them, the royal road, opening into the long avenue, lined on either side by two rows of the most ancient and venerable oaks, running from the castle gradually down into a vale, and again rising till at the distance of two and a half miles it strikes the ridge before described, presenting one of the grandest perspectives of the kind, and one of the noblest avenues in the world. At the extremity of this avenue, on the ridge, is perched a colossal equestrian statue of George III., on a pedestal forty feet in elevation, constructed roughly in imitation of a natural rock.

The extended vale, stretching to the right and left, and lying between the castle and the statue of George III., presents a most captivating landscape, especially as this vast region is cut in twain by the long and majestic line of the grand avenue. But the northern prospect from the castle is a vision of perfect enchantment—the castle itself being skirted to its very base by the interval lands of the Thames. There is the river searching out a winding course, as if reluctant to quit the scene of which itself is a principal charm. There are the widely-extended and almost boundless intervals, some defined by regular artificial lines, sprinkled with trees and copses of wood, and filled with herds and flocks; others undefined by any visible boundaries drawn by the hand of man, presenting all conceivable variety of forest-shade and open field, of flocks and running brooks—of villages, farmhouses, cottages, and the brisk windmill, displayed from different points, and whirling about its whitened canvass until the utmost boundary, rising before the eye, merges in the clouds, or fog, or smoke of an English atmosphere. There, too, is the beautiful town of Eton, resting on the Thames, divided from Windsor only by a bridge—Eton College—and the college church, an ancient Gothic structure, belittling the town and all the college edifices by its own comparative magnificence.

Windsor Castle is divided into two principal wards, upper and lower—the former being appropriated as the domicile of the royal family, constituting the entire quadrangle, as it is called, and made up of almost innumerable apartments, greater and smaller, more or less magnificent; some for use and some for show. The upper ward rests on the highest grounds, and the space comprehended within the quadrangle I should judge to be some two or three acres, making a sort of parade-ground for troops, and for the carriages and suites of the king and queen.

Between the upper and lower wards stands the Keep, or Round Tower, the most elevated and the grandest feature

of the castle, being, I should judge, 100 feet in diameter, and displaying from a smaller tower, resting upon its summit, the royal flag, to indicate when the king is at Windsor. In the lower ward are many interesting objects, among which the most notable are St. George's Chapel, the Mausoleum, and Julius Cesar's Tower, containing a peal of eight fine-toned and heavy bells, constituting the lower extremity. The castle in both wards, especially the upper, has been greatly enlarged, parts of it entirely renovated, and the whole eminently improved, at immense expense, within the last few years—more especially during the reign of George IV. The Round Tower has been lifted some 50 feet above its former height, the summit of which is now more than 400 feet above the Thames, which runs at the base of the castle. The entire range of the present state apartments has been renovated, and to a considerable extent newly furnished. It would require a volume to describe these numerous state-rooms, their various and princely furniture, and the works of art with which their walls are covered, and their niches and angles studded. Every ceiling also exhibits some grand historical or fabulous device of the painter's art. All the most admirable specimens of the fine arts, ancient and modern, connected with English and general history, sacred and profane—portraits, often full length, of the different members of the royal families of England, from the earliest days, and of the most distinguished of their nobility—grand historical groups commemorative of great occasions, &c.—together with numerous civic, military, naval, and chivalric memorials—may be seen in one and another of this long line and labyrinth of magnificent apartments.

Passing by the numerous, attractive, and impressive exhibitions of the arts with which St. George's Chapel abounds—such as West's Last Supper, immediately above the altar, and the widely-extended Resurrection scene, thrown upon the vast window, also over the altar, and designed by West—such as the Nativity, and the offerings of the Magi to the Holy Child, on either side of the immense central window of the nave, designed by the same hand—the inimitable (in *these* days inimitable) inherent colourings of the last-named great window—and very many other specimens, as well of statuary as of painting—I have only time to notice the marble *cenotaph* to the memory of the Princess Charlotte. The artist who devised this monument, Mr. Wyatt, was doubtless aware that his task was of no ordinary character—that unless he could satisfy a nation's tears, and equal the freshest wounds of that calamity most fresh, he had better attempt nothing. For myself, I was taken by surprise when I blundered unexpectedly and alone upon that scene. I had never heard of it. Nor should I have

imagined, but from its indubitable indications, what event it was designed to commemorate. At the first glance, on approaching, I stopped suddenly and involuntarily—and the next succeeding emotion, instantaneous indeed, was a strong and almost irresistible impulse to fall prostrate and weep before the spectacle. Had I fallen as unexpectedly upon a fresh and actual calamity, of which this was the mere picture, it could scarcely, in the first impression, have taken a stronger hold. There lay *evidently* on a table a corpse, the breath of life but just departed, inclining nearly on the left face, the frame drawn up and distorted, as an expiring agony may be supposed to have done, the whole covered with a sheet of the purest and finest linen lightly thrown over—the right arm dropping down over the table, exposing only the fingers of the hand, which were as white as the sheet itself. At the two front corners of the table kneeled two female forms, as might be supposed from their slender make, each in positions various from the other, and both with their heads dropping in their hands and weeping, with no other garb but other sheets of the finest and purest linen, thrown lightly over their entire frame. At the ends of the table, and a step in elevation, kneeled two other female forms, in positions still varying from the other two, and each from each, their heads also dropping in their hands, and weeping—both concealed in the same manner under pure white linen—and all the group inclining towards the corpse. Over this table and its burden, as if just breaking forth from a cemetery behind, another female form, fresh, fair, and joyous, as the resurrection of the just, unconnected with any apparent object except her drapery, is rising triumphant, with heaven-directed eyes, with every limb and muscle springing and mounting upwards, disregardful of the scene beneath her feet. On either side an angel is mounting with her, but more slow in flight, both gazing upon her, and one of them bearing and clasping in his bosom the infant child. And all this done and expressed from the purest marble. Who, meeting unexpectedly such a spectacle, would not feel it?

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

From Coventry to the borough of Warwick is 10 miles. A little more than half this distance towards Warwick is Kenilworth. The main road and every feature of the country here are truly delightful—enchanting. The ruins of Kenilworth Castle are magnificent, as they are venerable. Independent of that interest with which Scott has invested them, standing in the light of sober history, and in their own naked and majestic forms, they are sufficiently attractive to arrest the footsteps and fix the intense gaze of him who, in connexion with their historical suggestions, ap-

proaches and looks upon them for the first time. Yonder, some half mile or more in the distance, as he rides along the gently undulating country, the heavy, towering, decaying, falling, ivy-mantled walls—massive, grand, isolated, silent, and exceedingly imposing—appearing to rest partly on meadows, groves, and hills, and partly on the clouds and sky—burst at once on his view! As he advances and changes his relative position, the features and outlines of the object that absorbs his attention change also. Imagination gives it life, though so long mouldering and dead. It moves before the eye—every moment presents some new, living, and eloquent expression. The birds are floating over it, and lighting on its towers. They have made their nests there, and forget not their young ones.

And that was once the home of a high, proud, and puissant English lord! There his haughty queen, the boast of English history, was his guest for seventeen days, with her court! What splendour—what entertainments, what prodigality of wealth—what instruments and means of pleasure—what life and animation—what banquetings, revellings, and mirth within—what sports without—what demonstrations of royalty and princely greatness—have been exhibited there! What a magnificent and perfect thing of human creation *was* that! And what *is* it *now*! So fades the glory of this world! Where is that princely lord? Where is Elizabeth, whom he entertained? Where are they who moved and figured in that extraordinary, protracted, costly, splendid fête? Was it all pure? Was it all without sin?

Desolation has spread its mantle alike over the grounds and over the walls. Silence reigns without and within. History tells us what *has* been there, and Time has written upon it all—how irresistible is his dominion! How great the changes of human society! The change of customs and modes of living! It is instructive—it is melancholy—it is the poetry of history.

WARWICK CASTLE.

Lady Chapel, in St. Mary's Church, of Warwick, is the most remarkable thing of the town—the most remarkable of the kind I have seen in England—a curious, superb, little, young, *chicken* church, lying under the wing of the old one. I should think that Popery, monkery—the virgin genius of Mother Church—had exhausted her own pro-creative energies when that was conceived. It might be supposed the very end—the last little baby of fancy—and that fancy will never try again. I advise all who go to Warwick to see nothing else, and think of nothing else—unless, perchance, it be the castle. There lieth the *king-maker*, the renowned Earl of Warwick; and there lieth the Earl of Leicester. Monks have counted their beads there, and thought, per-

haps, that the eye of Heaven looked upon them. - Certainly no one from this world would have thought to search for them, if he had not been told there was such a place.

The beautiful Avon runs under the town, and on its sweet banks is built that far-famed castle—the house and citadel of the Warwicks. To say that it well deserveth its reputation, is perhaps saying enough—especially when one is tired of castles, and is willing that they who own them should enjoy them. This, however, is by no means a common one. It is the most perfect, the most stately, the most picturesque, the most romantic of its kind in the British Isles. Windsor Castle makes a greater pile; but the king might well resign his own if he could obtain this in barter. The cannon's mouth would laugh at such muniments; but for the age, for the periods to which they belonged, it must indeed have been a strong hiding-place. He who had once entered its gates, and made them fast behind him, might bid defiance to a pursuing foe; he might sleep as quietly as if he had not an enemy in the world. It is indeed a wonderful creation of man. The castle rises, an impregnable wall, directly on the bank of the Avon; and the entire line of state rooms, 330 feet, filled with a countless costliness of furniture, and a richness indescribable, look out on this sweetly-flowing stream, and on the pleasure-grounds and park, which stretch far away to bounds not discoverable. The tops of the cedars of Lebanon, brought and planted there, and majestic as in the land of Israel, whose roots fasten in the crevices of the rocks at the base of the castle, are under its windows. It is a nest fit for kings, high and inaccessible, with nothing but the beauties and glories of creation to look out upon, and all within peace, and quietness, and princely splendour.

The access to the castle, after entering the outer gate, is a long, deep-cut serpentine gallery, spacious enough for a carriage, walled up to heaven by the natural rock out of which it has been blasted, and overhung by the wood.

THE CITY OF YORK.

“Of hoary York, the early throne of state,
Where polish'd Romans sat in high debate;
Where laws and chiefs of venerable rule,
The nobler produce of the Latin school,
Shone forth—we sing.”

Such is the pompous pretension of the guide-book to the City of York. In any thing else but a guide-book—whose ministering services are somewhat akin to those of the donkey, and the brains of their authors, with few exceptions, equally worthy of respect—these lines might possibly strike us as being something not altogether un-apropos.

York is an ancient city built upon the ruins of an ancient

city; and the foundations of its ancient and magnificent cathedral have been set up in the midst of the foundation stones and among the stupendous columns of some other magnificent, but now forgotten, monument of the pride and glory of man. Some recent excavations for the repairs of the minster have exposed the lower sections of the columns of some ancient edifice, standing undisturbed upon their primitive foundations, and in their first architectural relations to each other. Underneath this mighty fabric, the history of which in all its earlier parts can itself with difficulty be traced, you may walk among the ruins of a like and perhaps still greater thing, though distinctly diverse in all its features, and belonging to another cycle of the generations of men, whose history is forgotten. I cannot describe the awe with which I was struck, when, having just received my first impressions on approaching and entering York Cathedral—having compassed the vast building for once, and merely cast a glance upwards now and then as I passed along—having crossed the threshold to its inner and awful spaciousness, and listened for an hour to the solemn chant, the echoing voices of prayer and the word of God, as they lifted, rolled, and multiplied themselves among the many arches above—having seen and learned just enough to know that this great piece of human art could not be known in all its history—it is so old and so infinite—and then to be conducted downward into a subterranean chamber, with just light enough thrown in to show us a forest of columns, standing in their original order and place, as parts of some stupendous structure, whose history is too ancient to have any relation to this other ancient and stupendous building, which now lifts up itself in awful grandeur above these ruins;—no, I can hardly express my sensations at the sight of these subterranean relics, exhibiting such proofs of the art, labour, and expense by which the whole thing, of which they were parts, was created, and of the importance of that generation whose history has principally perished. It seemed as if the builders of this old city, and of this mountain-like cathedral, in the selection of their site, had blundered upon these buried ruins without ever knowing what was under their feet—and that mere accident in this late day had made the discovery. These ruins, thus exposed, are directly under the choir of the Minster.

York Minster, or Cathedral, has been often described, and is justly celebrated, as one of the most stupendous and wonderful architectural monuments in the British dominions. There are many others admirable, but this is awful, and altogether imposing. One cannot see it, cannot go round it, cannot walk within, look up, and survey its wondrous greatness and equally wondrous variety, but he is lost, bewildered in any attempts to conjecture how many cen-

turies it must have occupied, how many hands it must have employed, and how much waste of treasure it must have cost, in building. At one time he imagines it is enough to have occupied all men of all generations. And yet he must know it is a small affair among the rest of the works of human art.

The external of this edifice has so many features, that one who has but little time for observation cannot pretend to be minute in tracing them. He delights to go round and round, and receive the general impressions of every new glance; and to catch now and then the more striking and admirable minutiae. He sees the waste of time even on the rock—how the blasting storms of many centuries have blotted out inscriptions, defaced and transformed the statuary, converted every image into some other image of monstrous shape, and furrowed deeply in every direction the hardest materials that have been drawn from the bowels of the earth. This massive, towering, and stupendous pile has not only become hoary with age, but literally hangs in tatters by the waste of its external decorations.

For all that is *within* it is vain to attempt the declaration of one's respect. Here again a brief inspection must be contented with its general impressions. Even though the awful temple be revisited day after day for no inconsiderable period, there is no diminution, but rather increase of interest. The arches and windows of York Minster can never be seen enough not to wish to see them again.

The positions for the endless and ever-varying perspective are so numerous, that one can never be satisfied with shifting and seeking some fresh delight. While the solemn chant is reciting, and the peals of the loud organ are rolling through the vaults above, the temptation is great to neglect the purposes of devotion, and to walk through the long aisles, to observe the peculiar and impressive effect of the multiplication of the echoes of every note and of every word, as it floats, and rises, and tumbles along from one region to another, until succeeding notes and words, like wave following wave in the sea, attract the attention, and fill up the scope of sensible observation.

It is known that a large part of York Minster was burnt down in February, 1829, by the incendiary torch of a deluded fanatic, who imagined himself commissioned from Heaven to reform the Church of England. He was instructed, it would seem, to begin at the City of York, and in this very striking and impressive way. It happened that the beginning of his work was the end. For the poor fellow was overtaken, and is now atoning for his temerity in the prison of New Bridewell.

This fellow, whose name is Martin, had secreted himself behind a sarcophagus, or some other monument in the ca-

thedral, during the worship of a Sunday afternoon, with instruments and apparatus for striking up a fire. The doors being closed upon him, he went to work at his leisure, selected his own hour of the night, and succeeded but too well in firing the Minster. It would seem impossible, at first sight, to burn such a building. That part of the cathedral, however, which is called the choir, and which is the common place of worship, is a heavy screen of wood (oak), connected with the seats, desks, orchestra, and organ. Even though this should be burnt down, it might ordinarily be expected that the fire would then stop—inasmuch as it is so isolated from the rest of the building. But it seems it did not stop. By the incendiary's own confession, he collected books and cushions, and piled them up in the bishop's throne, or cathedra, as being the more proper place to commence his destruction of the kingdom of antichrist. Having seen the fire in good and certain progress, he broke through one of the north windows of the transept, let himself down, and escaped. The fire advanced slowly, burning all night, and was not discovered till at a late hour the next morning, when a part of the roof having fallen in, the smoke was seen rising and clouding over the Minster, and the melancholy event was too manifest. The choir, the organ, and nearly the whole of the building east of the transept and within the walls, had become a heap of ruins. The transept and the nave remained uninjured—except that parts of them were badly smoked. The massive columns were extensively dissolved, and large chips and fragments of them tumbled down by the effect of heat, and by the concussions of the falling roof. Some of the most valuable and most interesting of the monuments, erected in honour of the ancient dead, were broken and crumbled in the common ruin. The lead, which supported the small panes of those vast and painted windows, executed in such exquisite and inimitable perfection, melted away, and dissolved irrecoverably the fair and fantastic vision. The altar and the throne (throne of the Archiepiscopal See) were literally burnt to the ground—all that was consumable—and the rest was covered with ashes, and defaced by the fallen ruins.

This immense mischief, however, is principally repaired, and the glory of the latter house is likely to be greater than the glory of the former, except that the marks of its antiquity in these portions are necessarily lost, and many of the most beautiful and venerable monuments are buried in irrecoverable ruin. The new organ is said to be the greatest in the world. It was in use in 1832, and by this time is probably finished. I saw pipes setting up there which seemed large enough, when the muttering thunders should roll through them, to shake the foundations of the earth.

Taking this building all in all, regarding its history and its

architectural beauties and magnificence, looking at its minute as well as its grander features, within and without, by close inspection and in distant prospect, it is altogether a most imposing and most wonderful structure. The farther the spectator recedes on the plain, or rises on the distant hills, the greater it appears. It is 526 feet long, and the cross or transept is 222 feet. The elevation of the central or lantern tower, which was intended as a mere basis of a structure never yet executed, is 200 feet. Its measurement across, being square, is 65 feet. The great east window is 75 feet high and 32 broad. The chapter-house holds a like relation to the main building, as a lobster's claw to his body. The northern aspect, and the two northern towers, are remarkable for the multiplication (almost innumerable) and the perfection of the carved work, and all manner of historical, legendary, heathenish, and monstrous imagery, which is thrown upon the surface, set in the niches, run in the tracery, and made to stick out at all points and angles;—and one of the best things is, that the hand of time has worn off some of the ugliest features of these monstrous shapes—they seem so incongruously adjoined to what was set up for the house of God. It is a noble and an awful front, however.

York is entirely surrounded by a wall, which is now being repaired. There is also in the city a famous ancient tower (Clifford's), at this time enclosed by the walls of a new and formidable castle, built for a prison.

The ruins of St. Mary's Abbey are the purest of the kind, and make a most advantageous show, from the manner and circumstances under which they are preserved. A range of beautiful elms has grown up on the exterior of these walls, which throw over their pendent branches, so that the slightest breeze waves them along the wall and across the lancet-arched windows, presenting an ever-moving scene—a continuously dancing image before the eye, of a most peculiar and romantic character.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

Is distinguished for its lofty spire, 410 feet; for the purity and uniformity of its architecture, external and internal; and for the warped condition of the columns of masonry which support the tower and spire, under the amazing weight that rests upon them. That columns of wood, being fibrous, should bend and spring by a superincumbent pressure, would not be strange; but that masonry should do so, and yet not fall, is certainly remarkable. It is frightful to stand at the feet of these columns, to think of the weight resting upon them, and then look up and observe each of them bending ready to be crushed. The only reason why it is presumed they will remain, is because they have already endured for ages under the same appearances. An

extra fixture has been thrown in for protection, interposing a monstrous blemish in the perspective of the transept. Aside from this, the pure Gothic of the entire edifice constitutes one of the rarest beauties of the kind in the British Isles. It was built in the thirteenth century—the spire having been since added, the top of which inclines 22 inches from a perpendicular line, in consequence of the warping of its supports. An old man, between seventy and eighty, has been accustomed to ascend once in a twelvemonth for many years to oil the weather-vane. He gets out at a window a few feet below the top, scrambles like a squirrel by some iron network at the giddy elevation of four hundred feet, performs his office, and descends with all the self-possession of a sailor.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

IN company with a friend from London—to whom I am indebted for much hospitality, and many acts of friendship not to be forgotten, and who was one of my first, most constant, and best friends while I was in England—I went, in 1832, to the Isle of Wight, to tread upon that beautiful gem of the ocean. The whole coast of England may be said to be lined with steam-vessels. It is hardly possible to get out of sight of them on any of the waters which begird those isles. The principal ports of the Isle of Wight, Ryde on the east, Cowes on the north, and Yarmouth on the west, are constantly alive with these smoking and dashing engines, connecting the island with the nearer and more remote ports on the mainland. Portsmouth, Ryde, Cowes, and Southampton, make a circle, which are visited by a constant succession of steamboats almost every hour in the day, carrying and dropping passengers, as they run to and from this inviting retreat. In summer and autumn it is a most animating scene, the island being one of the great resorts for health and pleasure.

We ran down Southampton Bay in a pretty style, gazing with delight on the shores, villas, gardens, and the mansions of noblemen, as they successively opened upon us and receded in their turn to give place to other interesting objects of the moving panorama; and then dashed across the sound into the safe, commodious, and beautiful harbour of Cowes, which is near midway the island on the north side, furnishing a most secure haven for shipping. The town is a fine object, running up from the shore to the elevated grounds, and losing itself among the rich and waving foliage

of the trees. The harbour divides it into nearly equal portions, and gradually contracts into the little river of Medina, which admits small vessels five miles to Newport, the capital of the island, with a population of 6,000. Between Newport and Cowes is a town of barracks, sufficient to accommodate a small army, but vacant of course in these times of peace.

Carisbrook Castle, standing on an eminence one mile west of Newport, is an old and interesting ruin; was the prison-house of Charles I.; from the lofty walls of which is surveyed one of the most enchanting landscape visions which the eye ever beheld. The Isle of Wight, 20 miles long and 10 broad, with a coast of 60, is a garden of the highest cultivation, and rolled up into the most irregular and fantastic undulations of easy and gentle slopes, presenting the softest and richest views from every quarter. The keep of Carisbrook Castle is one of the most advantageous positions to enjoy them. There is a remarkable well in this castle, 300 feet deep, worked through a solid rock, 90 feet of which is filled with the purest water from the spring which was found at the bottom. Of course the measurement from the top to the surface of the water is 210 feet. The governor's house and the old chapel are kept in tolerable repair, although religious service has ceased in the sanctuary for fifty years, except for the sole purpose of swearing the Mayor of Newport into office. I might add, that the tilting arena in the castle is now used as an archery by the nobility and gentry visiting the island. This ancient custom is getting to be the fashionable amusement in England, in which male and female unite for the trial and perfection of their skill. For those who have nothing to do but to kill time, it is perhaps one of the most innocent and healthful exercises. I cannot imagine, however, that the bow and arrow are likely to supersede powder and shot, either for the sports of the chase or the more grave encounters of the field of battle. More likely, perhaps, that steam will supplant both. As yet, Perkins's steam-gun remains daily a thing of exhibition for the curious in the British National Gallery of Practical Science, West Strand, London.

I had not imagined, in passing over the delightful vales, and crossing the easy hills of the Isle of Wight, that there remained so sublime and awful a termination of the scene as the lofty and frowning cliffs which bound the southern shore, which say to the bold advances of the mountain-wave—"Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther," and which are the terror of the tempest-tossed mariner, as well as the eternal barrier of the ocean. These are indeed a majestic scene, and show the mighty hand of their Maker. They are fit to look upon the boundless expanse of the mighty waters which lie before them, and come dashing their waves and wasting

their energies at the base of this unshaken wall. And yet it is not altogether unshaken. A soft foundation has yielded to the wear of ages, and these stupendous, craggy, and lowering cliffs have again and again bowed themselves, and spread along this shore the shapeless ruins of their fall, as sublime in their aspects as the lofty walls they have left behind them. It happened that my companion and myself walked over one of these slides one evening, which came down in 1799, and brought more than a hundred acres of the beautiful land from above; and as we laboured along over the crude ruins and shapeless masses, we were ignorant of the event which had occasioned them. Notwithstanding it is more than thirty years since, the apparent freshness of the violence struck us with amazement, and made us absolutely fearful lest it should prove that the gaping fissures over which we were compelled to stride, and the abrupt juttings of earth and rock which interrupted our march, were the work of that very hour, and the next moment we should feel the chaos heaving and rolling under our feet. We hastened onward, and ruin faced us still, and thickened in our prospect! "What is this! What is this!" we involuntarily and simultaneously exclaimed.

Our amazement did not cease till we had returned to our lodgings, and were made acquainted with the secret. For nine miles in uninterrupted succession east, the *under cliff*, as it is called, is all made by the same cause, but so old as to be beyond the memory of man; and small farms, romantic villas, and the tasteful mansions of the rich, are planted all along these shapeless ruins, housed from the northern blasts by the overhanging cliffs, lifted up midway from the sea towards those upper regions, exposed to the genial influences of the sun when it shines in its mildness, and to the peltings of the ocean storm when it beats upon the shore. At one time there is repose, at another the terrible howlings of the tempest. Here it may be said—man has built his nest among the rocks, worked the wreck of nature's convulsions into beautiful and enchanting disorder, and dressed these deformities in living verdure.

The cliffs on the southern shore of the Isle of Wight range from three to six hundred feet in elevation, the highest parts of them being about seven hundred feet. The occupancy and cultivation of the under cliff, which is generally about half the height of the upper one, and composed of its ruins, constitute a singular beauty, and demonstrate what may be effected by the hand of man, not only for the gratification of his taste, but for profit, as many of these grounds make excellent and productive farms and gardens. They are in some parts a quarter of a mile wide, and in one place there is the village and parish of St. Lawrence—the church being a great singularity, twenty feet by twelve in

its area, six feet from the lower edge of the roof, but in all respects perfect, with Gothic windows, painted glass, pulpit, reading-desk, pews, altar, bell, &c.—every part constructed on a proportionate scale, and habitually occupied as a place of public worship.

The Needles, like the Icebergs, shooting up their sharp points towards heaven, presenting their awful fronts, jutting out their acute angles into the sea, and, like the Icebergs, the dread of the mariner, are at the southwestern extremity of the island.

On a second visit to the Isle of Wight, in the summer of 1834, in company with another friend, with whom I had the privilege and happiness to lodge the last fifteen months of my residence in London, whose memory is dearer to me than that of any other man, and a sense of whose virtues will live in my heart while I have being, I made the following notes at our lodgings in Ryde:—

Warren Cottage stands in one of the sweetest places of this charming town. It is situated in the centre of a plane inclined towards the east, the bulk of the town being on a corresponding declivity to the north. At the foot of this plane is a flat lowland of about one hundred acres, called Monk's Meads, a few feet above the tide, redeemed from the sea, or from which the sea is supposed to have retired. They are now making hay in this bottom under my eye—a pretty scene. On the rising ground beyond, about half a mile, I see the white frocks of six mowers, swinging the scythe with a simultaneous stroke. Over the tops of Appley Wood, in the same direction with the mowers, are the full-spread sails of an India ship, leaving the roadstead under easy sail. A little to the left, and almost twenty miles across the water, is Chichester Cathedral. Further still to the left are Portsmouth and Gosport, with the lines of fortifications on either side of the entrance to the harbour, and a forest of whitewashed stumps (mainmasts) of the ships of war lying in ordinary. The apparently circular line of England's shore, defined by the reflected rays of the sun from the shingle (pebbles) on the beach, with the dark line of verdure above, and an indistinct range of higher ground far beyond, stretches before my eye some 30 or 40 miles towards Brighton, till it sinks beneath the horizon, or is merged in a smoky atmosphere. Returning to nearer objects, Appley House and wood, immediately on the shore, and within a mile, with their various features, are a grateful scene. Rising still to the right, and crowning the hill, is St. John's Place, the seat of Sir Richard Simeon, M. P., a Jew, as I am informed, and as his name might import. His title, however, as I suppose, comes by Gentile connexions, and by accommodating his Jewish faith to paganized Christian names. His seat is good enough, either for a Christian or a Jew; and

I, for one, am much obliged to him for the pleasure it affords me in looking at it. It is one of the most desirable places in the vicinity of Ryde.

Ryde is the beauty of Wight, and one of the pleasantest watering-places and summer resorts of the very many which the coasts of the British islands afford. It is a town of 4,000 residents, having in addition, at the visiting season, from 1,000 to 2,000, principally from London. It lies on an inclined plane, on the north side of the island, towards its eastern extremity, directly opposite Portsmouth, of which, as well as Gosport, and an extended line of the southern shore of the mainland, it commands a perfect view. The famous roadstead, Spithead, is before this town, where we have a constant scene of the coming in and going out of shipping *from* and *to* all parts of the world. Even while I am writing this line, an English frigate is coming to anchor before my eyes, having fired a salute as she rounded the eastern point of the island, and is now receiving a return-salute from the flag-ship *Victory*, in Portsmouth harbour, on the decks of which Nelson ordered his last naval battle, and obtained his last victory; and from my window I hear her guns, and see the volumes of smoke ascend. It is about five miles distant across the channel, called the Solent Sea, separating the island from the mainland.

Ryde differs from most English towns in not being crowded in a heap on narrow streets—is well built—rural in its aspects—the whole constituting a great perfection of convenience and of taste. There is a pier running out into the Solent Sea one third of a mile, at the extremity of which steamers are hourly arriving and departing, connecting this town with Portsmouth, Southampton, Cowes, Lymington, and other near ports. There is probably no country in the world that supports so many public watering-places, and other points of resort for pleasure and health, as England. The entire circle of the island is lined with places built almost exclusively for this object, furnishing every allurement of convenience and luxury. The inland watering-places are also numerous, and in the appropriate season crowded; such as Bath, Cheltenham, Tunbridge Wells, Leamington, Harrogate, &c. That so many towns and villages can be well supported, and rise from year to year in their importance and magnitude, as mere resorts of pleasure, is a notable proof of the wealth of the nation, and of the high degree of independence which a large share of the population enjoys.

ON A STILL DAY.

London, the place of eternal smoke and fog, where the sun and stars are never seen in their glory; where the rumbling of wheels and the tramping of horses never cease by day or night, Sundays or week-days; where the Sabbath

morning sees the pleasure-seeking world pouring out to the country, and the evening witnesses their return, while all the public promenades and parks teem with countless floods of immortal beings; London, that great and noisy Babylon, is to me as if it were not. I cannot realize its existence; I almost forget that I have ever been there. I find myself planted in the midst of a deep and solemn repose—which seems like the repose of the universe. The dark blue sea, that stretches out before me on the east, is at rest; the winds are at rest; the ships in the roadstead, and every boat that lies on the water, are at rest; the clouds seem to be at rest; the road below, and the rising grounds beyond, with a grove, are at rest: the stretched-out line of the coast of England, in the distance, with its towns and villages, its cliffs of chalk, and a cathedral spire, all lie in silent repose; this little town and its inhabitants seem to be all at rest; no bustle, no rolling of carriages, no running to and fro. How different—gratefully, sweetly different from the London world. I did not think it were possible to be transplanted so suddenly into circumstances so widely at variance in the effects they produce upon the mind—from the great centre of human society, where there is no Sabbath externally, to a remote scene where the Sabbath seems perpetual.

ANOTHER DAY.

If I had not witnessed a scene to spoil the pleasures of the day, I should have been in excellent mood to record some of the agreeable impressions I had received in a seaside walk towards the eastern extremity of the island, to a little hamlet called Sea View, about three miles from Ryde, returning by an inland route of four miles—making a circuit of seven. But just as I had descended the hill, and passed the porter's lodge at St. John's Place, near town, I discovered a crowd of rustics occupying the road a few rods before me, apparently in an earnest and somewhat noisy conference. There were perhaps a dozen men, old and young. At the moment, as I came up, two of them stood face to face, like fighting-cocks, fending and menacing by signs and words, one of them saying—"I'll out with your eyes;" and the other stoutly replying—"Do it." They appeared to be about twenty years old. I had scarcely passed when the battle began.

Boxing is a science in England, and men devote themselves to it professionally. The lower orders of the English have a notable taste for fighting. Except with the parties who give and take the bruises, it is a public sport, as much as horse-racing and fox-hunting. In all the lower ranks of life, whenever a trifling dispute occurs between any two individuals, old or young, down even to boys of ten and six

years old, a ring is immediately formed, and every possible incitement is employed to set them on. The ring is the jury, and the executive authority, to see that the rules of boxing, &c. are fairly kept between the parties. This panning of a jury is an indirect and singular proof that all this part of the community understand the rules—as is a matter of fact—and they have a great delight in seeing them well kept.

I never before came into such intimate contact with a scene of this kind. The crowd filled the road, and the combatants were fairly pelting each other as I came upon them. I was surprised to find, that instead of being shocked, these rustics were amused; instead of endeavouring to separate and pacify the antagonists, they considered it their part to order fair play, and to stimulate them to do their best. Grave men were there, who were doubtless husbands and fathers, and who, but for being seen in that place and thus employed, might have been thought fit to act the part of jurors at the king's assizes, and who very likely had performed that duty. And yet they seemed as much interested and animated by this scene as any young fellow that was there. The combat was so earnest, and the knocks so rude and violent as I passed, that mere anxiety and sympathy for them, as sufferers, involuntarily arrested my steps, and forced me, at the distance of a rod or two, to look round on this novel and strange sight. After a few moments' pounding of each other, they were encouraged by the lookers-on, the jurors, to rest; and two men stepped forward, each offering his knee to a combatant, and their arms to hold them up. After giving them a little space to breathe, they set them on again, and cheered them. I felt a powerful impulse to interfere; but a moment's reflection instructed me that I might as well have put my hand between two fighting bears. The second round—which I believe is the scientific term—the blood streamed from the nostrils of one of them, and he staggered, and fell into the arms of one that caught him, and assisted him to rest upon his knee for a renewal of the conflict. None of them seemed frightened at the sight of blood; but some one dipped his handkerchief in the rill by the side of the road, and attempted to wash the blood from his face; but it flowed faster than he could wipe it away. All seemed to enjoy the sport; and made their criticisms upon the manner in which it was conducted. In a moment they were set on again, till one was knocked down. He was picked up and held till his face was washed from the blood that covered it, and they were pushed at each other again, and cheered on, when one of them could hardly stand, and he was knocked down a second time; helped up, and knocked down again; and again; till by some law, unknown to me, the battle was ended, when both the parties might have been killed by the

violence inflicted on each other. It was indeed a frightful scene—barbarous—brutal. I have no apology, nor can I account for the fact, that I stopped even a moment to witness it. I was taken by surprise; I was anxious; I was afraid they would kill each other; I tried several times to go; then turned about under the impression that I ought to interfere. But before I could decide to go, or what to do, the affair was brought to a close. It was obviously an accidental quarrel; and the spectators seemed to enjoy it very much. I should have pronounced them in other circumstances sober Isle-of-Wight men, of the class of common labourers. It was an unexpected, singular, and painful exhibition—a relic of a barbarous age—an anomalous accident in the present state of civilization and refinement—a prodigious incongruity under the blazing light and softening influence of Christianity.

But I must not forget that which is more agreeable. A large moiety of the pleasant winding shore, from Ryde to Sea View, is built up into a strong stone wall, in front of the several estates which border on the sea, and directly in the line of high tide. These walls are compact pieces of masonry; composed of large blocks of stone, bound together with water cement, as firm and immovable, apparently, as a native and undisturbed quarry. This artificial line of wall seems to say to the sea, which dashes against its base—"Here shall thy proud waves be stayed." It constitutes a pleasant terrace promenade, and is a great convenience to the meditative stroller, if he does not forget where he is, in his poetic absorptions, and walk into the sea. There are several enchanting estates, mansions, and villas along this shore, among which is St. Clair, belonging to Lord Vernon.

But we find pleasure and pain where we least expect it. I set out for a seashore ramble—was in *pursuit* of gratification from that specific source. Invoke and pursue pleasure, and it takes wings and cannot be found. The tide was up and covered the beach; a hot sun beat upon the shore; I became fatigued in picking my way over the pointed rocks, climbing the bank, and getting down again; and arrived at Sea View at last with little relish for the promised vision.

But before long I plunged into one of the narrow winding roads of the Isle of Wight, to return by an inland route, fenced by an uninterrupted hedge on either side; shaded here and there by a range, or a grove of elms and various shrubbery, perpetually rising or descending the undulated surface, swollen often to hills, exhibiting their highly-cultivated sides, marked with the frequent hedge, and studded with farmhouses, barns, clusters of hay-ricks, villas, and more superb mansions; occasional peeps of the inland sea, specked with sails, and of sections of the mainland, opening and closing as I passed along; a narrow road, scarcely a rod wide, and ever devious, like the track of a serpent, so

that one can rarely see twenty rods either way from the point he occupies, except as a break in the lines of hedge by which he is walled, or their accidental depression, will enable him to steal his more extended prospects; a declining sun casting the long shadows of the hills over the vales and on the opposite sides of other hills, and making deeply dark the copses of wood in the west, while it reflected a golden light from those in the east; the labourers in the field, cultivating the soil and gathering the crops; the cattle and sheep in the pastures, rising from the shades to feed again; the country squire and his family enjoying their evening ride, and bowing to the nobleman's carriage as it passes by; the humble farmer and his little daughters in their holyday dress, returning from a visit, or going to make one, the youngest leading the obedient family dog by a string, unconscious that there is any thing better in the world than that which they enjoy; all quiet—all happy—all at peace with earth and heaven—as would seem.

There was no sense of fatigue in such a walk, though it was four miles long, at the end of a previous three. There is nothing in England, nothing in the world like the Isle of Wight. But at the end of this, I was doomed to see two barbarians pound each other half, if not quite, to death, in the midst of a large circle of other barbarians, cheering them on, and exulting at the sport.

THE ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1834.

THE immense assembly, full of expectancy, had risen to receive in silence the king and queen, with their retinue, as they entered the Abbey, and occupied the royal box and the adjoining compartments. It was a grand and brilliant sight. The fitting up of the Abbey had been so arranged, that from all parts the views and various perspective of the assembly, as well as of the internal of that magnificent edifice, were intensely absorbing.

The first burst of music was the union of the full power of 402 voices and 231 instruments, in all 633 performers, in the Coronation Anthem: "Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king; and all the people rejoiced and said, God save the king! long live the king! may the king live for ever! Hallelujah. Amen."

The whole assembly listened to this standing. I confess I was not prepared for such a beginning. It was tremendous; it was awful; it was overpowering. My nervous

system was shaken. There were several passages in the anthem, under the performance of which, being thus taken by surprise, I became exceedingly anxious, lest I should be driven thoroughly out of my senses. It seemed as if the performers themselves had run wild in ecstasy, and that we should all be left crazy in a heap. Sir George Smart's roll of white paper, however, the visible symbol which regulated the whole, continued to wave in his hand, and beat the time, for the confirmation of our faith that he at least was right, and thus restore us to our senses.

Verily, I had no conception that the combination of any number whatever of human voices and of musical instruments could produce such an effect. The Hallelujah and Amen produced the sensation of fatigue and exhaustion—because of high and intense emotion—and we were all, as I believe, glad to sit down and rest.

Immediately came the Introduction of Haydn's Creation, in a solo recitative, by Mr. Bellamy: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth; and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

This Mr. Bellamy took part in the performances at the festival of 1784. He was one of the king's chorister-boys at that time, and his life has been devoted to the profession of music. He is a base singer of high character. In the doing of this part he was evidently embarrassed. His situation was peculiar. He was the first that appeared in a solo before this imposing assembly, on an occasion which heretofore has occurred but once in an age; and leading in so important a production as Haydn's Creation. He was not, as they say, "in good voice." There were moral considerations which rendered it next to impossible that he should be perfectly self-possessed. He could not leave out of sight the part he took in that very place 50 years before; it was natural for him to think, "Where shall I be 50 years to come?"—He faltered; I was afraid he would stop. The audience sympathized with him, and he, notwithstanding, acquitted himself well. In his subsequent parts he had more nerve, and was firm.

To make music descriptive requires great genius, unless the subjects are naturally adapted. It often requires no little of imagination to assist the compositor. For example, in the chorus—"And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters: and God said, Let there be light, and there was light." The chief power of description was here spent upon the last passage—"Let there be light, and there was light." The universal darkness and confusion of chaos being imagined, that music alone should force us to see light spring up on the face of the deep, and render this darkness and confusion visible, is not, to say the least, very natural.

'Light' is the substantive word, and all the force of Haydn's genius was directed to make the repetitions and combinations of the music so to bear upon this monosyllable, as to compel us to feel that there *was* light—to make it first sparkle, and then blaze from the Creator's fiat. Chaos being first described, and being before the mind,—Light—light—light—breaks upon the ear, in the midst of so many combinations, and with such increasing and overwhelming power, till the wide, unformed creation is all *illuminated*;—nay, not simply illuminated, but in a *blaze*!

Before this light—

"Affrighted, fled hell's spirits back in throngs;
Down they sink in the deep abyss
To endless night."

Then the chorus:—

"Despairing, cursing rage attends their rapid fall,
A new-created world springs up at God's command."

The first line of this couplet, it will be seen, ought to present a character of expression entirely different from the second, the chief power of which would rest on the words "despairing" and "cursing." The ideas conveyed in these terms are not difficult to be expressed in music, and were well and powerfully done. The succession and contrast were beautiful and sublime:—

"A new-created world springs up at God's command."

After a solo by a female voice, sweet and commanding—

"The marvellous work beholds amazed
The glorious hierarchy of heaven—"

one may imagine—or rather, I should say, try in vain to conceive—the effect of the grand chorus of voices and instruments:—

"Again the ethereal vaults resound
The praise of God and of the second day."

But I must not claim the attention of my readers for a particular account of this amazing performance. I cannot forbear, however, to distinguish two or three other passages; and while I do it, I feel rebuked with the thought that distinction here is injustice. It seems, however, as if the satisfaction with which I revert to any of these parts, and mention them to others, would be enjoyed by them.

The chorus proclaiming the third day—

"Awake the harp, the lyre awake,
In triumph sing the mighty Lord;
For he the heavens and earth
Hath clothed in stately dress,"

was grand.

Mr. Braham (Abraham, a Jew) is the greatest singer in

Great Britain, perhaps the greatest in the world. After his *recitative*—

“In splendour bright is rising now the sun,
And darts his rays;” &c.

and the corresponding passage of Scripture, the chorus again burst upon us with overwhelming power :—

“The heavens are telling the glory of God :
The wonder of his work displays the firmament—”

alternated some several times by a trio.

The solo—

“On mighty pens the eagle wings
Her lofty way through air sublime,” &c.

was exceedingly enchanting.

The following chorus was awfully grand, and well suited to the completion of the work of Creation :—

“Achieved is the glorious work ;
Our songs let be the praise of God ;
Glory to his name for ever ;
He sole on high exalted reigns.
Hallelujah.”

A scene in Paradise concludes the Oratorio.

DUET—*Adam and Eve.*

“Graceful consort at thy side,
Softly fly the golden hours.
Every moment brings new rapture.
Every care is put to rest.
Spouse adored, at thy side
Purest joys o’erflow the heart.
Life and all its powers are thine,
My reward thy love shall be.

The dew-dropping morn, O how she quickens all !
The coolness of even, O how she all restores !
How grateful is of fruits the savour sweet !
How pleasing is of fragrant bloom the smell !
But, without thee, what is to me the morning dew,
The breath of even, the savoury fruit, the fragrant bloom ?

With thee is every joy enhanced,
With thee delight is ever new.
With thee is life incessant bliss,
Thine, thine it whole shall be.”

RECIT.—*Uriel.*

“O favour’d pair, still happy in your love,
Live and be blest ! but first of all,
Him, whom to love is to obey,
With reverence seek and holy fear.”

CHORUS.

“Praise the Lord of earth and sky,
Utter songs of adoration,
Heav’n and earth and all creation,
Sound Jehovah’s praise on high.

The lord is great, his praise shall last for aye. Amen.”

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

The bill for the fourth and last performance of the Great Musical Festival was headed, "*By command of her Majesty. Handel's Sacred Oratorio, 'THE MESSIAH.'*"

This was the only piece performed on the occasion. It occupied just four hours, from 12 o'clock till 4. The other performances occupied from three and a half to four hours, each commencing at twelve, or as soon after as the king and queen arrived. "The Messiah" was the most attractive, and brought together the most imposing assembly, although they were all sufficiently remarkable in this particular. The Abbey was completely filled at half past 9 o'clock, the *reserved* seats excepted, which were numbered, and waited in abeyance to the owners of tickets. The choice of the *unreserved* seats was so considerable as to occasion a great rush for a preference, and people were willing to wait from two to three hours before the commencement of the performance, and to sit four hours afterward, to gain such an advantage. The orchestra began to fill about half past 10, and at 11 the loud and solemn organ filled the entire Abbey with its various notes and thundering peals, rolling through the lofty arches, for the purpose of drowning the tuning of the instruments—its own notes being the standard. The amazing power of the organ could only be appreciated at this time, as in the performance it was a mere accompaniment. It was capable of drowning the choir itself. As the voice is an instrument which God has made, and is always in tune, it was not raised at this time. Although the *artificial* instruments were all at work during the hour of tuning, scarcely one of them was heard. Even their discords were drowned by an art which the organist had in creating other discords, at the same time that he kept up the notes necessary for the tuning of the other instruments. This discordant and tremendous jargon was itself an interesting exhibition. At times, it seemed as if it would carry away the roof and break down the walls of the vast edifice. From 11 to 12, the *reserved* seats were all filled, and precisely at noon the king and queen made their entrance, and the *overture* commenced.

The order of the classification of Scripture in the Messiah is historical, comprehending as nearly as possible the entire work of redemption, from the beginning to the consummation of all things. First, the prophetic announcement; next, the nativity and character of the Messiah; thirdly, his sufferings; fourthly, his triumphs and return to heaven; fifthly, the publication of the gospel; and lastly, the resurrection of the dead and his state in heaven with the redeemed.

I will only notice a few passages. Distinction would be injustice, if it were to be understood that every part was not intensely absorbing.

The passage beginning, "O thou that tellest good tidings," &c., ending with "Arise, shine," &c., being a chorus, was transporting.

But never—never shall I forget the part, "For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called"—Ah, what!—so *wonderful* was the transition at this point—so overpowering was the burst of every voice and every instrument, with the full power of each and all combined, as they passed from the previous soft and often repeated strains, as if they could never leave them, till at last, when expectation was spent, and the soul made contented to remain rapt in the harmonies by which it was enchained, heaven itself seemed suddenly, in an instant, to have opened its portals, pouring its full and inexpressible exclamation down to earth:—"Wonderful!"—"Counsellor!"—"The mighty God!"—"The Everlasting Father!"—"The Prince of Peace!"—And over, and over, and over again, they dwelt upon the peal, as if they had got to their everlasting home—as if nothing could draw them away. Then back they returned:—"For unto us a child is born," &c.—that they might fall again, with higher ecstasies, on the more delightful theme—"Wonderful!"—and each time they passed the mighty transition, it was no less amazing, but the more so; the wonder increased.

Nothing but that inimitable pastoral symphony which followed, assisted by every instrument in the band, and yet so soft and soothing that one might easily imagine it was distant and heavenly music, softened by the length of its passage—nothing else could possibly have let us down, without violence, from those sublime ethereal regions into which we had been raised. I had often, a thousand times, thought, that the simple eloquence of this passage, as it presents itself to the *eye* on the sacred page, could never be improved. But He that formed the *eye* made also the *ear*. He gave us no faculty in vain. He that seemed "all glorious," as his names had been *read*, is more glorious and more wonderful when his "Wonderful" names are *sung*. As if his glory had been concealed, the curtain was now withdrawn, and it seemed to burst upon us in all its fulness!

What a preparation for the strain—"There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo! the angel of the Lord," &c.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly hosts, praising God, and saying:

GRAND CHORUS.

"Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, goodwill towards men!"

In the passage representing the sufferings of Christ, heav-

en and the universe seemed wrapped in a deep, portentous gloom!

Then came the triumph, by the principal singers, and semi-chorus: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates," &c., until they came to the last clause: "He is the King of glory;" which burst upon us in full chorus, in strains so loud and triumphant, and so long protracted, as to compel us to share in the victory!

The passage commonly called the "Hallelujah chorus,"—"Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world has become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever. King of kings, and Lord of lords. HALLELUJAH!" rose so high above all the rest, that language is utterly inadequate to express the difference. The "King of kings! and Lord of lords!" was worthy of a better world than this; and the final "Hallelujah," enough, one would think, to fill the arches of heaven, as if it were sung by the universe in separate worlds, each world a separate choir, and each choir regardless of every other in their movements, and rivalling all in their efforts to render praise!

When they came to the final passage, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his blood—to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."—"Blessing and honour, and glory and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne; and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever, Amen"—the king and queen and all the assembly rose. The effect was electrical and sublime. It seemed most suitable. It would have been profane to remain seated. It was a doxology never to be forgotten. The "Amen" continued long and loud, reiterated in a thousand varying forms, as if by ten thousand voices unwilling to close the song.

THE KING'S LEVEE AND THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

THE difference between a levee and drawing-room is, that the former is held by the king, at which he receives delegates from public corporations for any purpose they may have in view, whether to profess their respect and attachment to his person and government, or to petition for any acts of grace at his hands, or any other lawful object; to receive the members of his government and the various officers of state in a social manner; to admit into his immediate presence, and be honoured with the respects of, all for-

eign ambassadors resident at his court; to honour distinguished strangers that may be presented; to give access into his presence to the various orders of nobility and to distinguished commoners, to officers of the army and navy, to bishops and clergy, and to such other men of eminence as may be entitled to this privilege, on account of their rank, or public service, or distinction as travellers, men of letters, science, arts, &c. A levee is not a fête, but a social interview—a great state pageant—a momentary display of royal magnificence—for the confluence of all that is great, splendid, and gorgeous around the throne of earthly majesty—for the concentration of great men in their best dress and show in an hour of leisure. Nor is the occasion merely social. Privileges are solicited by public corporations, and bestowed; honours and dignities conferred upon individuals; favours granted; and such other acts of condescension, grace, and courtesy rendered, as are consonant with the exercise of the best feelings of the various and high relations grouped on such an occasion. From the levee the queen and all her sex are excluded. It is held about once a week during the session of parliament, like that of our president at the City of Washington, though there is some difference between the two things.

The drawing-room is ostensibly held by the queen, and is always the next day after a levee, though not so frequent. There is all the difference between a levee and a drawing-room, which the presence of the female sex, with a queen at their head, themselves queenlike in dress and bearing, can impart to such an assemblage, convened in the most magnificent apartments, where hosts of men and women, arrayed in the richest apparel that earth and its treasures can afford, float along in crowds—borne to the place in the equipage of princes, pouring in columns into the palace of a king, where the sword and epaulet, stars and ribands, the ermine and mitre, the sparkling of precious stones and the waving of plumes, mingle together in a sea of splendour, which might admonish one that the gorgeous fabrics and rich gems of the east had combined with the arts of the west to pour into one centre all the magic of their created beauty and effulgence.

Both the one and the other are great state occasions, principally for social purposes; and yet not social in the sense of a close intimacy; but for that intercourse, where mind acts on mind in agreeable and easy circumstances of the greatest possible display of this world's wealth, and of state splendour—where all the means of this species of excitement converge to one focus, fire the mind to purposes of ambition, and stir up the affections to a vague intensity after some imaginary good, supposed to be connected with these distinctions. It is understood to be *court effect* in the sense

of stage or theatrical effect. It is show—as my friend said—“an *apparition*.” And it is something more than an apparition. There is magic in it, indeed, but it is the magic of reality. To distinguish it from other social occasions, it is a state machinery for state purposes. In these circumstances men feel that they are related to each other by high, mysterious, and undefinable ties. And one who had seen it all—and seen it too in its greatest splendour—incribed upon it, “vanity of vanities—all is vanity.”

Court etiquette renders to resident ambassadors special honour. They have precedence in all things, not only as guests, and as being entitled to the rites of hospitality, but because it is the interest of one government to pay respect to the representatives of others with whom they have friendly relations. To go to court with an ambassador, and to be presented by him, is to go under the greatest advantages; it is to receive all the honour which royal courtesy pays to a nation in amity. The ambassador (and in the absence of a minister the *chargé d'affaires* acts in that capacity) always has what is called the *entré* for state occasions, which is a privileged ticket, goes to the palace by a select route, his carriage drives into the ambassadors' court, he is admitted by the portrait-gallery, and joins the diplomatic corps in the ambassadors' anteroom, in company with princes, dukes, noblemen of distinction, and high officers of government. Ambassadors are the first admitted into the royal presence, and it is expected that they will wait around the throne, or near the person of the king or the queen, during the ceremonies of a levee or drawing-room. To be presented by an ambassador, therefore, is to participate in all his rights of precedence—and to enjoy the benefit of that information which he is capable of giving of persons and transactions.

Having made all necessary arrangements, and received suitable hints, I repaired to the residence of Mr. Vail, our *chargé d'affaires* at the court of St. James, by whose politeness I was presented to the king and queen. At a quarter before 2 o'clock we stepped into his carriage, drove down Bond-street, across Piccadilly, into St. James's-street, where the usual crowd had assembled in the vicinity of the palace; and we were soon whirled into the ambassadors' court, where carriages were arriving in rapid succession, and letting down persons of distinction. Immediately before us was the carriage of Prince Talleyrand. We waited, of course, till he had alighted, which, with him, in the decrepitude of his age, and the goutiness of one of his feet, is not so easy or expeditious a matter. By the kind assistance, however, of the many hands that were ready to serve him, he was out on the pavement in a reasonable time. Ourselves, more sprightly, were soon at his heels. Out of respect to him, and quite to my own gratification, we kept

hanging on his rear, and waited for the slowness of his movements up the broad stairway, and around into the portrait-gallery. Having arrived in the centre of the gallery, the prince stopped and wrote his own name on a blank card at the table of the reporter. We left ours at the same moment, and followed him into the room of George the Third, one of the state apartments, and which, on occasion of a levee and drawing-room, is the anteroom appropriated to foreign ambassadors and ministers, and to those who have the privilege of the *entré*.

I had the best opportunity of observing Prince Talleyrand for two successive days in the same apartment, and often, in the transpositions of the crowd, standing by his side. He is a short, small man; his head emaciate, pale, and housed in a wig; one of his feet always muffled up and dressed for the gout;* he totters on his staff, is cheerful, and apparently happy. And is this Talleyrand, thought I? Talleyrand? The very man? I had seen him before, however, but not with the same opportunity of getting an impression of the living reality. Those who have seen the caricatures of him in the shops would recognise him anywhere. It is remarkable how these caricaturists will hit off the main points of the distinguishing features of the persons they take.

The state apartments principally occupied on these occasions are three: viz., Queen Anne's room, George the Third's room, and the Throne room. The king's closet is of course in use. These four are the grand state-rooms of the palace. Those who have not the *entré* are required to wait in Queen Anne's room, the first in order on the east, till the more privileged corps have been received into the royal presence. Some of these, not a few, are sprigs of nobility; a great proportion are epaulet gentlemen, of rank, and probably of merit; men high on the civil list are there, strangers of respectability are there; clergymen, jurists, men of literature, science, and the arts; and if we speak of both days, all the men and all the women in that apartment might be taken, in any other place, for princes and princesses.

These apartments are in a line, east and west, looking into the gardens of the palace on the south. At right angles on the north, nearly in the centre, is the long gallery of portraits—portraits of the royal line—which serves as a passage of ingress and egress on these occasions, and also connects the banqueting-hall and other parts of the palace with the state apartments. Adjoining the throne-room, on the west, is the king's closet.

The throne-room is the place of reception; the adjoining

* It has been suggested, that this foot of Talleyrand is *cloven*, and that he came legitimately by it. If this be a fact, it may furnish the key to his history.

apartment, George the Third's room, is occupied by foreign ambassadors, ministers, nobility, and other distinguished personages; Queen Anne's room principally by commoners and strangers, until the time has come for a general mingling.

It happened that the Duke of Wellington appeared in his robes, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, accompanied by a respectable corps of the academical and chief dignitaries, also in their official robes, for the purpose of presenting a petition to his majesty, that he would graciously be pleased to put a stop to the impertinences of the dissenters, and to resist their unreasonable and arrogant claims. The duke's robe was a new one, with some yards of train, all of black satin, and not a little heavier for the gold that was laid along its borders, from the collar to the end of the train. The train of a robe is a troublesome and inconvenient thing to manage by men or women, and is always in the way of somebody's feet. They have the privilege, however, of carrying it on the arm, except in the presence of majesty.

After the company had been half an hour in waiting, the doors of the throne-room were opened, displaying his majesty on the throne, supported by members of his family and high officers of state, and a guard of the honourable corps of gentlemen at arms were marched in, forming two ranks from the foot of the throne to the door, between which the Duke of Wellington entered at the head of his *academic* corps, all making obeisance as they approached the throne. The petition was read audibly and distinctly by the duke, and his majesty nodded gracious signs of attention. This ceremony being ended, the duke, his academic staff—a new sort of staff for him—and the guard, retired, when the centre door was closed, a side one thrown open, and a call made for the foreign ambassadors and ministers; whereupon ambassadors and ministers took rank according to seniority of residence at the court, and prepared to pay their respects to the king. The king had taken his station near the door, in front of the first window; the lord chancellor (Brougham) held the purse, standing motionless, like a statue, a very unsuitable office for him; his majesty being surrounded and supported by those appointed to wait upon his person on such occasions, the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester being among the number.

The king takes his station in the throne-room on his feet and uncovered, at a point most convenient to receive his company, in like manner as the President of the United States on the same occasion. He does not give his hand. The salutation of the parties, as they meet, the king being always one, is the best bow they can make—a series of bows, concluding with a *congé* from the king, differing from

other bows by a peculiarity more easily recognised than described, which signifies—"You may pass on." His majesty, of course, cannot speak to every one, and in the majority of cases the bow of reception and of *congé* immediately succeed each other. With most of the foreign ambassadors and ministers he has a word or two; but he cannot have time to speak to one in a score of those who approach him on such an occasion. Yet the opportunity of observing the king's form, features, and manner, is excellent.

I cannot claim the honour of having held a conversation with his majesty. When I was presented, I happened to stand very close to him, within two feet, or eighteen inches. He received my name from Mr. Vail, with such particulars as were proper to be mentioned, then turning to me, made several very low bows, the marked civility of which compelled me to attempt some like courtesies in return; and had we not both stepped back a little to give space for those arcs of circles described by our heads, we certainly should have bumped rather unpleasantly. Immediately on passing the king, I returned to mingle with some sprigs of nobility, strangers, clergymen, and others, who had the privilege of the *entré*, but did not belong to the diplomatic corps. The doors to the throne-room being open, we could still see what was passing there without difficulty. I took my station in the recess of a window, where I could see the king receive his company, and observe his manner. By this time all that had been admitted with the *entré* had paid their respects to his majesty, and immediately the door of the other room was opened to admit the commonalty.

The levee was uncommonly full. As a consequence, the doors being opened, the column from Queen Anne's room, pouring through the room in which I stood into the presence of majesty, soon occupied the space, dense and impenetrable. I was literally hemmed in the recess of a window by this current, passing between me and the opposite side of the room. For a while I was too much interested in the scene to be troubled with the inquiry, How am I to get out? After some fifteen or twenty minutes, the monotony of this state of existence began to be tedious, and I looked round for deliverance, but alas! not a hope presented itself, unless I should adopt the expedient of jumping out of the window into the queen's gardens, and make a flight that way. I rose on tiptoe, and endeavoured to look through the door on the source of this perpetual flood, and it seemed naught diminished since it began to flow. The great chamber whence they came was still crammed with heads and sparkling with epaulets. I began to be absolutely dismayed: How shall I get out? The column grew denser and wider still, closely compact as the Giant's Causeway, as if each body

were sealed to its neighbour's. However, thought I, there is nothing like determination and bravery. If I make a bolt to break this column, with a sufficient quantum of physical force, they may think I am in distress, and give a passage. Whereupon I devoted my head and shoulders to the purposes of a wedge, saying, "Please let me pass—please let me pass," urging my body with as great a momentum as I could muster and appropriate. The plan succeeded admirably well, and I soon made my way through a column of eight or ten deep, most of whom carried a sword. Having got clear into the centre of the room, I met the same column returning on the other side, though, it must be confessed, not in quite so close order.

After having been at the palace a little more than an hour, I met Mr. Vail again, and we agreed to retire. As we came at the head of the stairs, I heard vociferated before us—"American Minister!" till the last I heard of it was without in the Ambassadors' Court. The meaning was, as I hardly need say, "The American Minister is ready for his carriage." Or, "Bring his carriage."—"Minister of Wurtemberg!"—"Minister of Wurtemberg!" was also passed along at the same time, who happened to be in our company. Several names rung through the galleries and corridors, passing from throat to throat as we went out. At the levee we had to wait but a moment for our carriage; but on retiring from the drawing-room there were at least a dozen distinguished personages, with ladies, waiting for their carriages at the door, among whom were Prince Esterhazy, of Austria, Lord Londonderry, the Grecian Minister, Spanish Ambassador, Dutchess de Dino, niece of Talleyrand, &c. &c.; all of whose names repeatedly rolled down the broad stairway as often as was necessary, and probably a little oftener, from the officious pride of the men in waiting, who were animated in hearing the sound of their own voices pronouncing such distinguished names, in the very presence of those who bore them. Successively the carriages drove to the door and carried them off.

The dress of the men, both at the levee and drawing-room, is generally professional, except that at the latter all are required to appear in small-clothes and silk stockings. Some of the epaulet-men, however, came to the drawing-room, as I can certify, in boots and spurs—of the latter of which I frequently stood in great fear, on account of their length. Military and naval men also appear in full uniform, wearing a sword, which, with cavalry, is an inconvenient and noisy thing, dragging along the floor. Generally the dress on levee days is the public official costume of the personages, ranks, professions, and stations represented. At the drawing-room there is a substantial correspondence as above, but in parts it is light and airy, and adapted to a pro-

miscuous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. On both occasions, and in all cases, it is rich as the parties can afford, and often ruinous to them. Some of the foreigners at the levee were apparently as much oppressed with the gold, not to say precious stones and jewels, laid on and wrought in their garments, as the ancient knights with the weight of their armour of iron and steel.

I was informed that Prince Esterhazy's coat, which I saw on his shoulder at the queen's drawing-room, cost the small sum of £100,000, or \$480,000, and that every time he wears it it costs him £200 to £300 to make good the jewels which are brushed and shaken off in company—not, I suppose, by dishonest contact, but by the accidental justling of a crowd. As to this last part of the story, it does not seem to me very credible that jewels should be so profusely scattered under foot. The other parts of the same dress were proportionately rich, and I should imagine cost no trifling sum. From the top of the feather of his cap downward, his whole person beamed and sparkled with jewels.

The manners of this prince are very peculiar. He is noisy—even boisterous. His voice may be heard above the bustle and tumult of a crowd, and every one's attention, in company ever so numerous, is constantly challenged by his sharp, high-keyed vociferations of "How do you do? I am glad to see you," &c., with all the common gossip of such occasions. I could think of nothing but a spoiled child, that had never been schooled into good manners, and who could never think that he was disturbing others by his noise.

It is impossible to make our countrymen, who are notorious for their love of economy, appreciate the feelings of their ministers at European courts, in regard to the mortification they must sometimes suffer in not being able to maintain that equipage and state which corresponds with their station. I trust I need not say that I should be farthest from advocating any attempts to rival the splendour of the first courts of Europe. But there is a medium between extravagance and what is deemed necessary to respectability in the circumstances. One object of a government in maintaining ministers at foreign courts is to command respect abroad; and in Europe they have not yet learned to distinguish between the star and the breast on which it rests, between the riband and the chivalrous spirit it is intended to honour. Where *appearances* constitute a certificate of merit, it may be well for us republicans not to disregard them altogether, or else to maintain the rigid extreme that shall render us as remarkable for our plainness as the ambassadors of European courts are for the glitter of their livery. Then it might be put to the account of our conscience, as in the dress of the Quakers, and we might be as proud and as much honoured in this as the Quakers are in

that. But if we pretend to conform in any degree, it is well enough, as long as we are able, to appear respectable.

Mr. Vail, our present chargé d'affaires at London, fills his place much to the credit of his country, and, as I have reason to believe, to the satisfaction of our countrymen who have business with him. I observed that he is quite a favourite at court. His being so perfectly at home in the French language—an indispensable qualification in such an office—makes for him an easy intercourse with the entire diplomatic corps. The most influential men of all nations are always at this court, and it is a thing of no little importance that our minister, or chargé, should be open to them through the medium of a common language.

Besides Mr. Vail's accomplishments in this particular, his modest and amiable deportment is sure to make a most agreeable impression on that high and influential circle, which knows so well how to appreciate it. He is just such an unpretending, yet accomplished and well-qualified servant of our country, as we most want abroad.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

It is not deemed indispensable that resident ministers of foreign nations should attend every levee and drawing-room, although they are always served with the *entré*. If they make their appearance occasionally, it is accepted as a sufficient and proper respect to the court. They are very apt, however, to be present at the drawing-room, as that occurs only about once for three times of a levee. It is a pageant, for which there might naturally be a relish as frequently as this, with those who like a thing of the kind. The excitement is greater, and the scene far more attractive. Almost any mind would pall over a levee once a week. To have seen it once is to know what it is; and the motive to appear there regularly must be compounded of some other ingredients than a mere taste for its display. Nothing of this kind, with truly great and noble minds, could seem other than a waste of time, if they were doomed to appear as mere appendages of the exhibition. Even a drawing-room must have some *draw-backs* from satisfaction by repetition. Still, however, it is the *ne plus ultra* of regal state and splendour—the most brilliant display of society in the palace of a king.

At half past one we entered the carriage and drove to Hyde Park corner, where all who have the *entré* are required to go on drawing-room days, in order to diminish the crowd of carriages in St. James's-street, as well as to approach the palace by a more select route, passing under the magnificent arch of George the Fourth, and down what is called Constitutional Hill, although it might be difficult to perceive that it is really a descent. A splendid carriage came

out of Hyde Park, crossed Piccadilly, and passed under the arch immediately before us ; and the Dutchess of Kent, with two of the royal carriages, attended by an escort of Royal Horse Guards, was immediately behind us. Indeed, the road was lined with a procession of princely equipages. As we approached the palace, the passages were thronged by a dense crowd of spectators, but the ways were kept open by the attendance and activities of the police and household troops. Even the corridors, after we had entered the palace, were studded all along by respectable persons, who deem it a great privilege to be favoured with a ticket that shall admit them to these passages, to gaze at the members of the royal family, at the nobility, and others, after they have alighted from their carriages, and are passing up to the state apartments. When driving through the streets, their heads only are to be seen through the windows of their carriages ; but when upon their feet, they make a different show, especially the females, in the brilliancy of their court-dresses and adornments. Even a momentary aspect of that part of the fleeting pageant which is to be seen between the outer door and the place where they all vanish from these beholders, is deemed covetable by persons in high condition of life, who, for want of rank, can get no nearer. There is a great strife, therefore, even among those who think they are something in the world, to see a dutchess, a marchioness, a countess, a viscountess, a lady, or a right honourable miss, get out of her carriage, and flit away from this brief vision into the region where she is to move and be seen only among her equals and a certain privileged few. The mass are contented with the external glimpses of a court, or are obliged to be so.

We left our names at the reporter's table in the Portrait Gallery, according to custom, and arrived in the middle state apartment, or George the Third's room, next to the throne-room, at a quarter before 2 o'clock. There were not many in by this time.

Soon after we entered the room, the centre folding-doors at both ends flew open, and the Dutchess of Kent was announced. As by magic, a passage was opened through our apartment, and all turned to pay the dutchess respect. She entered, being ushered in by the men in waiting, followed by the ladies attending upon her, but without the Princess Victoria. It would have been especially agreeable if I had seen this young heiress presumptive to the British throne under such circumstances. The dutchess courtesied and bowed with great grace, both to the right and left, as she passed through the opened and smiling ranks. She is a woman of truly royal bearing : her looks are most interesting, even charming ; her manners expressing every winning grace. No wonder that she is popular ; and if her husband

had lived, she would have been the idol-queen of the nation. She glided into the throne-room to join the royal party, and to support the queen during the ceremonies; and the doors closed behind her.

The throng in our apartment continued to increase by new arrivals for nearly an hour; and such also I perceived was the fact in the east room, until the latter became absolutely crammed. I hardly need say, that every thing around had now become the most brilliant scene I had ever witnessed—as brilliant, indeed, as the great wealth of the English nobility, lavished in the richest profusion on the persons of the fairest of their women, and of their high and honourable men, could make; and this in nowise diminished, but increased, by that borrowed splendour which the presence of the representatives of the greatest and richest nations of Europe added to the general effect. It was a dazzling pageant. The East contributed its gems; Africa its snow-white, lofty, and nodding plumes; the shops of Europe furnished the wardrobe, and her arts mingled the colours, determined the forms, and fixed the relative position of all the parts of this moving diorama.

The door to the royal presence opened. An instinctive movement seemed to bring all, whose duty it was first to offer their respects to the queen, into their proper places. I cannot speak positively as to the order in every particular; but the foreign ambassadors and ministers seemed to me to take the lead. A plural number of distinguished females, however, threw down their trains, and preceded us; among whom was the Dutchess de Dino, niece of Prince Talleyrand, and Madame Tricoupi, the lady of the Grecian minister, who was now for the first time presented.

Trains are still in vogue at the English court, much to the annoyance and vexation of the ladies;—or, to pass things off in good-nature which cannot be avoided—much to their sport. They have often petitioned her present majesty to dispense with them, but she is too patriotic. It is a patronage of the manufactories and trades. The money which they cost comes out of the rich, and goes into the hands of those who need it more. The queen, therefore, still insists on the *train*. Not a lady can appear at court without it. For this reason, at least, she ought to be popular among silk-mercens and dress-makers.

They who have seen a peacock with a full and proud tail, may have a good idea of a lady at court with her train—only the latter is longer in proportion than the former. I will not venture to say how many yards there is in it, for I do not know; but it is certainly a prodigal use of silk, and of whatever other things it may be composed of. Of course, it will easily be seen, that a train thrown down to drag must be very inconvenient in a crowd. The fact is, they carry

it on the arm universally, except in the presence of majesty, and in the actual performance of ceremonies. Immediately as they enter the throne-room, they throw down the train; and having moved forward enough to stretch its length, they turn the head first over one shoulder, then over the other, to see if it drags well, is right side up, not twisted, &c. Or, if they have a train-bearer, as is rarely the case, except with the most distinguished persons—they may be saved this trouble. Sometimes the ladies help one another. It is really quite an ado—"much ado,"—to get it well a-going, and no little subject of anxiety in all its sweeping course. When the exit from the royal presence is made, some gentleman in waiting catches up the train, gives it a twist or two, and then throws it over the owner's arm. There seems to be quite a knack in lifting a lady's train. I should not dare to undertake it, without having first gone through a course of private lessons. I saw it done in a style which might have been worthy of public notice, but for more important matters; and, for aught I know, it is often made the occasion of a full discussion in private drawing-rooms.

It must, however, be admitted, that this custom is enforced rather too late in the day; and that the ladies of the English court, so far from having any respect for it, take all manner of pleasant ways of showing their contempt. It is a singular feature, and no less ridiculous—absolutely and thoroughly so. One would hardly suppose it possible that it would be endured.

The king stood where he did at the levee, supported by certain lords in waiting on his right, and his brother Cumberland and cousin Gloucester on his left, with a nephew, Prince George of Cumberland. The queen stood immediately before the throne, a little to the right, supported by the Dutchess of Kent and her attendants on the left, and by her own personal retinue on her right. The king's dress was a scarlet coat and a military uniform; the queen appeared in white satin, with a pearl head-dress, worked into a form not unlike a crown.

Our progress after entering the throne-room was exceedingly slow. I stood opposite the king, with only space for one person to pass between me and him, for about ten minutes. The queen was occupied during this while, I believe, with Madame Tricoupi, wife of the Grecian ambassador. In the meantime the Dutchess of Richmond came between me and the king, and talked with him freely. The king spoke very low, and I caught but a few words.

"Poor fellow," said the king to the dutchess, "I am told he was very miserable. I was extremely sorry not to see him," &c. They appeared to be speaking of the death of some person, I know not who.

"And are you in town!" said the king, &c., to the dutchess. The Dutchess of Richmond is evidently a very superior woman. Her looks and manners are exceedingly interesting.

Next came Earl Grey and talked with the king, while I stood in the same place. The noble earl has a head that is worth looking at. As I had a fine opportunity for a close observation of the king's countenance for several minutes, while he was engaged in conversation, his features seemed to me quite of the benevolent character.

We at last came in our turn to the queen. She received my name, looking alternately at Mr. Vail and myself, and very graciously asked "How long I had been in England," expressing a wish "that my visit might be agreeable." She courtesied, and we passed along to give place to others. The queen is very thin in the face—more so than I had imagined. I had seen her twice before in public—once on the day of her coronation. She is not handsome, but from the associations which her good reputation suggests, her looks are agreeable and interesting. I saw quite an elderly lady on the queen's right hand, whose *paint*, laid upon her cheeks, reminded me of nothing so impressively as the wife of a Winnebago chief, in the northwest territory of America, whom I had frequently seen in 1830, as she came from making her toilet over the mirror-surface of Fox river, with the aid of an abundance of vermilion. I could positively have taken her for the wife of the Indian chief, the other parts of her dress and the circumstances of the occasion aside. I should think her about 70 years old! With this singular exception—and really it was very remarkable—all the persons in attendance on her majesty, male and female, appeared in a very becoming manner. The Dutchess of Kent, with her ladies and other attendants, was there. The foreign ambassadors and ministers took their stations around the queen, till all the company had made their obeisance and retired.

Having been presented, and seen in that apartment what was permitted to a stranger, I returned to the room whence I came, and loitered about an hour, till a large part of the concourse had begun to move off. In the meantime I witnessed a routine not unlike the doings of the day previous, but as much more brilliant and lively as the presence and manners of ladies might be expected to make it. When all in the apartment to which I was admitted had passed the rounds, and paid their respects to the queen, being assembled again in the same room, the door of the east room was opened, as at the levee, and the ticket-people, or commoners, began to crowd forward in a dense column. Those who have the *entré* are supposed to be known at court, and require no ticket of admission; whereas those who come the

other way are obliged to leave their cards, and appear bearing them in their hands, itself a mark of their inferiority.

"Let us stand here," said a great fat lady to her two friends, who stepped with her into the very recess where I was hemmed in the day before. Others of the nobility, ladies and gentlemen, especially the first, formed ranks to gaze upon the crowd as the door should open. This sort of curiosity seemed to me undignified and censurable. I think, however, that their object was partly to recognise acquaintances, and speak with them, as afterward appeared; which very much effaced the unpleasant impression I at first received, as if the nobility could amuse themselves by making their inferiors a gazing-stock. Notwithstanding this relief, the general appearance of this other class was the want of a home-like feeling, as if they had never been there before. And such doubtless was to a great extent the fact; and they probably expected never to be there again. They came to see a show, and were themselves made a show. Their betters were arranged in close order, and stood looking upon them, as if to inspect and criticise their countenances, their dress, their every thing. As it seemed lawful unto all the rest, I also indulged in the speculation. Occasionally I had the pleasure to witness very cordial and lively greetings between the more noble, at least more privileged, and their inferiors. There was an obvious difference between the dress of the nobility and the commoners, especially among the ladies, reckoning the mass of each class: that of the former being apparently fresh from the shops, and fitting well upon them, while that of the latter, in a great majority of instances, might well be supposed to have been in use before. "Borrowed or hired for the occasion," was an explanation of the secret of this appearance. The easy bearing of self-possession and custom in the place, and the open manners of the nobility, were other features which distinguished them from that heterogeneous multitude, who came there from all conditions of life, as well as from all parts of the world. Those who are ever in the best society, and whose daily custom in the use of the easiest, as well as the most polished modes of social intercourse, are always at home in like circumstances. The privileges of their nobility make them noble in manners; and their manners generally distinguish them from other classes. A levee and a drawing-room exhibit this difference very manifestly. There are many commoners, however, of both sexes, who will not suffer in any respect by a comparison with the proudest of the nobility. They have wealth, they have mind, they have culture, which can afford to dispense with the distinctions drawn between themselves and those who are nominally above them. But still there is generally a manifest difference between the highest class in England and those who

ape their manners, and covet to appear in the same places. I speak of *fact*; the propriety or justice of maintaining those distinctions which make these differences in character and in society, is another question; and as a republican, nay, as a man, as a Christian, I would protest against it. It is not good.

After being at the drawing-room nearly two hours, the scene began to be irksome, and I was glad to meet with Mr. Vail again, and to find him ready to retire. As we passed through the portrait-gallery and down the stairs, the passages were all thronged, and wellnigh choked, if such light things could make an obstacle, as the sylph-like forms and brilliant displays of the women waiting for their carriages, smiling at the scene which themselves created, and making a vast deal of pleasantry and ridicule of the trains which the queen obliged them to carry, and which so much incommoded their exit. We waited long and patiently in company with some of the most distinguished personages, male and female, not only of England, but of Europe, before the turn came for the carriage of "the American minister;" when at last we were whirled away through a dense and gaping crowd in the passage, kept open by the troops and police, into St. James's-street, itself full of equipages waiting to take up their burdens, or, like ourselves, returning to more quiet abodes.

There is no city in the world that displays an equipage at all to be compared with London. Paris is nothing in this particular. Scarcely a decent carriage is to be seen in Paris during the ordinary promenades that one makes in the streets. But every day in London exhibits a parade of this kind, demonstrating a wealth that is wide-spread, immense, and inexhaustible. More especially does a Levee and Drawing-room Day pour forth a splendour of this description, which, for the number of carriages, the richness of livery, the excellence of horses, and the *tout ensemble* of the picture, though ordinary for that metropolis, may yet be the admiration of the world. There is nothing like it in any other quarter of the globe, and probably never was.

THE END.



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